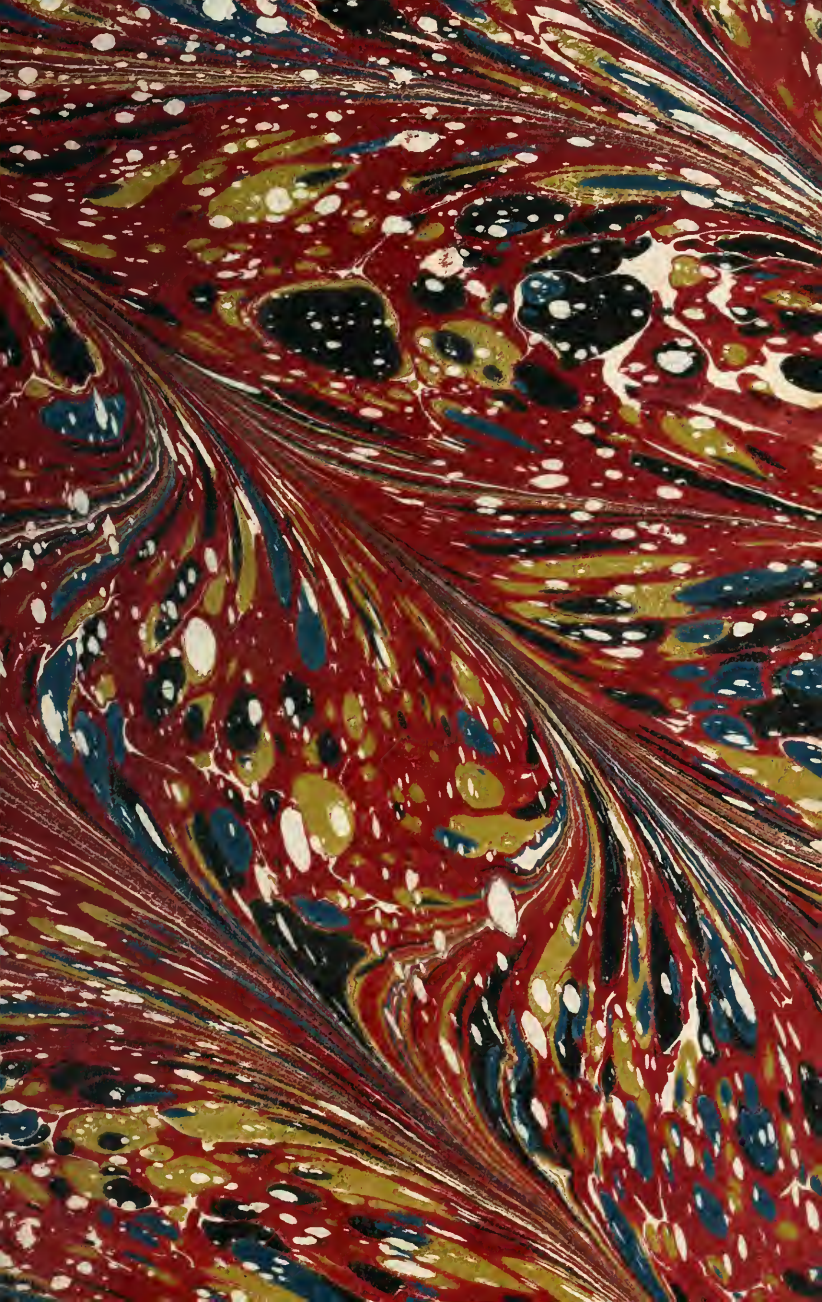
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worksofprofessor06wils

Wilson, John
In

THE WORKS

OF

PROFESSOR WILSON

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

PROFESSOR FERRIER

VOL. VI.

ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVI

ESSAYS

CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE

BY

PROFESSOR WILSON

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLVI

PR5335
R2
1855
v.6.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

PAGE

CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES :—

FLIGHT FIRST, ... 1

FLIGHT SECOND, ... 43

FLIGHT THIRD, ... 74

TENNYSON'S POEMS, ... 109

MEMOIR OF VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HENRY BLACKWOOD, BART., K.C.B., K.G.H., ... 153

AMERICAN POETRY—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, . . 191

POETRY OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT, ... 224

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH, ... 254

ANGLIMANIA :—

CAST FIRST—SALMONIA, ... 280

CAST SECOND—TWADDLE ON TWEEDSIDE, . . 321

CAST THIRD—STODDART ON ANGLING, . . 353

CAST FOURTH—OUR TWO PANNIERS, . . 367

ESSAYS

CRITICAL AND IMAGINATIVE.

CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.

FLIGHT FIRST.

[JUNE 1832.]

The time was when we could describe the Spring—the Spring on Windermere. But haply this weary work-day world's cares "have done our harp and hand some wrong;" and we must leave that pleasant task now to Hartley Coleridge, or some other young Poet of the Lakes. Were we not the best-hearted human beings that ever breathed, we should hate all the people that dwell in that Paradise. But we love while we envy them; and have only to hope that they are all grateful to Providence. Here are we cooped up in a cage—a tolerably roomy one, we confess—while our old friends, the North of England eagles, are flying over the mountains. The thought is enough to break a weaker heart. But one of the principal points in Christopher's creed is—"Pine not nor repine;" and perfect contentment accompanies wisdom. Three lovely sisters often visit the old man's city-solitude—Memory, Imagination, Hope! 'Twould be hard to say which is the most beautiful. Memory has deep, dark, quiet eyes, and when she closes their light, the long eyelashes lie like shadows on

her pale pensive cheeks, that smile faintly as if the fair dreamer were half-awake and half-asleep; a visionary slumber which sometimes the dewdrop melting on its leaf will break, sometimes not the thunder-peal with all its echoes. Imagination is a brighter and a bolder Beauty, with large lamping eyes of uncertain colour, as if fluctuating with rainbow-light, and features fine, it is true, as those which Grecian genius gave to the Muses in the Parian marble, but in their daring delicacy defined like the face of Apollo. As for Hope—divinest of the divine—Collins, in one long line of light, has painted the picture of the angel—

"And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair."

Thus is the old man happy as a humming-bird. He sits on the balcony of his front parlour, dimly discerned by the upward eye of stranger, while whispers Cicerone—"this is the house"—dimly discerned through flowers; while the river of his spirit "wandereth at its own sweet will" through all the climes of creation. At this blessed moment he is sitting, at the leaf-veiled, half-open window, pen in hand—pen made of quill of Albatross, sent him from afar by one whom Maga delighteth beyond the Great Deep,—and lo! Edina's castled cliff becomes the Langdale-Pikes—Moray Place, Windermere—Stockbridge, Bowness—and No. 99 the ENDEAVOUR, on the First of May re-launched from her heather-house on the bay-marge, her hull bright as Iris, and yellow her light-ringed raking masts, now hidden on a sudden by the unfolding of her snow-white wings, as Condor-like she flies to meet her mate, the VICTORY, coming down along the woods of the Beautiful Isle under a cloud of sail!

What! can this be Regatta-day, and is there to be a race for a cup or colours? Not for that radical rag, the Tricolor, but for St George's Ensign, or the

"Silver Cross, to Scotland dear"—

bright mimicry woven by lovely hands of the famous Flag, that

——"has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

Bowness Bay is the rendezvous for the Fleet. And lo! from all the airts come flocking in the sunshine flights of felicitous wide-winged creatures, whose snow-white lustre, in bright

confusion hurrying to and fro, adorns, disturbs, and dazzles the broad blue bosom of the Queen of Lakes. Southwards from forest Fell-Foot beneath the Beacon-Hill, gathering glory from the sylvan bays of green Graithwaite, and the templed promontory of stately Storrs, before the sea-borne wind, the wild swans, all, float up the watery vale of beauty and of peace. Out from that still haven, overshadowed by the Elm-grove, where the old Parsonage sleeps, comes the EMMA murmuring from the water-lilies, and as her mainsail rises to salute the sunshine, in proud impatience lets go her anchor the fair GAZELLE. As if to breathe themselves before the start, cutter and schooner in amity stand across the ripple, till their gaffs seem to cut the sweet woods of Furness-Fells, and they put about—each on less than her own length—ere that breezeless bay may show, among the inverted umbrage, the drooping shadows of their canvass. Lo! Swinburne the Skilful sallies from his pebbly pier, in his tiny skiff, that seems all sail; and the Norway NAUTILUS, as the wind slackens, leads the van of the Fairy squadron which heaven might now cover with one of her small clouds, did she choose to drop it from the sky.

The squadron enters the Straits—and we see now but here and there gaff-topsail-peak, or ensign, gliding or streaming along the woods of the Isle called Beautiful; while, hark, the merry church-tower bells hail the Victory, gathering the green shore round rushy Cockshut-Point; and lo! ere you could count your fingers, the whole Southern Fleet is in Bowness Bay, now filled with light, music, and motion, glorifying the day, as if meridian yet bore in its bold bosom all the beauty of morn.

But what means that exulting cheer, while all the hats and handkerchiefs of the village are waving along the beach? Ha! slips from her moorings, between garden and rock, with no other emblazonry but the union-jack at the peak of her mainsail, bold and bright as that bird when he has bathed his pinions in sun and sea, the swift-shooting OSPREY. Helm down—Garnet! if you wish not to be capsized—for ere yet the snow-wreaths have garlanded your cut-water, a squall—a squall! Bearing up withouten fear in the pitchy blackness, the Osprey suddenly shows to the sunshine the whole breadth of her wings—hark! they for a moment rustle, but they flap not—and then right in the wind's eye she goes, disdainful of

the tempest that sweeps past her on her foamy path, steady as a star.

From Kirkstone and Rydal Cove, the clouds disparting let loose the northern winds, who have been lunching in those saloons after their journey from Scotland, which they left soon after sunrise—and hovering a little while delighted over Ambleside, the Village of the Pine-Groves, they join the fresh Family of Favonius, blowing and blooming in their flight from the Great and Green Gabels, where all the summer long are singing the waterfalls. All the boats at Waterhead had been lying for hours on their shadows; but now, just as a peal of rock-blast thunder from Langdale Quarry sends a sound magnificent, by way of signal-gun, the black and white buoys are all left bobbing by themselves on the awakened waves, and the astonished Lakers on Lowood Bowling-green behold an Aquatic Procession of sails and serpents, as if some strong current in the middle of the lake were bearing at ten knots the gaudy pomp along—for not a breath fans the brows of the gazers from the shade of tent or tree, the winds being all in love with Windermere, and a-murmur on her breast, leaving on either shore, without a touch, the unrustling richness of the many-coloured woods.

Broad between Bell-Grange and Miller-Ground—with no isle to break the breadth of liquid lustre—but with an isle anchored to windward, on whose tall trees are seen sitting some cormorants—broadest of all its bending length from the Giants of Brathay to the humble holms of Landing, where in mild metamorphosis it narrows itself into a river, the lucid Leven—lies the bosom of Windermere. 'Tis a tightish swim across—*experto crede Christophero*—from the chapel-like farm-house, half hidden among the groves that enzone Greenbank on the eastern, to the many-windowed villa that keeps perpetually staring up into Troutbeck, on the western shore. Gazing on it from some glade in the Calgarth-woods, you might say it was the Upper Lake; for the Isle called Beautiful seems to lie across the waters from Furness-Fells to the church-tower of Bowness, and intercepts all the sweet scenery beyond the Ferry-House—though there is no danger of your forgetting it—seeing that you have got it by heart. Here then is the Mediterranean—and lo! the Mediterranean Fleet! The Grand Fleet! For seven squadrons have formed a junc-

tion—and it consists of thirty sail—all of the line—the line of peace.

No shape so beautiful as the crescent—"sharpening its mooned horns." So thinks that living fleet. See how it is bending itself into Dian's bow—and gliding along too, like that celestial motion. Still liker must it seem to the eyes of the Naiads, now all looking up from their pleasant palaces through water pure as air. But you look now at the flags, and your thoughts are of the rainbow. And like the rainbow it breaks into pieces. 'Tis confusion all. No—out of momentary seeming disorder arises perfect regularity;—and in two Divisions,—with the NIL TIMEO and her train of barges between, lady-laden, and moving in music,—the Grand Fleet is standing on, under easy sail, bound dreamward, so it is felt, for some port in Paradise.

We have often promised that Maga should, in a few pages, give a guide to the Lakes. All we want to do, gentle lover of Nature, is to land you in the Region of Delight, and with a few directions, from which you will deviate as frequently and as far as you please, to send you with our blessing, like pilgrims towards her shrine among the sacred mountains.

Let us begin soberly then with WINDERMERE. For our sake, and its own, love Bowness. There is not in all the world a more cheerful old church. The tower has ceased to deplore the death of her noble pine-trees, and ever looks lovingly down on the limber larches that here and there break the line of the low laurel-wreathed churchyard wall. In the heart of the lively village, pleasant is the Place of Tombs. 'Tis a village of villas. Yet the native Westmoreland cottages keep their ancient sites still, nor, intrenched within their blossoming orchards, seem to heed the gay intruders. Lo! on every knoll above and around "the Port," proud of its own peculiar architecture, a pretty edifice. We find fault with nothing there—houses nor their inhabitants—the cut of their coats, nor the shapes of their chimneys—their faces nor their figures, though some of these are droll enough; and as for the Westmoreland dialect, it wants but to be accompanied with the Scotch accent, to be the language of gods and goddesses. Pretty nymphs peep out of latticed windows and porched doors; nor could Camilla's self, had her feet been clogged like theirs, have clattered more neatly across the

blue-slate floors of their parlour-kitchens. 'Tis impossible to imagine any mode more elegant than theirs of tying up their hair; and the maidens, with a natural gracefulness, can put on and off their large shady bonnets, pink-lined and rosy-ribanded, without disarranging the snooded trefoil in its glossiness, crowned mayhap with a comb of ivory; auburn, mind ye—not red—for though to vulgar eyes there is a constant confusion of these two colours, different in nature are they as a bunch of carrots on a stall, and the glow of morn beginning to brighten the crest of the golden oak.

Having strolled, but not stared, through the village,—for quiet steps should have quiet eyes, and such will see more in an hour than in a year a traveller who behaves like a surveyor of window-lights, and looks at every domicile as if he were going to tax—nay, to surcharge it—step up to the hill behind the schoolhouse, and ask your own stilled or stirred heart what it thinks of Windermere,—

> "Wooded Winandermere, the river lake!"

That is a line of our own; and we cannot help feeling, even at this distance, that it is characteristic. All the islands you see lie together, as if they loved one another, and that part of the Mere which is their birthplace. No wonder. Saw you ever such points and promontories—capes and headlands—and, above all, such bays? In lovelier undulations lay not the lands, where

> "Southward through Eden went a river large,"

than the banks and braes of Windermere, from Fell-Foot to Brathay; but the spirit of beauty seems concentrated between Storrs and Calgarth, diffusing itself so as to embrace Elleray and Orerstead apart on their own happy hills, yet feeling themselves, and felt by others, to belong to the Lake on which glad would they be to fling their shadows; and sometimes they do so, for reflection and refraction are two beautiful mysteries, and we have ourselves twice seen, with our own very eyes, those happy hills, those happy houses, and those happy horses, and cows, and sheep, hanging among

> "all that *uncertain* heaven received
> Into the bosom of the *steady* Lake;"

but that miracle must be rare—in all ordinary atmospheres those delightful dwellings are out of the reach of that Mirror, which seems not, in the midst of all the shadowy profusion, to miss the loveliness that would render more celestial still that evanescent world of enchantment.

After Christopher North, the best guide on Windermere, unquestionably, is Billy Balmer. But Billy cannot, any more than a bird, be at above half-a-dozen places at one time; and should he happen to be at Lowood, Waterhead, the Ferry, and Newby-Bridge, you will be in good hands should you for the day engage Tom or Jack Stevenson. There is no such thing as a bad boat on Windermere. The SNAIL herself would have been in the superlative on the pond in your "policy;" but we entreat you just to cast your eye on these wherries. You are a Cockney, we presume, and you talk of the Thames. Why, that craft there—lying on the greensward—in Mr Colinson's field yonder—with her bottom in the sunshine—for she is about to get a soaping—some call her the Nonpareil, and some the Grasshopper—Billy's deaf nephew's *chef-d'œuvre*—and he is the lad to lay a plank—if pulled by the Stewartsons, we would back for fifty against anything at any of the Stairs, and you may take Campbell and Williams for your sculls. We remember the first Thames wherry that ever showed her rowlocks in Bowness Bay—and did not Will Garnet and ourselves give her the go-by like winking round the rock of Pullwyke, in Cowan's Swift? But that is an old story—and the famous Swift was the precursor of a race of Rapids that now shoot like sunbeams along the Lake.

If you are so fortunate as to be yet a bachelor, take a wherry or a skiff—if a Benedick, then embark with Betsy and the brats in that bumboat, and Billy, with a grave face, will pull you all away round by the back of the Great Island, and in among the small ones, requesting you with much suavity to pay particular attention to the Lily of the Valley, and ere long landing you at the Ferry-House, where he can be assisting at the tap of a new barrel, while in a family way your worthy woman and you are ascending the hill to the STATION, covered with laurels. But 'tis unnecessary to give you any farther instructions—for we perceive lying in the stern a three-year-old number of Ebony—and you have only to act over that "DAY ON WINDERMERE."

We remember a man in a coach, but forget his face and name, who, of all the Lakes, asserted most strenuously that the most beautiful was Coniston. After a few miles we became curious to know the reason of his passionate predilection for that respectable sheet of water—when, putting his mouth close to our ear, he enunciated in a low but distinct and confidential whisper—"Char! Sir! Oh! those incomparable Char! They are the fish for my money, sir—Oh! Char! Char! Char!"

But independently even of Char! Char! Char! Coniston is a good Lake. Nay, the fundamental features of the Old Man of the Mountains, especially when seen at sunrise, may be safely said to be sublime. But you must forget Windermere, before you can feel this her sister Lake to be very beautiful, and you never will for a moment suppose them Twins. It is easy, however, to forget Windermere; for the divinest things of earth are those of which, in ordinary moods, the soul soonest loses hold; so, having crossed the Ferry, lay yourself back in the corner of your carriage, and smoke a cigar. In a few minutes your mind will be in a mood of amiable and equable composure, almost approaching stupidity; and by the time you reach Hawkshead you will be a fit companion for the man in the boat, and may be croaking in soliloquy — Char! Char! Char! The country between the Ferry-House and Hawkshead is of the most pleasant and lively character—not unlike an article in Maga—full of ups and downs—here smooth and cultivated—there rough and rocky —pasture alternating with corn-fields, capriciously as one might think, but for good reasons known to themselves—cottages single, or in twos and threes, naturally desirous to see what is stirring, keep peeping over their neatly-railed front-gardens at the gentleman in a yellow post-chay—and as he thrusts his head out of the window to indulge in a final spit that might challenge America, his sense of beauty is suddenly kindled by the sight of sweet Esthwaite, whose lucid waters have, all unknown to that lover of the picturesque, been for a quarter of a mile reflecting his vehicle, and the small volume of cigar-smoke ever and anon puffed forth as he moves along among the morning reek of the stationary cottages. Nothing pleasanter than

"A momentary shock of mild surprise;"

and our traveller becomes at once poetical on the stately church-tower of the clustering village, bethinking himself fancifully of Hen and Chickens. Perhaps it is market-day morning; and the narrow streets are made almost impassable by bevies of mountain nymphs, sweet liberties, with cheeks lovely bright as the roses that are now letting slip the few unmelted dewdrops from the glow-heaps clustering in the eye of nature around the now lifeless porch of many a mountain-dwelling, deserted at dawn, but to be refilled with mirth and music at meridian; for all purchases of household gear are over long before dinner-time. This is not Hawkshead Fair, and there is no dance at evening; nay, man and wife are already jogging homewards, in the good old fashion, on long-backed Dobbin; lasses are tripping over bank and brae, unaccompanied by their sweethearts; and shrill laughter is wafted away into the coppice woods by the wicked, that is, innocent gypsies, as they fling a kiss to you, enamoured Cockney, wheeling along at the rate of eight miles an hour, and fifteenpence a mile, thereby showing you how much dearer to their hearts than man's love at times is woman's friendship. The Lancashire Witches!

What's here! 'Tis a profound abyss—and for a little while you see nought distinctly—only a confused glimmer of dim objects, that, as you continue to gaze, grow into fields, and hedgerows, and single trees, and clumps, and groves, and woods, and houses sending up unwavering smoke-wreaths, and cattle in pastures green as emerald, all busy at long-protracted breakfast, and people moving about at labour or at leisure, an indolent and an industrious world—and lo! now that your eyes, soon familiarised with the unexpected spectacle, have put forth their full power of vision, distinguishable from all the material beauty, serenely smiles towards you, as if to greet the stranger the almost immaterial being of an isleless Lake!

That is Coniston. Now that you see the Lake, for a while you see nothing else—nothing but the pure bright water and the *setting* of its sylvan shores. So soothed is the eye, that the eye itself is the same as one's very soul. Seeing is happiness; and the whole day is felt to be, as Wordsworth finely says,

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

Never—never may it pass away—so profound the peace, that it is believed in the spirit's bliss to be immortal—the heavens are more heavenly in those mysterious depths—more celestially calm the clouds hang there unapproachable to sky-borne airs —alas! alas! the whole world of imagination is gone in a moment, and as a gust goes sughing over the gloom that blackens above the bed of fugitive lustre, you think of the man in the coach, without face or name, and cry with that sagest of bagmen,—"Char is the fish for my money—Char! Char! Char!"

And you have them potted to breakfast—nay, not only potted—but one "larger than the largest size" fried—while his flesh of pink or crimson—we confuse the names of colours, but not the colours themselves—blushes like the dawning of morn through the cloudlike skin-flakes that, not only edible, but delicious, browned and buttered, make part and portion of a feast such as Neptune never granted to Apicius, though that insatiate Roman caused search for fish all the bosom-secrets of the finny sea.

The Inn at Coniston Waterhead is a pleasant Inn. Sitting in this parlour one might almost imagine himself in the cabin of a ship, moored in some lovely haven of some isle in the South Seas. But a truce to fancy—and let this brawny boatman, with breast like the back of an otter, row us down the Lake, while we keep poring on the breaking air-bells, and listening to the clank and the clank's echo of the clumsiest couple of oars that were ever stuck on pins, and which, if found lying by themselves in a wood, would puzzle the most ingenious to conjecture what end in this world they might have been designed by art or nature to serve—for not a man in a million would suspect them to be oars. Yet the barge, glad to have got rid of some tons of slate, by those muscular arms is propelled not sluggishly along; and only look! how the Inn has retired with all its sycamores far back in among the mountains. Here is an old almanac—let us see who were ministers during that year. Poo! poo! a set of sumphs. Over the many thousand names pompously printed on these pages, and not a few ennobled by numerals, setting forth the amount of their pensions, and by italics telling the dignity of their offices, the eye wanders in vain that it may fix itself on that of one truly great man!

Or, shall we peruse some poetry we have in our pocket? No, no—print cannot bear comparison with those lines of light, scintillating from shore to shore, drawn by the golden fingers of the sun, the most illustrious of authors, setting but to outshine himself, and on every reappearance as popular as before, though Dan repeats himself more audaciously than Sir Walter. All we have to do is to keep our eyes open; at least not to fall quite asleep. If the senses slumber not, neither will the soul, and broad awake will they be together, though dim apparently, and still as death. Images enter of themselves into the spirit's sanctuary through many mysterious avenues which misery alone shuts up, or converts into blind alleys; but no obstruction impedes their entrance when filled with the air of joy, and they wend their way to the brain, which sends notice of their arrival to the sentiments slumbering in the heart. Then all the chords of our being are in unison, and life is music.

But who would have thought it? we are at the very foot of the Lake—and suppose we send back our barge to order dinner at six, which most unaccountably we forgot to do—that char must have been at the bottom of our forgetfulness—and stretch our legs a bit by a walk up Coniston-water, by the eastern shore. You may take the western, if you choose—but stop a bit—let our barge gather the shore, and take us in again at any point at the waving of a signal—so that we may thus command the choice of both banks—beginning with yonder rocky knoll above Nibthwaite—that most rural of villages and farms—for from it, and several eminences beyond it, the Coniston mountains are seen in full glory and grandeur. Nobody can calculate the effects of a few promontories. From some places the shores of this Lake look commonplace enough; almost straight—and you long for something to break the tame expanse of water. But here—are you not surprised and delighted to see those two promontories projecting finely and boldly across the Lake, changing its whole character from monotony into variety infinite, while two simple lines seem to alter the position of the far-off mountains? The broadest is our favourite—terminated nobly by steep rocks, and wearing a diadem of woods. We have seen them both insulated—and a stranger seeing them for the first time when the lake was high, would doubt not that they were permanent islands.

But they are bedimmed by the shadows of those large clouds which seem to be dropping a few hints of thunder; and see! my dear boy! beyond them, another far-projecting promontory lifting up its two eminences in the sunshine, and forming a noble bay, itself a lake. In five minutes you might believe you were looking at another Mere. Ah! we remember poor dear Green's vivid description of the scene now before our eyes, in those two volumes of his—labours of love—in which he has said a few kind words of almost every acre in the three counties. "The water here is pleasantly embayed, and Peel Island, *beyond which* little of the lake is seen, stretches boldly towards the western shore, *beyond which* green fields, rocks, woods, and scatterings of trees, harmoniously diluting into pretty clerations, are seen—a few fishermen's cottages and farmhouses give life to the scene; *above which*, an awful elevation, you see the Man-Mountain, or, as it is more frequently called, the Old Man, *beyond which* is the summit of the greater Carrs, which, with Enfoot on the right, and Dove Crag on the left, are the principal features of this admirable range;"—and heavens and earth what colouring! Nor Claude nor Poussin ever worshipped such an "aerial medium." We think we hear the spirit of the enthusiastic artist whisper in our ears his own impassioned words—"Hills and rocks, woods and trees, and the haunts of men, by the all-clarifying rays of the sun, *are dragged from purple obscurity, and painted in burnished gold.*"

Looking long on water always makes us exceedingly sleepy; and we have our suspicions—shrewd ones—that we have been taking a nap on this knoll—a *siesta* beneath the sycamores. Nothing so good for a rouser as a range of mountains. As the eye traverses them, the limbs feel as if they clomb, and the whole man like a shepherd starting from slumber in his plaid to seek the sheep-paths on the green-sward that sweeps round the bases of the hawk-haunted cliffs. The Char of Coniston—let the anonymous man in the coach, without any particular expression of face, say what he will—are less illustrious than her mountains. *They* belong to her, and she to them—and whom God hath joined not all the might of man may sunder. She is wedded, for ever and aye, to her own Old Man; and bright and beauteous bride though she seem to be—not yet out of her teens—'tis thousands of

years ago since their union was consummated during an earthquake.

And must we confess that Coniston may bear comparison even with Windermere? She may; else had not the image—the idea of the Queen of Lakes now painted itself on the retina of our eye-soul, till our heart beat within our bosom, as if we were but three-and-twenty, and over head and ears in love with some angel. Such comparisons are celestial. And out of two Lakes arises a third, a perfect Poem, which, the moment the Reform Bill is Burked, we shall assuredly publish, and forthwith take our place with Thomson and Wordsworth, with our heads striking the stars.

Each Lake hath its promontories, that, every step you walk, every stroke you row, undergo miraculous metamorphoses, accordant to the "change that comes o'er the spirit of your dream," as your imagination glances again over the transfigured mountains. Each Lake hath its Bays of Bliss, where might ride at her moorings, made of the stalks of water-lilies, the Fairy Bark of a spiritual life. Each Lake hath its hanging terraces of immortal green, that along her shores run glimmering far down beneath the superficial sunshine, when the Poet in his becalmed canoe among the lustre could fondly swear by all that is most beautiful on earth, in air, and in water, that these Three are One, blended as they are by the interfusing spirit of heavenly peace. Each Lake hath its enchantments, too, belonging to this our mortal, our human world—the dwelling-places, beautiful to see, of virtuous poverty, in contentment exceeding rich—whose low roofs are reached by roses spontaneously springing from the same soil that yields to strenuous labour the sustenance of a simple life. Each Lake hath its Halls, as well as its huts—its old hereditary halls (Coniston Hall! Calgarth Hall! seats of the Le Flemings and the Phillipsons, in their baronial pride!) solemn now, and almost melancholy, among the changes that for centuries have been imperceptibly stealing upon the abodes of prosperous men—but merry of yore, at all seasons of the year, as groves in spring; nor ever barred your hospitable doors, that, in the flinging aside, grated no "harsh thunder," but almost silent, smiled the stranger in, like an opening made by some gentle wind into the glad sky among a gloom of clouds.

Now, as that honest Jack Tar said of the scenery of the stage on which Parry's crew got up plays, when snugly benighted for months in their good ship among the polar snow—"I call that philosophy." And its principle should be applied to all criticism of character—conduct—countenance—figure—and the Fine Arts. You have two friends, and you hear their respective merits discussed in a mixed company—which has always a decided leaning to the censorious. The eulogiums on the good qualities of the one are manifestly meant for libels on the supposed bad or indifferent qualities of the other; and, by-and-by, certain virtues of the other, or pretty points in his character, are enlarged on with accompanying candid admissions, that, on taking into account not a little vicious or repulsive about the one, there is not much to choose between the two — and thus you leave off with an equally poor opinion of Damon and Pythias. The talk turns upon two pretty girls—rival beauties; and an elderly gentleman so plays off the face of Phyllis against the figure of Medora, that the only conclusion to be legitimately drawn from his premises is, that the one is a dowdy, and the other a rantipole. Or the prosing is about a pair of poets; and a pompous person, with the appearance of a sub-editor, perpetrates such an elaborate parallel, proving that one bard has no taste, and the other no genius, that you begin to be perplexed with the most fearful suspicions that neither of them has either, and are obliged at last to set both down as a brace of blockheads. The truth being, all the while, that Damon and Pythias are not only faithful friends, but famous fellows; that Phyllis and Medora are equally goddesses—this the Venus Anadyomene, and that the Medicean; and that the poets, who had come in such questionable shapes that you felt inclined to cut them, were Spenser and Wordsworth, whom you now see sometimes sailing, sometimes rowing in the same boat—and sometimes, without aid of sheet or oar, dropping down the river with the tide, each in his own vessel, and casting anchor together amicably off the Nore, where, in the distance, they loom like Four-deckers.

We are sorry that we cannot join the dinner-party at the New Inn, Coniston Waterhead, being engaged at Pennybridge; but before seeing you into your barge, which is crawling along there like a crocodile, and now that we have

hailed her, rushing like a rhinoceros, we shall advise you how to spend the afternoon and the evening. Stroll into Yewdale and Tilberthwaite—and without a guide. The main-road is easily lost and easily found; and it is delightful to diverge —as you dauner alang—into tributary paths, some of them almost as wide as the main current, which in truth is but narrowish, and still retaining marks of the wood cart-wheels, or the cars of the charcoal-burners,—and others slender as if made—which is probably the case—by hares limping along at dawn or evening — and leading you sometimes into a greenery of glade, and sometimes into a bloomery of sweet-briers, and sometimes into a brownery beneath an aged standard's shade, where, lying down on the moss, you may dream yourself into a Druid.

True, that a rivulet winds through Yewdale; but as you have lately been rather gouty, and are still somewhat rheumatic, pray plunge in, and you will seldom find the water much above the waistband of those expressibles—breeches. Mild as milk flows the soothing stream—in temperature so nearly the same as the summer air, that ere you are half across, you know not, but by the pressure on your knees, that you are in the water. What has become of you, my friend? Abuse not the bank for being treacherous—it has violated no trust—broken no promise; but the beautiful brown gravel,

"Mild as the plumage on the pheasant's breast,"

has been hanging by a precarious tenure over that "shelving plum"—as says that old Scottish ballad of the Mermaid—and you are suddenly in her embraces. And now that you rise to the surface, we assure you on our word of honour, that never before saw we you so like a salmon—beg your pardon—an otter. Nankeens in less than no time dry in the sunshine. At present you are yellow as ochre—but by-and-by will be whitish as of yore; you are drying visibly to the naked eye; why, you are like a very wild-drake who flaps himself out from the tarn, and up into the air—crying Quack, quack, quack—as merrily as a moistened horn sounding a reveillé!

Yewdale is but a small place—a swallow, all the while catching flies, could circle it in two minutes—that hawk—do you see him?—has shot through it in one—but then it is intersected by all the lines of beauty, and circumscribed by all the

lines of grandeur. We have a sketch-book—of some three-score pages—filled with views of Yewdale—and they might be multiplied by threescore—nor yet contain a tithe of its enchantments. Walk for a few seconds with your eyes shut, and on opening them, you find they are kaleidoscopes. The houses are a very few in number, but virtually many; and seem to have not only sloping but sliding roofs. You create new cottages at every step out of the old materials—yet they all in succession wear the grey or green garb of age, or hoary are they in an antiquity undecayed; and when the sunshine smites them, cheerful look they in their solemnity among younger dwellings, like sages smiling on striplings, and in their lifefulness forgetting all thoughts and feelings that appertain to death. So for trees—you see at once that every sycamore-clump is cotemporary with its cottage—here and there among the coppice-woods, a noble single stem has been suffered to wear his crown sacred from the woodman's axe—tortuous and grotesque shoots the ash from the clefts of the rocks, long ago incapable of being pollarded—beloved by blackbirds, the bright holly beats his yew-brother black and blue—and the pensile birch—say not that she weeps—looks on the gloaming like a veiled nun—as we in mid-day do like a ninny for saying so—for the truth is, that she is the mother of a fair family at her feet, at this moment waving their hair in the sunshine, on a small plot of greensward inaccessible to the nibbling of sheep, hare, or cony, but free to the visit of the uninjuring bee, that steals ere sunrise but the honey-dew that sparkles on the fragrant tresses. In spite of the associations connected with some of our earliest and most painful impressions, we all of us love the birch—and especially poets—though of all children that ever were fathers of men they bear, in general, such impressions the deepest, and could exhibit, if need were, their most ineffaceable traces!

Of Tilberthwaite, again, "much might be said on both sides," especially the right, as you walk up it from Yewdale. We prefer it to the Pass over the Simplon—just as we prefer a miniature picture of the Swiss Giantess to the giantess herself—an eyeful for one to an armful for ten. Our mind and its members are, like our body and its members, but of moderate dimensions—its arms are unfit for a vast embrace. No woman in humble life should be above five feet five, and a mountain

ought to be in the same proportion; what that is we leave you to discover who have not yet been in Tilberthwaite. The rule to go by with respect to a precipice is, that it be sufficiently high to insure any living thing being dashed into nothing, in the event of falling from summit to base; but not so high as to make it impossible for ordinary optics to see the commencement of the catastrophe. For these purposes, we should think fifteen hundred feet an adequate height; particularly with a rocky bottom. Hawks and kites command cliffs of that class, as they shoot and shriek across the chasms, or, soaring above them all, look down into the cataracted abysses from their circles in the sky. But when the rocky range is loftier far, to you who look up like a mouse from below, they seem like sparrows—or the specks evanish. True that an Eagle requires—demands three thousand feet at the lowest—but the Royal is a reasonable Bird, and is as well satisfied with his eyrie on Ben Nevis as on Chimborazo. The Condor can cry where you could not sneeze—can live for ages where you could not breathe an instant—can shoot swifter horizontally when forty thousand feet high, than you could drop dead by decades down to the highest habitation of men above the level of the sea. But the Condor is a vulture. We love him not—though he was the Roc, no doubt, of the Arabian Nights, and of Sinbad the Sailor.

Try Tilberthwaite, then, by the Test Act, and few places indeed will be found superior for the purposes of poetry. You feel yourself well shut out and in among cliff and cloud; and though a cheerful and chatty companion when the "glass is at fair"—is he, the rivulet—"down-by yonder," in some of whose pools no angler ever let drop a fly—yet, after a night's rain, he is an ugly customer, and would make no bones of a bridge. By and by there is an end of precipices; and you get in among heights all covered with coppice-wood magnificently beautiful; ever and anon the vast debris shot from slate-quarries, still working, or worked out, giving a chaotic character to the solitude.

Some people will on no account whatever, if they can help it, return the way they came; and such having once turned their backs on Coniston, will pass through Tilberthwaite, impatient to get into little Langdale, half-forgetful of all the grandeur and the loveliness they have ungratefully left behind

among the woods and rocks. But you are not people of that character; so right-about-face, and back with the wind in your bosom—how delicious!—along the same five multitudinous miles, "alike, but oh! how different!" enjoying the long gloaming—till again the Lake of Coniston lies before you in undazzling lustre, and, looking upwards in your happiness, you behold rising without a halo the bright Queen of Night!

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

And you are up next morning at four. A cup of coffee, made in a moment of a tea-spoonful of Essence, and a biscuit, and you are broad awake, and fit to face the mountains. You set out to walk up towards heaven, as if to meet the sun.

The OLD MAN expects you to breakfast—SEATHWAITE Chapel to dinner—and supper will be ready for you in the parlour, where you have slept on a sofa-bed. For a mile you pace the lovely level of the lake, and then, leaving the church and bridge of Coniston, you commence the ascent to LEVERS WATER. The road is steep and irregular; and ere long, on turning round, you will discern, beyond the lake, stretching westward ftom the mouth of the river Leven, a long stripe of sea. The copper-mines are passed, and in an hour or so—after having mastered easily about two miles of ascent—you reach the north side of Levers Water, a tarn that is justly proud of its rocks. From it there is a road to Low Water, a little lake just under the Old Man; and the devil's own road it is—only more difficult to find. But to-day you have a guide with you; and in about half-an-hour you bathe your forehead in the liquid gloom. We know not how it is with you, but in ascending long rough steeps we are very sulky; silence is then with us the order of the day, and we set down him who breaks it by interrogatory—ejaculations are venial—a blockhead for life. Two great slate-quarries, east and west of the Old Man, are seen near its summit, and from Low Water the guide will conduct you to the eastern one, and thence to the top of the Man. We know not if either be worked now; the western quarry has been silent for fifty years—and its brother may have given up the ghost. Green, in a few words, gives the character of such a place: "It was then in high working condition—it was one grand scene of *tinkling animation*, *noisy*

concussion, and thundering explosion. But now all is at rest; the aspiring cliff has tumbled to the area, and invaded it with rubbish so ponderous as to make all future attempts at profit useless." You have surveyed, not without awe, these magnificent excavations so high in heaven, solemn but not gloomy, like temples of the sun, or sacred to the winds; and now, having reached the summit, you make your obeisance to the Old Man, and glance your eyes hurriedly over his kingdom.

We have never been able to sympathise with the luxury of that almost swooning sickness that assails the stranger in Switzerland, some ten or twelve thousand feet up the side of Mont Blanc, as the greedy guides drag the sumph along sinking knee-deep in the snow—nor with that difficulty of breathing which alarms the above sumph with dread of his lungs being at the last gasp of that rarified air—nor with the pleasure of bleeding at nose, ears, and eyes, from causes which the poor philosopher is afterwards proud to explain—nor with that lassitude of soul and body, which terminates on the top of the achievement in pitiable prostration of all his faculties, or in a drivelling delirium, in which the victor laughs and weeps like a born idiot, his cracked lips covered with sanguinary slaver, from which no words escape but "Poor Tom's a-cold!" Pretty pastime for a Cockney in the region of Eternal Snow! Commend us, who are less ambitious, to a green grassy English mountain, or a purple heathery Scotch one, of such moderate dimensions as thine—O Coniston Old Man! There is some snow, like soap on thy beard; but thy chin is a Christian chin—and that cove is a pretty little dimple, which gives sweetness to thy smile. Strong are we on this summit as a stag—ay, we are indeed a hearty old Buck—and there goes our Crutch like a rocket into the sky. Hurra! hurra! hurra! Maga and the Old Man for ever!—hurra! hurra! hurra!

The very first thing some people do, on reaching the top of a high mountain, is to unfold a miserable map—and all maps are miserable except Mudge's, which, we believe, will be happy—and endeavour to identify each spot on the variegated scrawl, by reference to the original. For a while they are sorely puzzled to accommodate the cracked canvass to the mighty world, nor know they whether, in consulting the lying linen oracle, they should insult the sun, by turning their back

upon him, or by affronting him in his pride of place. There is sad confusion for a long time about the airts, and the perplexed "Monarch of all he surveys" grossly errs in his guesses —partitioning England anew into provinces, according to a scheme that sets all ancient distinctions at defiance. Meanwhile, the poor man, by poring over the provinces, produces a determination of blood to the head; and alarms his friends by an appearance of apoplexy, which, however, is not permanent, but gives way to a change of posture, as soon as the topographer has been lifted to his feet. The truth is, that to make anything of a map, on the top of a mountain, a man must have been Senior Wrangler. 'Tis as difficult as to set a Dial in a garden—an exploit which, judging by the audacious falsehoods of all such time-tellers, would appear to be impossible. The loss of time, too, in attempting to put your finger appropriately on the Isle of Man, can be ill afforded on the top of a high mountain, by a person whose usual residence is far below. Life is proverbially short; and to verify Mogg by the circumference, would be the work, not of a day but a year. Pocket the northern counties then, and forget the wonders of Art in those of Nature.

> "My soul leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky."

Leaps up! Seeing the beautiful apparition from below, the soul, in the power of its love and joy, is suddenly with it in heaven. But our soul needs not to leap up now—for we are standing in close connection with the cerulean—the celestial concave; and earth lies far below our feet. Therefore, our soul *leaps down*—not like a chamois—but like a bird—and that bird an eagle,—who, unhungering for aught else but flight, weighs anchor from the cliff, and away—away—away —wide over his wing-commanded world.

How we glory while we gaze. Not in ourselves—but in all creation. There is expansion and elevation of spirit, yet no pride. Self is the centre of our joy, but it radiates to the circumference, shooting out on all sides bright lines of love over the boundless beauty of earth, till imagination loses itself in what seems the obscure sublimity of the far-off uncertain sea. Yes! it is the sea! sunshine brightens the blue deep into belief; and—God be with her on her voyage!—yonder sails a single ship—for one moment—gone already—as white as

snow! But as a blank be ocean and all her isles. And let us lavish our loves on these lakes, and vales, and glens, and plains, and fields and meadows, woods, groves, gardens, houses of man and of God—for conspicuous yet in every deep-down dwindled village is the white church-tower—and the heart blesses that one little solitary chapel, where you may see specks that must be sheep, lying in the burial-place, for there are no tombstones there, only grassy heaps!

Nine o'clock o' morning, all through the year, is a strong hour—and, be the season what it may, the best time for breakfast. It is nine now; we conjecture that we have been gazing half an hour; so four hours have been consumed in ascending the Old Man. You might ascend him from Coniston Waterhead in two, or less, were it a matter of life or death; but we have been graciously permitted to be for a month strollers and idlers on the earth; and a long day of delight is before us, ere thou, O Sun! shalt be again o'er Langdale-Pikes empurpling the west.

> "To-morrow for severer thought—but now
> For breakfast."

Jonathan—Long Jonathan—best of guides since old Bobby Partridge died—disembowel the haversack. You are a great linguist, Jonathan; you have got—the *gift of tongues*. A Ham! None of your minnikin March chicken for mountain breakfast with the Old Man of Coniston—these two are earocks—*alias* how-towdies—and the colour contrasts well with that of a most respectable pair of ducks. A fillet of veal? It is. Perhaps, Jonathan, it may be prudent to postpone that pigeon-pie. Well, well, take your own way—put it down alongside that anonymous article, and distribute bread.

IMPRIMIS VENERARE DEOS!

Ere we commence operations, what would not we give for a smoking gurgle of ginger-beer, or of Imperial Pop! Jonathan—thou Son of Saul—are these stone bottles? How Hunger exults in the extinguishment of Thirst! There are four of us, we believe, so let us first discuss the cacklers and the quackers—a *dimidium* to each; and thus shall we be enabled, perhaps, to look without any very painful impatience on the pigeon-pie, which we ventured hesitatingly to express an opinion might be postponed—though from that opinion we

retain liberty to diverge, without incurring the charge of apostasy, should we feel reason to do so from the state of Parties. There is no possibility of being gluttonous on the top of a high mountain. Temperance herself tells you to take the full length of your tether—to scorn knife and fork, and draw the spawl of the how-towdy through the shiver-de-freeze of your tusks. That tongue might have been larger, we think, Jonathan, without incommoding the mouth of the Stot. The fourth part of a tongue has an insignificant look;—ay—that's right—we prefer the root to the tip. Why, it tastes like ham! It *is* ham! You have given us ham, Jonathan—but we pardon the mistake—for now that the surprise has subsided, be the ham Westmoreland or Westphalian, a richer never bore bristle since the progenitor of all porkers descended with his curled tail from the Ark.

The silence—the stillness—is sublime! Broken but by the music and the motion of our jaws. Yet they too, at intervals, rest; shut—or wide open for a few moments, as our eyes, spiritually withdrawn from that "material breakfast," wander round the visionary horizon, or survey steadily the lovely landscape, to return with keener animation to the evanescent scenery immediately under our nose. Evanescent!—for tongue and towdies, ham and ducks, have disappeared! The fillet is fast going the way of all flesh; and under a fortunate star indeed must that pigeon-pie have been baked, if it escape this massacre of the Innocents.

Tin-lined is the leathern belt round the shoulders of Jonathan—and 'tis filled with water from the spring in that old slate-quarry—and here is a "*horn full of the cold north.*" The Cognac tames without killing it—miraculous mixture of Frost and Fire! And here goes the flash of preservation into our vitals to a sentiment that can be understood but on the mountain-top, *The Cause of Liberty—all* OVER THE WORLD.

We are all intoxicated—but not with brandy—for each took but one gulp of unchristened Cognac and a horn of the baptised; we are divinely drunk with ether—not the ether purchased from Apothecaries' Hall, but the ether given gratis by Apollo—the Sun-God—to all who visit his palace in the regions of Morn.

Down the stone-strewn greensward we dancingly go, and like red deer bound over rocks. The proper place for a guide

is in the rear; and Jonathan follows astonished, with the Remains. We are again at Levers Water before any of us has said Jack Robinson—no need of scaling-ladders in descending precipices—but that our beards are only about an inch long—and none of us by possibility can have horns—the sheep might suppose us goats. But here let us pause. How magnificent in full view the rocks called Dove Crag rising above Goat's Tarn! and how beautiful the wavy windings up the breast of WALNA SCAR! We have gloriously enjoyed the morn—it wants centuries yet of meridian—let us not "lose and neglect the creeping hours of time," in pottering about on a level with the silly sea—but let's up to the above Goat's Tarn—to SEATHWAITE TARN too, over Walna Scar—and then down to the chapel, and see what sort of a stream that DUDDON is, to which "the Bard" has addressed an eulogistic Libel of Sonnets.

Jonathan never was at Goat's Water, but Christopher has many a time; and this is its rivulet. The last ascent to it is very steep; but our lungs laugh now at all difficulties—and we are soon at the foot of the Tarn. In sunshine such as this, 'tis a sweet spot—nay, one might almost without offence to the *genius loci*, call it pretty—"sweetly putta!" True, that the margin on the east is a rude assemblage of stones—and that on the opposite side the towering rocks are hushed in a sort of "grim repose." But then the water is clear as a well—and that knoll of birches is admiring itself in the mirror. There are some sheep and lambs—and yonder a "bit birdie" is hopping from spray to spray, who could sing if he chose—but he has manifestly got us in his eye, and, laying his head on his shoulder, gives us a sly glance as if he was quizzing the whole party. Last time we stood here—facing these cliffs—some dozen years ago—how they frowned by glimpses through the driving rack! The tarn itself was pitch, which grew blacker still on tempest-stricken spots—while now and then a wave gave a wallop like an animal and broke in brown foam, with a savage murmur. There was a continual hissing somewhere—and as for croaking, we could have believed that some old raven had established a croaking-school up among the hidden cliffs, and that he and his pupils were trying to sing psalms—probably to a dead horse. We declare there is one of the devils tugging at something

on a ledge at the mouth of that fissure! He views us—but he won't budge. A gruff old tyke, with a bill, no doubt, like a weaver's shuttle. And see—a fox.

We are on our way, you know, to Seathwaite. From Coniston Waterhead, our pleasant inn, there are three ways to that vale—one by Broughton for all manner of carriages—and a noble one it is, leading over elevated ground, and commanding a view of the river Duddon, at high water itself a lake, "having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching away from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale, wooded grounds, and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcoomb in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone. The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed; but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of form which the rocky channel of a river can give to water." So far Green, whose eye was ever that of a painter. The middle way deviates on the right about four miles from Broughton, and leads to Seathwaite over some fine hilly ground from Broughton Mills. The most laborious way of the three is over Walna Scar—the way of the present heroes. A fourth is up Tilberthwaite, over Wrynose, and so down Duddon, from near its source. All are good—but ours is the best—and there are few grander walks in the North of England. What is the name of that giant? Blakerigg. He seems to have drawn himself up to his full altitude to oppose our progress—but we must turn his flank. Yet his forehead is mild and placid,—smoothly, seemingly, as that of a small pastoral hill. But what a burly body hath the old chieftain surnamed Ironsides! Such ribs! a park of artillery would in vain batter in breach there—'twould scarcely smite off a splinter. In what sort of scenery does he set his feet? By-and-by you shall see—between him

and us there is a wide and a deep abyss. We have reached the summit of this long ascent, and you behold Blakerigg in all his majesty — a foreground to Scafell and its Pikes, the highest land in England, softened by some leagues' distance, and belonging to another region—another province—another kingdom— another world of the sublime. For the intercepting sky sometimes divides the great objects of nature in a mountainous country, into districts so distinct, that they lie without confusion before Imagination's eyes, while of each some mighty creature seems to be by right divine the monarch, and to bear sway in calm or tempest. Let us descend into the gulf profound, till we touch the foot of Blakerigg, and then shall we skirt his kingship all the way to the head of Seathwaite Tarn.

We are now in a lonesome region—nor is it easy to imagine a much better place for a murder.

But lo! the Tarn. What should you call its character? Why, such a day as this disturbs by delight, and confounds all distinction between the Sublime and Beautiful. These rocky knolls towards the foot of the Tarn, we should say are exquisitely picturesque; and nothing can be supposed more unassuming than their quietude, which is deepened by the repose of that distant height beyond—can it be Blackcoomb? And then how prettily rise out of the Tarn on the farthest side, those little islands, under the shadow of the first range of rocks that may be safely called majestic; while the second —as slowly your eyes are venturing up the prodigious terraces —justify the ejaculation—magnificent!

Let's strip and have a swim. 'Tis all nonsense about danger in "dookin" when you are hot. Besides, we are not hot; for, in disapparelling, the balmy breezes have already fanned our bosoms, till we are cool as leeks. Saw you ever my Lord Arthur Somerset? Here he goes.

No bottom here, gents. Where the devil are you? All gone! You have taken advantage of our absence down below for a few minutes, and descended to Seathwaite. Well, we cannot call that handsome behaviour anyhow; and trust you will lose your way in the wilderness, and find yourselves among the quagmires of the Black Witch. Whew! are you there, ye water-serpents, snoring with your noses towards Ill-Crag! Save us —save us—save us! The cramp—the cramp—the cramp!

Gentlemen, we confess that was an indifferent joke—and we return you our best thanks for your alertness in diving to "pull up drowned Honour by the locks." But you seem flustered; so let us land and rig—Mercy on us, what hulks!

Now for the Pigeon-Pie. Give us the crown of crust. Behold with what dignity we devour the diadem! A queer pigeon this as one may see on a summer's day—as flat's a pancake. Ho! ho! a beefsteak we perceive—about the breadth of our palm—let us begin by biting off the fingers—and the thumb. Spicy! But, friends, we must beware of dining; let us remember this is but a lunch. And a lunch, recollect, is but a whet. They must be cushats—they must be cushats; and now let us finish the flask.

We smell Seathwaite. Below that aerial blue it lies—and were this the Sabbath, we might hear—Fine-ears as we are for all words of peace—the belfry of the old church-tower. We are about to descend into the vale by the access beloved by nature's bard. Here is volume fourth of Wordsworth—and since Jonathan declines "readin' oop," we shall give the passage the benefit of our silver speech.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful stream, neither at its source, as is done in the sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch-trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, calls to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a perfection and consummation of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the

course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladsomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then* he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLOW-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is *finished!*"

But before indulging our own eyes with the Duddon, let us, in view of the very scene thus beautifully painted in "Prose, by a Poet," look at its spirit as it haunts these Sonnets. The series—thirty-four—we are told, was the growth of many years. Mr Wordsworth says, he had proceeded insensibly in their composition,

without perceiving that he was trespassing upon ground preoccupied —*at least as far as intention went*—by Mr Coleridge; who, *more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing* a rural poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr Coleridge may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hinderance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr

Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams—"one calleth to another:" and I would gladly believe that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook"),

> "The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel he learn'd to wander
> Adown some trotting burn's meander,
> And no think lang."

This reminds us of the title of one of Shakespeare's plays—"Much ado about Nothing." Mr Coleridge is an original Poet; but there is nothing original in the idea of "a Rural Poem, to be entitled the Brook;" and if there were, it would be hard to deter all other Poets from writing about brooks, and, should they do so, to punish them as trespassers "on ground preoccupied" by the Ancient Mariner, "at least as far as intention went, more than twenty years ago." This would be carrying complaisance to Mr Coleridge, and cruelty to the rest of mankind, too far; and would subject us to transportation for our article "Streams." Were this principle of appropriation and exclusion once admitted, why, an indolent or dreaming man of genius might put an end to poetry, by imagining all kinds of subjects, and annually publishing a list which nobody else was to meddle with, on pain of death. Such tyranny far transcends even our ultra-Toryism—and we hereby declare all the rills, rivulets, brooks, streams, and rivers on the globe, free to all the poets and poetasters on its surface or in its bowels.

Neither is there anything at all original—nothing daring—in composing a series of sonnets on the River Duddon. Many a river has been celebrated in song—and there are poems in almost all languages, on particular rivers. The difficulty, indeed, of singing of a stream from source to sea, in one continuous strain, is considerable; and Mr Wordsworth has given it the go-by, in a series of sonnets. This he states—but he puts it on strange grounds. "I have been *farther*

kept from encroaching on any right Mr C. may still wish to exercise, (poo!) by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led." Fudge!

But some hundreds of fine sonnets have been distilled from the pen of Mr Wordsworth; and had he written nothing else —an absurd supposition—his fame had been immortal. Some of the most beautiful are to be found in this series—perfect gems.

> "I seek the birthplace of a native stream,"

is a simple line in the first sonnet; and these conclude the last—

> "And may thy Poet, cloud-born stream! be free,
> The sweets of earth contentedly resign'd,
> And each tumultuous working left behind
> At seemly distance, to advance like thee,
> Prepared in peace of heart, in calm of mind
> And soul, to mingle with eternity!"

What "fancies chaste and noble" imbue with beauty the strains of music that float between those opening and concluding words! The river shows

> "The image of a poet's heart,
> How calm, how tranquil, how serene!"

But let us have the course of the Duddon given, in the first place, in Green's plain but picturesque prose.

The Duddon is a fine river, and its feeders flow precipitously in their descent to the valley. It rises at the Three County Stones on Wrynose, from which place to its junction with the Irish Sea, it separates the counties of Cumberland and Lancashire. Mosedale, which is in Cumberland, though appearing the highest part of Seathwaite, is, from its head down to Cockly-Beck, a tame unmeaning valley, and would be wholly void of interest, were it not for the grand mountains of Eskdale, which are seen over its northern extremity; but from Cockly-Beck by Black Hall to Goldrill Crag, which is about two miles, the scenery improves at every step; but not the river, which, though occasionally pretty, is, upon the whole, tamely featured and lazy. At Goldrill Crag it brightens into agitation, and, after various changes, becomes at Wallow-barrow Crag one scene of rude commotion, forming in its course a succession, not of high, but finely formed waterfalls. But these furious waters suddenly slumbering, become entranced, displaying little

signs of life along the pleasant plains of Donnerdale. At Ulpha Bridge suspended animation is again succeeded by the clamorous war of stones and waters, which assail the ear of the traveller all the way to Duddon Bridge. From that place to the sea it passes on in an uninterrupted and harmonious calmness.

Nothing can be better than that—except, perhaps, some of Green's etchings, which you may purchase almost paper-cheap from his excellent widow or daughter at the Exhibition either at Ambleside or Keswick. We remember an exquisite one up the river with Wallow-barrow Crag—and another, not less so, down the river with Goldrill Crag. Here they are in words :—

The river at Wallow-barrow is opposed to many rude impediments, which are exhibited in an elegant diversity of rocks and stones, some of them of considerable magnitude, and all peculiarly and happily adapted as accompaniments to the many-shaped waterfalls, displayed in the short space of little more than half a mile. From this desirable bottom, the rocks on both sides ascend in individual wildness, and a beautifully undulating assemblage, to a good height; wood is not here in profusion, but it occasionally appears in picturesque association with the rocks and waters. A well-formed mountain terminates this craggy vista, by which the whole is rendered additionally interesting.

Of the view down the river, again, with Goldrill Crag, Green says :—

It is a beautiful scene, and different in its character to any other about the Lakes; the rocks are elegant, and the trees spring from their fissures in picturesque variety. The second distance is composed of rocks, with soft turf and trees delightfully scattered over its surface; these rocks have the appearance of rising ground considerably lower than the level of the waters in sight, which is proved by the noise produced after leaving their peaceful solitudes above.

Green goes on describing away, with pen as with pencil, the vale which was the darling of his honest heart. He tells us truly, that perhaps the finest part of this vale is between Seathwaite Chapel and Goldrill Crag—about two miles; that from Goldrill Crag to Cockly-Beck—about two miles—the beauties diminish every step you take northward; and that from Cockly-Beck to the County-stones all is insipid. How fondly he speaks of the cottages! especially of Throng, the hereditary property of the Dawsons, where never stranger found a scanty board. How affectionately of the trees! Almost every sort of tree, says he, is fine when aged, even the

larch, and all the species of the fir. In Seathwaite, he adds, untutored nature seems to have held her dominion with a sway more absolute than in any other dale in the country; exotics have been sparingly introduced; and though there is rather a want than a redundancy of wood, the valley is better without them. From almost every point of this secluded bottom (he is speaking of Throng, under the shadow of its wood-covered hill), rocky knolls of various elevation, graced with the native beauties of the country, oak, ash, and birch, rise sweetly from the lower grounds; and over them, in many waving windings, the craggy mountains swell upon the eye in grand sublimity. The passionate painter is even yet loth to leave the vision—and concludes expressively saying with fine feeling, that in every engulfed valley in this country, there is, to his mind, somewhat of a melancholy solemnity; and that, unless it be in Ennerdale-Dale, in none more than in Seathwaite. Though the Vales of Langdale are narrow, yet they possess an air of cheerfulness, probably as being bounded less stupendously than Seathwaite. In diversified beauty they rival all others, even Borrowdale. Yet Borrowdale to its beauty adds an invariable grandeur, not so uniformly seen in Langdale. Seathwaite occasionally exhibits a vastness of desolation, exceeded only in Ennerdale-Dale; but in magnificence of mountain-precipice, Ennerdale-Dale, Wastdale, and Eskdale, excel all others in the country. So far Green—and kind, courteous, ingenious, and enthusiastic spirit, farewell!

Let us turn now, after no undelightful delay, to Wordsworth. In the second sonnet, he says of the *Infant* Duddon,

> "Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
> Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
> Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;"

and in the fourth, he speaks, we may say, of the *Boy* Duddon, playfully appearing like

> "a glistering snake,
> Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
> Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
> Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake."

But how beautiful is the *lad* Duddon now—a stripling on the verge of virility—making almost a prime murmur, ere long from his *manly* bosom to emit a full-grown roar!

> "Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
> With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
> Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,
> Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
> The sun in heaven!—but now to form a shade
> For Thee, green alders have together wound
> Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
> And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
> And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
> 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
> Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
> Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
> Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
> On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies."

Then sings the Bard of old remains of hawthorn bowers, and all the varied sweets of the Pastoral Flora. Not like a mere botanist, the assassin of the Hortus Siccus—but like philosophical and religious Bard as he is, with whom Poetry is Piety—and the inspiration breathed from things of earth connects them all with heaven.

> "There bloom'd the strawberry of the wilderness;
> The trembling eye-bright show'd her sapphire blue,
> The thyme her purple, like the blush of even;
> And, if the breath of some to no caress
> Invited, forth they peep'd so fair to view,
> All kinds alike seem'd favourites of heaven!"

You have seen, we dare say, Stepping-stones across a stream, and have stepped from one to the other lightly or clumsily, as it may have happened, without any other thought than that they were useful, and saved you from the necessity of being wet-shod. We have heard more blockheads than one ask the meaning of those often quoted lines in *Peter Bell*—

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> *A yellow primrose* was to him,
> *And it was nothing more.*"

Such sumphs cannot conceive how it should be anything more to anybody; nor of Stepping-stones can they form any other opinion as to the excellence, than whether they are sufficiently close, and not *shoggly*. But thou! slim-ankled maiden, with pensive face wilt peruse the first, and with sparkling eyes the second of these sonnets, entitled "STEPPING-STONES."

"The struggling rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank and arch;
And for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament; stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint.—How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof;—and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!"

"Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause!
His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel when he renews the wished-for aid;
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Loves who, from yon high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!"

The Fairies are sometimes seen yet in Seathwaite. And there is a sonnet on the Faëry Chasm—about the sky-blue stone, within the sunless cleft, bearing the footmarks of the tiny elves. Fancy thus awakened will not be soon set asleep; and in another sonnet, she sees

"Objects immense portray'd in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!"

Niagaras, Alpine passes, and abodes of Naiads—

"Calm abysses pure
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and Tower, are crumbled into dust!"

But the human heart of the poet longs again for human life; and, reascending from those sunless chasms, hear how he sings the "Open Prospect."

"Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill,
Clustered with barn and byre, and spouting mill!
A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us; but when bleak winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten, then would I
Turn into port,—and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily,
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!"

But the Duddon is a strange stream; and should you happen to walk half a mile by his side, in a reverie, on coming to yourself again on your return perhaps from Jerusalem, 'tis a thousand to one you don't know him—so sternly is he transfigured from a sweet-singer into a Boanerges, or Son of Thunder.

"O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!"

But if we go on at this rate, Jonathan—we shall soon have "read oop" the whole volume. And what better might we do, lying here, all four of us, carelessly diffused on the greensward, far from the noisy world, enveloped in the visions of a great poet's soul? This is the way to know and feel the spirit of this lovely and lonely, of this barren and bounteous land, where desolation lies in the close neighbourhood of plenty, and where the Hermit might find a secret cell within hearing of the glad hum of life. Let us recite two sonnets more—and then be up and going—away to the objects of which the Poet sings—how holily!

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

"Sacred Religion, 'mother of form and fear,'
Dread Arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wreck'd,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
If one strong wish may be embosom'd here,
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low pile a Gospel Teacher knew,
Whose good works form'd an endless retinue:
Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
And tender Goldsmith crown'd with deathless praise!"

ULPHA KIRK.

"The Kirk of Ulpha to the Pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a Star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parch'd waste beside an Arab's tent:
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-wash'd Churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Sooth'd by the unseen River's gentle roar."

Prevailing poet! here, among the scenes thou hast so finely sung,

"Fit audience find, though few."

Few, indeed! for the Three have vanished; and in Seathwaite Tarn, the shadows of no Christians are to be seen but those of Christopher and Jonathan. He informs us, that ere we had "read oop taa haf o't," the graceless, mannerless, fancyless, unfeeling, unprincipled, and uninitiated cubs had scampered over the knowe, and have probably been for an hour, at least, in another county! Yes, Jonathan—you say right—they are to be pitied; but we have reaped—

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

Surely the winner will have the sense to order dinner at the Chapel Alehouse.

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there."

"In this"—quoth Mr Green, who, you know, Jonathan, was the most sober and industrious of God's creatures—"Mr Daniel is not quite correct; such houses, particularly in thinly inhabited countries, are absolutely necessary to the comforts of distant parishioners." Now, we are distant parishioners; so put his volume into the haversack—and the "Bard's" we return to our bosom. Now let's be off.

Descent may be adverse to younger knees—but to ours it is natural; and,

> "Smooth-sliding, without step,"

down the sward, we feel like an aged eagle skimming in easy undulations, ere he alights to fold up his wings.

Sweet Seathwaite! for, spite of all thy sternness, art thou, indeed, most sweet—may we believe from that sunny smile kindling up thy groves into greenness that obliterates the brown of thy superincumbent cliffs—that thou rejoicest to see again the Wanderer, who, in life's ardent prime, was with thee so oft of yore in thy sylvan solitudes! Much changed—thou seest—are we—in face and figure so sorely changed that haply we seem to thee a stranger, and must pass by a disregarded shadow! Alas! we feel as if we were forgotten! we, and all those dawns, morns, days, eves, and nights! Insensate Seathwaite! what art thou but an assemblage of rocks, stones, clods, stumps, and trees? Our imagination it was that vivified thee into beauty—till thou becamest symbolical of all spiritual essences, embodied Poetry of a paradisaical state of being, which, on this fair representment, transcendantly returns—but overspread now, and interfused with a profoundest pathos that almost subdues the glory of nature into the glimmer of the grave, solemnising life by death, and subjecting the dim past and the bright present to the mysterious future, till faith flings herself humbly at the feet of God.

And thou, too, art somewhat changed, sweet Seathwaite! Thou, too, art getting old! But with thee, age is but a change into "beauty still more beauteous." A gradual alteration, during all the while of our long absence, has been

silently taking place upon the character of thy groves. Glades are gone like overshadowed sun-spots. We see rocky pastures where then the coppice-wood grew—smooth fields of barley-braird that then were rocky pastures. We miss that bright blue river—heard above the Alder Ford—where hung the nest-hiding hazels; we hear, not see, the Fairies' Waterfall. Pools that of yore still slept in branchy twilight, now shine in day and picture-passing clouds. Some oaks have fallen that should have lived for ever; and strange confusion in our memory grows from the whole of these bewildering woods. But amidst all the change of unceasing growth and unceasing decay, thou art the same sweet Seathwaite still—and unaltered for ever the lines magnificent now drawn by thy multitudinous mountains along the peaceful heavens.

The wallet is empty of all viands now—Jonathan—and in the Chapel Alehouse it may happen that the sole fare may be but ham and eggs. You see this crutch. We unscrew the cross, and out of the bole emerges a fishing-rod, of which the pieces may be put up so as to suit minnow, trout, grilse, or fish. Now for trout. One of the seals dangling at our watch-chain is a reel. 'Tis an ensnaring seal, Jonathan—and on all our love-letters it leaves its irresistible impress. A silk reel-line you observe, Jonathan, and gut like gossamer, to whose invisibility in water are attached the murderous midges with black half-heckle on the yellow bodies, and brown mallard-wings, adjusted by the microscopic eye and fairy finger of Margaret—that is, Mrs Widow Phin. Not a breath of air—the river is low—and bright the sun—nor will he reach for an hour to come those castellated clouds. But let us lay our lures among the lucid murmurs, and in a minute shall you see the silver-shiners in various sizes dancing on the gravel or the greensward, up from the not unsuccessful imitation of the minnow to what might seem—nay, may be—the salmon's self.

Ay—there are two to begin with—one at the tail-fly, and one at the top-bobber. We always angle with five hooks, Jonathan, on an occasion like this, when to garnish the grosser we desire some fry. Why, they seem smoults! How can that be in the Duddon in May? Trouts. But born and bred in this gravelly shallow, their scales are as silver, and you almost suppose you see through them, as you hold up their

twisting slipperiness between you and the sun. Ha! there's a two-year-old off-at-score, as if on a half-mile race with a swarm of subscribers. But he will soon lose his fastness, Jonathan—and we have him hard in hand—that he may not bolt off the course in among those birch-roots. You see that small circle of sand, "sharpening its mooned horns"—thither shall we persuade the sumph to sail;—Jonathan, don't you almost find him already wallopping in your wallet? There he has swum himself ashore—and there, like a serpent wriggling about, his own mother would not know him, so enshrouded is he in sand. That comes of one's suffering himself to be led by the nose—even in retirement—during these troubled times. Yes, Jonathan, about a pounder.

You seem surprised, Jonathan, at our incessant sport. 'Tis the tackle as much as the touch. In such clear, warm water as this, the very sight of a great, big, fat fly, like a drowned bummer, would sicken a trout—and if tied to the end of a cable, four horse-hairs thick, 'twould frighten a pool out of its seven senses. But these flies—scarcely flies—these midges, moving like motes on the water, solicit the fishy stomach with almost airy allurement, which the largest lobbers—as you see—even when lying indolently beneath the bank, retired from the glare of noon that stupifies their panting brethren in the unprotected channel, have not the philosophy to resist. They sail slowly up to the slow speck, and just putting out their tongues—so—lick in the inextricable barb. It gives them no pain, Jonathan—merely a puzzle; and you may well think, that, for a while, they can with difficulty believe their eyes, when they see, by the receding stones, that they are journeying towards the opposite "banks and braes o' bonny Duddon," from which, almost before some of them have leisure to distinguish the sward from the stream, they are transferred into thy wallet, Jonathan, that seems quick with child.

You think we have killed somewhere from ten to twelve pound; and such slaughter—pretty well in a sunbright hour—will suffice to eke out the ham and eggs into no despicable dinner. Bless us—Seathwaite Chapel! and there are our friends sitting with the landlord in the honey-suckled porch of the alehouse, each with what seems a jug in his dexter hand. The scamps! that would not stay for the sonnets,

though recited by an angel's tongue. Alas! there is little love of poetry left in this low life of ours—so now for the Ham and Eggs.

The kitchen clock is striking six as we stoop our anointed head beneath the slate-roofed doorway—and at six, to a second, stands our watch, such is the sympathy between the worthies. We cheerfully confess that we have occasionally seen a clean tablecloth in a Scotch small wayside or hedge-row inn. But nine hundred and ninety-nine times in the thousand they have shown mustard. In England, again—the dirty is supposed to be as one to a million. April snows are tolerably white, and so are April clouds and April lambs—but they are grey in comparison with this cloth bleached in May sun and shower, whose drapery descends in graceful folds from this Round Table standing as firm on one leg as if it had four, at equal distance from hearth and door, bed and window. Such bread! baked of finest flour for the nonce in a pan-oven that raises the light-brown crust almost into the delicacy of the coating of bride-cake, while close-grained even as that "mighty magic," *kythes*, as you break it, the crumbling inconsistency of the fair interior! Graceful from the gridiron that crump circle of oatmeal wafers, broad as the bottom of a bee-hive; and what honey-comb! The scent is as of thyme, and, by some conjuration, preserved has been the cellular framework all winter through, and therein lies the dewy flower-distilment, as clear as when the treasure was taken at harvest-close from the industrious people, who in a moment hushed their hum. That is *our* pot of porridge; and oh! it is exquisite when supped with cream! Of all liquid lustres, the loveliest sure is that of elder-flower wine. And delicately blending hospitality with the welcome due to all who peaceably enter here, the Mistress has placed that crystal at the Elder's elbow, saying, with a smile, that "quality have commended it," and 'tis in truth delightful sma' drink, and tastes racily of the tree. Aren't these pretty patterns of suns and sunflowers, stars and roses, impressed on the glistening countenance of that glorious butter? Till now never saw we yellow. Put a spoon into that cream—it stands for a few moments straight—and then slowly declining, leans on the edge of the jug, like a young lady about to go into a swoon. The sight reminds us of the phial of concentrated

Essence of Coffee in the fob of our jacket. There it is, and nobody must mistake it for the ketchup. All the hens in Seathwaite must have been laying to-day; else how these plates of poached, and these bowls of boiled? Seldom to be seen such a Teapot. But for the *stroop*, you might mistake it for a Tureen. Who expected to see you here? Yes—it is THE ROUND—towering by himself on that chest of drawers. No—not by himself—beneath his shadow reposes an unmistakable Brandy-bottle; nor will the froth on that ale-jug melt, till into it Christopher has dipped his Roman proboscis.

'Tis pleasing thus to compress all the meals that are usually scattered over the day into One mighty anonymous meal, in matter multiform, multifarious, and multitudinous, as in spirit the myriad-minded Shakespeare. Hark! how deliciously salutes our ears the hissing, and the fizzing, and the pabbling of the great pan in which the basted trouts are writhing as if in torments, while the gudewife herself, though she has had her tea and toast, feels herself called on now, as she values her temporal and eternal welfare, to bring household honour and conjugal pride to the aid of conscience and religion, that the Christian heroine may prove victorious over the temptation of the fish, and gain an immortal conquest over the savoury sin soliciting her, as Satan did Eve, with insidious whispers from the heart of that seducing Fry! She turns, but tastes them not—and just putting the fork to her lips, with a scientific *whawmle* empties the great pan into the great platter, and bearing the feast at arm's length and bosom-high, makes her *entrée* into the Parlour like a Queen.

Assuredly, next to the satisfaction of a good conscience is that of a well-filled stomach. They are likewise kindred. So are hunger and remorse. We feel that now we have well performed our part in life—and are willing to leave the world to write our epitaph. Seem made for us, as if the carpenter had taken our measure, back and bottom of this easiest of all easy-chairs. Yet we see from these quaintly carved numerals 'tis a hundred years old. Contemporary with it all the rest of the oaken furniture; for we know that the wife of the landlord of New-Field was sole heiress of a Statesman, and though the Hill-Farm and all its sycamores were sold to pay "ten mortgages rolled into one," in consequence of many strange cala-

mities that kept befalling her humble house, the "family plenishing" was preserved, and fortune smiles now on the worthy pair, yet in the prime of life, though with sons and daughters ripe for love or war. That was a pretty creature who now took away the cheese—and the stripling who shook hands with Jonathan, when he has filled up a bit, will be a likely lad for the Belt at Carlisle.

The scene shifts to the seat beneath the sycamore that hangs its twilight o'er the inn, ere it has touched the open atmosphere, which begins, however, to breathe of the stilly spirit of the late afternoon. Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! The mellow monotone is not unmusical—but what means Shallow-bill by that flitting cry? "With soul as strong as a mountain river," from the top of the pine beside the chapel-tower bursts out the bold blackbird into a delirium of song—and seems delighted at intervals to listen to its echoes tinkling hurriedly among the rocks. Who shall sing a second to that song? Not Sontag's self—though surnamed the Nightingale.

"In nature," says Coleridge, "there is nothing melancholy," wisely meaning that no living thing is created for unhappiness, and that the ordinary language of inferior life is expressive of pleasure. We wish we could say that in nature there is nothing discordant; but were we to say so, the bray of that ass would give us the lie. If he be gifted by nature with a musical ear, there must be some peculiarity in his throat and lungs that prevents him from carrying his ideas into execution. The distinguished donkey has finished his solo, and we trust will not be offended by our declining to call "encore." Yet he has been unconsciously exerting his vocal powers to enhance the delight of the ensuing silence: and in the hush, how pleasant the lowing of the kine, for 'tis the season of calves; the milky mothers are musical in their affection, and seldom have we heard a more harmonious concert of cows.

But now 'tis gloaming—at least so thinks that bat—as dips the flittermouse fearlessly within a foot of our heads, and then keeps wavering to and fro between the sycamore and the barn. The most cheerful objects seem almost solemn in the dusk—while

> "The day is placid in its going,
> To a lingering stillness bound,
> Like a river in its flowing,
> Can there be a softer sound?"

The loveliest of all light is that which precedes the moon, while yet her unseen orb is journeying up from behind the hill, and you are uncertain over what place she will raise her silver rim. Expect her rising as you will, the suddenness always adds a slight surprise to your delight, and for a moment you are doubtful if it be indeed the moon. Full seen now in slow ascension, how she deepens the whole blue serene of heaven! For a while you know not that there are any stars. But look! there is one large and lustrous—and now is the sky bedropt with diamonds, dim as if dewy; but there will be no rain to-morrow, for no aerial tresses are dishevelled along the "lift;" and the few clouds there are braided into folds of perfect peace. From heaven we withdraw our eyes, and they fall quietly on the house of God. Troutbeck Chapel—Langdale Chapel—Wythburn Chapel—Buttermere Chapel—Wastdale Chapel—Seathwaite Chapel—we bless you all! and every other holy edifice that cheers the Sabbath silence of the mountains with its single bell. Children are ye of one mother-church, and true to her religious faith in your humble ritual, as minster or cathedral,

> "Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

A sort of slumbrous softness seems as if it were dewily sealing our eyes, and sleep whispers us to steal away with her into the land of dreams. Seven long leagues of a mountain-walk are something to a man of seventy—'tis seventeen hours since Christopher and the Sun arose—and more than an hour ago "the wearied sun betook himself to rest." The remaining luminary—not the Moon—must follow the example; his age entitles him to the single-bedded room—and his night's rest is broken by the mildest snore. Good-night, boys—and, Jonathan, see they do not get into mischief when their guardian has gone to roost.

> "To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new."

CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.

FLIGHT SECOND.

[JULY 1832.]

DAYLIGHT has dissolved our dream; and we have fallen to earth from heaven. SHE was ours at last; and, as we folded to our bosom our fainting bride, in her nuptial dress, tall, slender, and white as a lily leaning on a rose, her balmy breath blended with our being, that felt as if both flowers were immortal in the embrace of love. Not so blest was Adam the hour Eve arose, in her dewy prime, among the bowers of Paradise. But the divine agony has shivered our soul out of sleep, and we have awoke—an old bachelor. Yes—we did indeed dream that we were married to an angel. No name had she—no parents—no birthplace—but there she stood—there she sank into our arms—an anonymous alien from some celestial clime—and we knew that she was BEAUTY. "Christopher! my adored Christopher! I am thine for ever!" When crash to some cat, we shrewdly suspect, went some crockery in the kitchen below our cubiculum, and the VISION left in our hold only a long lank bolster, the parent apparently of twin-pillows, that in our ecstasy had been sent a-packing across the floor!

Perhaps it is, on the whole, just as well. We should have soon sickened of BEAUTY, and sighed for SUBLIMITY; like Solomon, on high places, worshipping idols. We were not born to be a Benedick. 'Tis fitting we should be the last of our race. For, humbly be it spoken, what son could succeed such a sire, nor seem to be but a shadow! Let our Family, then, on our demise, be extinct—our Fame immortal—our Light shine for ever, like a Pharos over the night-sea of Time!

But where the deuce are we—in Edinburgh, London, Paris,

Vienna, Constantinople, or Jerusalem? In the little wayside Inn beneath its sycamore in SEATHWAITE! Through the "half-uncurtained window" gleams the glorious greenness of that leafy tent. On the honey-dew are already feasting many million dawn-delighting bees, invisible in the murmur that seems to come from the glad tree's heart. God bless thy bonny white breastie, thou most Christian creature of all birds, save and except the Robin, looking out with thy pretty head awry, from thy "procreant cradle," in the window-corner below the cornice, which from far-off climes thou annually revisitest true as the spring. Thy song is but a twitter, sweet swallow! yet to our heart awakening as nightingale's thick-warbled hymns. But thou has leaped away out into the morning, and art bathing thy wings now in the dews from many a flowering shrub teaming odorous to that bright blue sky. That "cock's shrill clarion" is awakening the village. The slow-rising cows are beginning to low in the pastures; and what curious cry is that, as if from some complaining child? 'Tis a nanny-goat bleating her kids along the cliff. But all the air is singing and ringing now, one wide universal aviary where all wings are free. We must be up and doing; but let us not forget to slip on our breeches; though in a few minutes we must let them off again—for we must have a plunge in the Black-pool, out of which we shall emerge as red as a lobster.

A commodious bath—only two fields from the Inn. The grass must have been growing during the night, for it is tickling our bare ankles; and sure of all coolness, none so refreshing to the frame as that which follows one's foot-prints on meadow aglitter with morning dews. What a rich promise of nuts! The hazels are in their full beauty now; and almost as fragrant as the birches themselves, while putting forth what we might almost venture to call blossoms. No diver like a water-ousel. But what is the meaning of this? The Black-pool dry! Drawn off perhaps to irrigate these low-lying hay-fields, which prefer the moisture that falls down direct in sunny showers from heaven. No. 'Tis an optical deception played off on us by the GENIUS LOCI. He has changed the water into seeming air

"To touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod;"

but a shadow—'tis a hawk's—crosses the abyss—and lo! again visible the deepest linn of the Duddon. Here it goes—head-over-heels—like a tumbler-pigeon.

Like the effect of the enunciation of the Reform Bill on poor Mr John Smith, we declare it has "quite taken away our breath." Our hair, however, is not standing on end, like that of Sir Thomas Lethbridge—but the reverse—and our head is as sleek as that of a Methodist minister. One minute of a morning plunge-bath in the Black-pool is sufficient to string up the carcass of Christopher into a well-toned fiddle. We could kick a Cockney—fell a Stot. Don't be alarmed, my pretty girl—but pass on with a blush to the cow-milking; and we shall be with you ere you have wet your pail. Confound that flannel shirt—it is personating a strait-waistcoat—and with our arms pinioned in this fashion, we must look like a lunatic escaped from an Asylum. 'Tis lucky it is not linen; but now we are busked, or, in other words, have re-entered into our breeches, and though not exactly fit to appear in church or market, yet at four o'clock of a summer morning, in a meadow, bounded on the east by the river Duddon, and on the west by the village of Seathwaite, our apparel, though scant, is respectable, and preserves, now that it has been got fairly on, the strictest decency; so let us keep our tryst below the hawthorn, though made hurriedly to Cicey as she passed, and, hanging over her as she "does her spiriting gently," contrive, if possible, to keep the milch-kine from whisking the tuft of their tails into her rosy countenance. So busy is the industrious creature, that she is not aware of our approach. So we fold our hands suddenly across her eyes, and while we feel the blush beneath the bandage, snatching a kiss, ask the startled maiden to tell the name of the ravisher. Half-frightened, half-ashamed, and wholly not displeased, the innocent nymph giggles, "Mr North! Mr North!" By-and-by, she holds up the pail to our lips—we the while stooping our anointed head, and drinking deep down through the froth into the more solid liquid, wish her with our twinkling eyes a long life and a good husband, to which pious prayer a downcast look, enlivened by a dimple on the cheek of the cunning clerke, seems to breathe fervently "Amen!"

This little love-adventure over, we re-march to the inn as

mighty as Amadis de Gaul. All the people of the house are up and stirring, and eke Jonathan; but those two lazy young fellows, the oldest of them not fifty, are still snoring like owlets in a barn, and we must tweak their nebs. What a couple of unmeaning faces! The mouth to the right has manifestly the advantage in size—but the nose on the left is the master. Like the Shepherd, they are both, we declare, sleeping without shirts! and have kicked, in the sultriness, sheets and blankets over the foot of their beds. Our hands fall very opportunely on these two water-jugs. There, gentlemen, "aren't these two very pretty cascades?" —"Fire! fire! fire! murder! murder! murder!" Why, you fools, what confusion in the elements! But on with your clothes, my lads, for the eggs are in the pan—the bread is baked—the butter churned—the breakfast will be getting impatient; and, as we have a stiff walk, we wish to have a long day before us; so in half an hour we must be off, to the tune of "ower the hills and far awa'!"

It was not our intention, originally, to breakfast so soon after supper; but simply to take a whet, and to look forwards to that meal at the Woolpack in Eskdale. But we find it difficult to desert the diet, which has grown upon our hands into a regular repast. 'Tis but a new edition—with additions—of the same poem. We are more remarkable for a steady than a voracious appetite. We play a sure, rather than a dashing game, at whist. To see us set to work, you would think we were not hungry; so composed are all our motions; and so leisurely the openings and the shuttings of our mouth. But ere long you begin to suspect that it is likely to prove something serious; for people are repeatedly calling for bread, and eyeing us as the cause of the unaccountable disappearance of the staff of life. Our plate seems never empty, and never full; yet 'tis not the same, but a different muffin. The eggs, in our immediate vicinity, as if by leger-demain, become egg-shells; and though our fondness for that relish is notorious, nobody ever saw us helping ourselves to more ham. That we are not idle is *felt;* yet we have the air of a man retired from business, rather than of one actively engaged at victuals. It is one of our peculiarities—one of our characteristics—that the more we eat (except when we happen to be sickly, and then we are ravenous from the first),

the sharper grows our appetite, up to the highest pinnacle; and, which we believe is also rather unusual, from that culminating point our stomach may be said to decline, almost as imperceptibly to the naked eye as the sun westering from the meridian. In all this there is fine philosophical *keeping;* and the common run of mankind, who devour by fits and starts, "wonder, and of their wondering find no end," on seeing us pursuing our calm career, without one symptom of fatigue or repletion, when they have got to the full length of their tether, and feel, perhaps, as if about to burst. The close of their meal seems sometimes as if it were coeval with the commencement of ours; yet we started together instantly after grace, and by-and-by, if they have not left the table, they will hear us ask a blessing like a bishop.

In walking through a country, we seldom refuse a *lift.* Cart, waggon, car, cab, shandrydan, gig, postshay, coach, or omnibus—horse, mule, or donkey—we avail ourselves of in our progress through life—and this it is to be pedestrians. The landlord is going into Eskdale, we find, for a load of hay, his winter store being ate out; so with him we shall take a hurl to the house of our old friend Vickars. You two can find your way, with Jonathan, over the mountain, to the Woolpack, by Birker Force. There we shall lunch. Remember, Jonathan, that you have charge of the fowls. Let them not out of the wallet till we meet again—and we had better carry the flask. Go up the Duddon about a mile of meadows, and as soon as they are fairly done, which you will know by a wild scattering of rocks, central among the shiver one cliff like a crushed cathedral, eyes left, and you will see what looks like the deserted bed of a dead river. A long narrow glen, one of the greenest you ever saw all your days, will lead you into the heart of the hills. You will see no more houses, but at its head a sheepfold. You then go right over the mountain, edging westwards; and come down on a wide, flat, rushy moor, beloved by curlews, and in its plashy precincts the wild-ducks breed. Cross it as the crow flies, and you will observe on the hill beyond the remains of a birch wood, and one of the most beautiful hollies that ever brightened solitude. Keep that glittering giant on your right, and in half a mile or so, you will look down from a height, inexplicably crowned with a heap of stones like a cairn—perhaps it covers the

bones of some ancient king—on three glens, that will be floating—we answer for them—in the haze of a soft dim blue aerial light. The huge mountain, along whose shoulder you are now crawling like so many lice, is Birker; and you can be at no loss to know down which of the three glens flows the stream that falls thunderously over the cliffs near the head of Eskdale, in shape of that famous Force.

We are tempted to go with you, boys, so vivid is the scene you are about to visit in our imagination. The birthplace of the stream is in a fairy ring of greensward among the brackens, where perpetually are lying a few sheep. Its source is a spring—a well on which float some water-cresses, which have the pleasantest wild taste that ever refreshed pilgrim's palate; and playing for a while at hide-and-seek among the knolls, it becomes, ere long, first a runlet, then a rill, and then a *beck*, "making sweet music with the enamelled stones;" here and there a pool reflecting, with its two trees, the one in air, and the other in water, the one whispering as the other fades. But bolder now in all its character, it rushes on exultingly towards that awful chasm; and in the hush you hear a hollow noise, which, for a while at first, you scarcely think is of a cataract. You see spray, and hear hawks, and know that you are descending upon Birker Force! There it foams sheer over a perpendicular precipice, as high as you choose; and all the beck below it is a continuous series of waterfalls, till hazel-hid it joins the more quiet river that winds its shining way along the sylvan Eskdale.

But the chasm is a dismal prison in which the Force, like a madman, is raging with his chains. Dismal! Why that sun-burst has changed the gloom into glory, and the Force is joyful as a bridegroom on his wedding-day. A moment ago and the cliffs were pitch-black, but now they are bright as with rainbows. How got the wild flowers up yonder among the mosses and lichens, and how dare they smile so along the loose-hanging ledges of the rocks? God—and God only knows. The dreadful grows the beautiful—there is no anger in the torrent's voice—in the very thunder there is love. The caldron breathes up its mist to freshen the face of the precipice, and in the sparkling moisture the green'd trees rejoice. Trees! ay—trees grotesque in their grandeur, high aloft, shot athwart the chasm, and some dead of old age, and

overgrown with fearless parasites that let drop their drapery in floating festoons, that to and fro are waving, as on a sudden from different airts the hill-breezes blow. Gazing down the chasm thus filled, you find, with a profusion of the loveliest things in nature, where you had expected to find, and at first had seen, but a savage sternness and sterility, your eyes are carried away on into the distance; and through those screens, as if set in a frame, what a glorious picture! All sky and mountains. Too simple, perhaps, for art to transfer with fine effect to the canvass, but, as it hangs there, sublime. We called the scene immediately below, the "sylvan" Eskdale, and rightly; for from Dalegarth Hall, and indeed far below, all the way up to the Roman station at the foot of Hardknot, it used to be said of old, and may be said so still, that a squirrel could make his way without touching the ground. You see no groves now; only sweet sprinklings of native trees; and they are dropt but rarely, as the vale gets overshadowed towards its head, which, could you but see it, you would swear was most magnificent. But you must dream it below the blue gloom, where the "raven gambols like a dancing skiff." That vastness is Scafell, the mightiest mountain in England. But transparent as is the air, and distinct the outline of earth in heaven, you must not suppose that is his summit. You cannot see the Pikes. Some mountains at all times seem to be *aspiring* to reach the Empyrean; and in their proud—their vain ambition, they but expose their littleness; but he, in his calm, contented magnitude, like a truly great man, is felt to be, without effort, and unconsciously, sublime. The cloud-palaces, in all their grandeur, love to hang and hover over his head. Dear his inaccessible cliffs to the clear blue sky. There only, once no unfrequent bird, abide the old eagles. But to see the mountain king in his serenest state, you must be in a boat on Wastwater by midnight, when he is crested by the silver moon surmounting a diadem of stars.

Farewell for a few hours, gents; "we shall meet again at Philippi," *i. e.*, Woolpack, on condition of your not previously breaking your necks on your way out of that chasm. It might not be amiss, perhaps, to provide yourselves with ropes; yet, in extremity, you can find egress by going over with the waterfall.

This cart is like an easy-chair. Yet judging from these stones and ruts, this road, in a common vehicle, would be a rough one—there—that was an exhilarating *dunsh*—we are not without hopes yet of being occasionally upset. But the axletree, being of native ash, is accustomed to such ups-and-downs, and on their well-greased navels whirl the wheels like those of the car of Phœbus.

Is this what is called in this county the high-road? Oh—what Mr Moore calls one of the cross-roads of Fame. In our poor judgment, 'tis the channel of a mountain-river. The usual occupant is luckily from home in this dry weather, but we shall be in a taking, if the waterspout sends down the old gentleman. Nay! my good sir! you will never *attempt that*—you perceive there is no bridge? Well—the cart seems to be wood—but is iron—what the horse is made of we cannot conjecture. Give Us the reins—for the Devil knows how to drive. There! look at Us ONE-IN-HAND, victorious over a water-course that would laugh to scorn M'Adam and all his myrmidons.

But now we go bowling along the greensward, on tableland encircled by mountain-tops; and lo! Devock-Water, renowned for trouts, with its one rocky islet, where the sea-gulls breed. In less than no time we shall be at Dalegarth Hall, and can take *en passant* a peep over the cliff-edge into STANLEY GILL. Were we, in hopeless passion, to take the lover's leap, it should assuredly be into that beautiful abyss. We should not, if repentant half-way down, sigh for the plumes of a swan. Our metamorphosis would be into the Merlin. See! there he shoots! Combining in his pinions the powers of the dove's and the swallow's wing. Small but savage—and how fiercely wild his cry! Him the magpie shuns, chattering hidden in the woods—him the carrion-crow feareth as he smites sullen Sooty like a sunbeam—the croaking raven sails aloof from that imp of fury—the eagle's self, soaring seaward from his eyrie on Scafell, eyes with admiration the heir-apparent to the Throne of the Hideous Chasm. Hideous! The Paradise of this Bird of Prey, who, with his Princess is seen dallying on the cliff, in courtship of beak and talon, as they would tear one another into pieces in their crowning passion; and now, tumbling topsy-turvy up and down the air, one blended bunch of feathers, as Thomson says, "shivering with delight," and

then parting into two careering creatures that east and west carry their shrieklike cries, till the fit has subsided, the flight is gone, and the chasm is again still as death.

There is no such thing as satisfying some people with waterfalls. They quote Niagara, and Sam Patch. Niagara! why, 'tis hardly worth going to America to get yourself deafened for life by that eternal, that accursed roar. For ten years afterwards, that Lake-fall, for it is nothing else, kept booming in our ears like the sea. Our eyes could not elude that insupportable "water privilege," tumbling mile-wide from the sky.

"*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines;*"

no river should cataract larger than the Clyde. Boniton—Cora-Linn—Stonebyres—sufficient for the soul is the din thereof, the flashing and the foam, and the spray-mist restless among the steady rainbows, coming and going unbidden of their bright selves, like a poet's dreams. Or penetrate the heart of the Highlands, and ghostlike glide down to the caldron of the Fall of Foyers. He is indeed a son of Thunder, and of Lightning too; for the sunshine, shooting into that infernal pit, in the blackness seems lightning, and there you are as if in midnight during meridian day. Oh! glorious old Scotland!

Then why love we so well "the beautiful fields of England," as Southey says; why now carting it over Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, in Flight Second of Christopher at the Lakes? Because we have covered the cliffs, the clouds, the woods, and "the green silent pastures," with creations of our own, which now are imbedded into the channels of rivers, and spread over the bosoms of lakes, and diffused over grove-tops, and hurried like lights and shadows along the sides of mountains, and resident in the air-palaces of the sky.

Let no blockhead, then, dare to abuse the north of England's waterfalls. Beautiful are they even when dry. That is to say, when down the sable rock-face is seen but a thin thread of silver, and the ear has to listen for the low lulling sound, or it catches but a tinkle that seems nowhere, and yet everywhere, like a fairy's voice.

There is Stockgill Force, as you go up towards the Grove, near Ambleside, alongside of scores of tiny waterfalls embowered in birch or hazel, where the squirrel gambols over the

blackbird's nest. The scene is new after every shower. "Beautiful exceedingly" in the afternoon of a mild summer day, when the heavens have been weeping for joy. Sublime after a thunder-plump, when all at once the Force flings itself in red foam over the cliffs, and joining the Rothay in wrath, discolours with turbid grandeur the waves of Windermere. But if you wish to know and to feel the power of dim daylight, when "sound is silence to the mind," and slow-moving shadows intensify the stillness, as through the umbrage they checker the mossy stones, all soft with verdant velvet embroidered with blue-eyed flowers admiring in this mirror their yellow hair, step into the hermitage at Rydal, and for an hour in imagination forswear the world for the cowl, the beads, and the book of a holy man, a saint for a season, and a sinner for life. A small man, if well made, shames a great hulking fellow of a giant. So finely proportioned may he be, that you might suppose him captain of the Six Feet Club. Just so is it with Skelwith Force. We have gone over it in a canter. In high water it might be shot in ascension by a Scotch salmon. Yet though even minute 'tis magnificent. But Beauty loves to bathe herself in that pool; and like Actæon, without suffering his fate, we have seen the Goddess running up and down the banks and braes to dry herself in the sunshine, as naked as the day on which Diana first dawned in heaven. Elter-Water and all its woods separate that sweet grove from its sister—Colwith Force, the Glory of Little Langdale, the Lady of the Woods. She would "not unsought be won;" but difficulty and danger are delightful for her sake, which you will, if a man, confess, as, while crawling along that ledge, you play plash into that pool, some six fathom deep, and reappearing to the Nymphs of the Naiad, all laughing on the banks, solicit the assistance of those branches, very convenient, if not near at hand, at least not far overhead, and if in autumn, hung "with mealy clusters of ripe nuts," which you can crack when you have gathered them, *brown leamers* every one, and guarded by no dragon, as in the Hesperides. An accident of that kind might not be so pleasant at Dungeon Ghyll Force. Man's hands flung not that bridge over the abyss. Across a single stone is the transit—when from Pavey-Ark comes down the torrent in glee of flood, stunned you feel it shake—but there it has hung since the days of Noah, and there it will

hang till the tail of some comet withers up the world. In that beautiful Idyl, the "Idle Shepherd Boys," Wordsworth says, with his usual true Doric simplicity, when he wishes to be simple (stateliness is the usual habitude of the bard, and majesty),

> "It is a spot which you may see,
> If ever you to Langdale go;
> Into a chasm a mighty block
> Hath fall'n, and made a bridge of rock.
> The gulf is deep below;
> And in a basin black and small
> Receives a lofty waterfall."

You have heard of Lyulph's Tower. 'Tis on the banks of Ulswater, and though a mere modern box, built by the late Duke of Norfolk, looks like a fabric of the antique time. Nowhere else than from its front looketh the lake more lovely; and when sated with gazing on the beauties prodigally exposed on Nature's open bosom, slip thou away down into the dell, and sound-led ascend, in music "deeper and deeper still," towards Airey Force, that, like a continuous succession of small avalanches, keeps tumbling for ever into "liquid lapses," that sing their way to the lake through heaven-hiding woods. Or would you wish to walk for hundreds of yards up into a pass ten yards wide, with walls high as it is long, over stones as large as small houses, and one like a kirk with a belfry, where spirits are said sometimes to ring merry peals to the moon as she glides full-orbed across the chasm, then set your face and your feet firmly towards Scale Force, and as if by a mine-shaft enter the mountain. We called it a pass. But that is a lie. It is impenetrable to an earthquake. The ribs of the rock are bare, and there stands old Ironsides grimly rejoicing in a shower-bath, that needs no pulling of a string to let loose the floods that dash in thunder at his feet. Wait at Keswick for a week of rain, and in all likelihood you will not have to wait long, for the tutelary Saint of Derwent was a wet quaker;—then let

> ———"The Cataract of Lodore
> Peal to thy orisons;"

and if through thy senses sound can send spiritual impulses into thy soul, thou wilt, during the thunder, be a Poet, and give vent to thy ecstasy in Ode or Hymn. But commit it not to paper—or if thou dost, we beseech thee by all that is sacred

not to publish, for 'twill be a mysterious production above and beyond the age, nor will reach a second edition, till ravens yet unfledged have, like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, gathered up their feet and died.

So much, in a small way, for well-known waterfalls. But heaven pity you, if you suppose those are all that keep dancing in wet weather all over the mountains, and in dry go to sleep, like innocent lambs as they are, or, like them, are heard through the far-and-wide stillness, bleating in the sunshiny solitude. We have mentioned by name merely the leading articles; but the Region, like Maga, contains numberless anonymous contributions of the highest merit, and you must talk of the one as you read the other, a hundred times through and through, ere you can become masters of the two noblest works of any age or country.

All this while, our nag has been browsing the broom, with his nose at times absolutely over the brink of the precipice. Now, landlord, we entreat of you not to attempt to turn,—back—back—back! "That's your sort!" Now for the Woolpack; for

"A craving void left aching at our heart"

suggests the image—the idea—of those cold how-towdies.

Ponsonby is a noble place, close to the old Abbey, and though sheltered from it by groves, smells sweetly of the sea. Mr Stanley shows that he has a fine, natural, sound, simple taste, by visiting not seldom, in spring and summer, as well as the shooting season, his pretty domicile here in the dell, smiling gaily within the somewhat melancholy shadows of dilapidated Dalegarth Hall. Blessings be on the Nest! We have slept in it, long long ago, when a young bird—at once of prey and song; to us

"Poetic visions swarm on every bough;"

and visions, dearer far than ever poetry evoked from the realms of fancy, now brighten the long large leaves of those luxuriant laurels that make the sweet spot an ever-green Eden; and now they bedim the lustre as with the shadows of sin and sorrow, from which life, at its best and happiest, was never yet on this earth for one moon wholly free!

'Tis surely the cheerfullest dale in all the world, this same Eskdale. Let it widen away, "at its own sweet will," till

lost in the bright champaign that beautifies, far as eye can reach, the wealthy shores of the not distant sea. But the breezes that blow on our face are wooing us farther and farther inland towards the roots of the hills. We love the dear Dale better and better, as it lovingly narrows in about us, and as each side seems gently moved on towards the travellers, till we know every kind of tree by its leaf, and can see the birds hopping upon the brushwood, through among the white stems of the birches, that breathe now more balmily, with furze and broom yielding one richest odour. The Dale has renewed its youth. It still shows, here and there, on the heights,

"The grace of forest woods decay'd;"

but cultivation has enlivened all we look on, and we feel

"No pastoral melancholy."

The Dale, as we said, is still sylvan; but almost all these vivid pastures are arable; it is rich in corn and cattle; the sheep are all high up among the hills; and these, you see at a glance, are not shepherds', but farmers', or statesmen's houses. We shall not tell you the name of that cluster on the left—though we know it as well as our own—let us call it for the present the Village of Sycamores. We know not if taste be an original faculty, like conscience. But it matters little whether it be or no; for, in rural architecture and gardening, it seems to be neither less nor more than just common sense and feeling. People do not like to have their houses blown through, much less blown down; and seek shelter almost as instinctively as birds and beasts. Now the stock-dove chooses a "lown" spot for her shallow nest—so does the roe for her deep lair; and on that principle Christians build their cottages. You see them, therefore, as here in Eskdale, peeping out from behind aged trees, that were planted perhaps the same day the foundation-stone was laid, for the masons begin to work with lime very early in spring; or a kind old sycamore, wearying for human society, shook his broad leaves in the eyes and ears of some new-married couple, about to build and to have young ones, and forthwith the "gudeman" set himself, with a few friends working at once for love and money, to dig out the site on rock, or "sammel," and ere autumn the blue-slate roof was laughing affectionately within the shadow of the well-pleased tree—ere Christmas carols were prattling

their first-born. It is a mistake, however, to believe that 'tis always a windy exposure, high up, or even on the top of a hill. That depends on the lie of all the circumjacent ground—on the float of all the circumambient air—on the position of the far-off mountain ranges, and on the mouths of the glens. Some knowes there are more sheltered than howes; and on them, always airy, but stormy never, you often see, boldly beautiful, the "Peasants' Nest." Low is the many-roofed edifice, letting drop down, in various directions, its picturesque sheds; kitchen, and parlour, and bedroom, known by their latticed windows; shunning the sun, the DAIRY, with its name perhaps in rude letters; more than one slate-porch in front and rear hard to be distinguished; and the whole less and less visible every year as the creepers keep flourishing under the shadow of the fast-growing trees that deaden chance storms, without intercepting the sunshine that often seems stationary on that chosen summit, as if the light loved it, greener and greener at each visit of returning spring.

You must know all this, and much more, which we shall not now tell you, or you would be as wise as ourselves, before you can feel all the beauty of Eskdale. But bless us—there is the Woolpack—and worthy old Vickars at the door, like ourselves, somewhat the worse for wear, and with a slight stoop in the shoulders—forty years ago, in the wrestling ring, straight as a stem, and surnamed "*Heart o' Yaik*"—and from the blank expression of his physiog, now thinking no more of us, though he beholds us in the body, than of the Great Mogul.

We clamber over the front rail of the waggon on upon the nag, and bringing our right leg with an imposing sweep along his hurdies, we dismount, and facing our host, with one hand unbonneting, and with the other held out open for a grasp, there we stand three seconds unrecognised—three seconds, and no more—when smack go our loofs together—his hard as horn—ours by no means velvet—and 'twould convert heathenish misanthrope into Christian philanthropist, to see the greeting that now befalls, to hear the blessing given us, with a convulsive laugh, by the delighted Old Statesman—"God safe us! as I was born o' woman, gin ye be na the gert Mister North, the glory o' Scotlan', and as weel kent ower a' the north o' Yenglan' as tae Sca-Pikes or Gert-Enn."

We sit down together at the table in the back-parlour, and take a taste; we remove somewhat restlessly into the front-kitchen, and take another; we cast anchor below the porch, and take a third; we trot through the little white gate into the garden, jug in hand, and look at the beehives; we stroll across the road into the meadow to look at the "gerss," but not till we have replenished; we sit down opposite one another, each sage on a cart-tram, and sing inwardly, "Let the canakin clink-clink —let the canakin clink;" we talk jocosely, but concisely, of odd things that happened long ago, nodding our heads, winking our right eyes, placing our forefingers on the sides of our noses, chuckling, crowing, guffawing, while, to prevent thirst from assailing us in the sunshine, the brown mugs keep moving to and fro on their domiciliary visits; the household, some of whom have never seen us till this blessed moment, contrive pretences for coming out—lad, lassie, bairn—to look at us, and retire smirking, for we never have denied that our outward man is not a little queer, and now even less commonplace than ordinary, from our not having been shaved since we left Edinburgh on Monday morning, and 'tis now Saturday, ten o'clock A.M., and a redder beard than ours has not curled in love or ire since Barbarossa; to say nothing of our having forgot to put on our linen-shirt (no Gentleman, any more than Pedlar, wears a neckcloth on an Excursion), and that like Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, we have on worsted stockings, by no means of the same colour, one being wholly bluish and the other tartan, and both, from the circumstance of our breeches being unbuttoned at the knees (we are faithful to shorts), "somewhat declined into the vale of years," one of them (the Highland hose) hiding our shoe, which is no great matter, as its brother is sadly down at the heel, for sake of a blister; while, to crown all, we are conscious that no person of any age or sex whatever could look for our pericranium, without "mentally exclaiming," as they say in novels, "what a shocking bad hat!" the roof of our tile being entirely off, and the rim shaped like a scoop for running waters; and as for our coat, a single-breasted jane jacket, of a sort of snuffy vermilion, with big horn-buttons, it is lying in the cart, where you might mistake it for a woman in the straw; so we seem stripped as if for sparring, and that we are a Tom Belcher with the gloves is no secret to any one, nor to our friend Vickars, once an ugly

customer with the naked mauleys. The colleys know not what to make of us, snuffing and snoking at a safe distance, like some other curs that think themselves beyond the range of the crutch; one puppy, with a brown eye and a blue one, venturing at last to fasten his small sharp teeth in the tartan, from which he is terrified to find there is no extrication; while, finally, an old brood mare, with a quarter-blood foal at her foot, thrusts her hairy head and long-maned neck over the paddock wall, she neighing while it whinnies, evidently at Christopher, till the chivalrous echoes are circling all round the hills, as if heaven were inhabited by horses. 'Tis but a slight sketch—to fill it up into a finished picture would require the pencil of a Wilkie.

Ha! ha! my bold boys! here you come, all alive and kicking, from Birker Force. We would not have insured your life for any premium. But be speedy (and be guided by us—the less you drink the better) with your refreshment—for Sol is ascending to his meridian, and 'tis a far way to the Pikes. We must go clean up to the head of Eskdale, touching in upon our friend Towers of Toes—who will, we doubt not, join the escalade of the Scaw, as well as our host here of the Woolpack (allow me, gentlemen, to introduce you to our friend Mr Vickars), and our Seathwaite landlord will not lag behind; so let us gulp and begone; and as we are pedestrians, in fact, let us all move on foot, in grand procession towards the Mountain.

You would not know Eskdale, now that we have inclined round the instep of Hardknot. It is a dale no longer, but a glen. The Esk is treeless now, but their places are supplied by rocks. Farther down it lingered among hills, here it hurries through mountains. It speaks with a rougher accent, more Doric in its dialect; yet how trippingly goes all it utters on the tongue! Lucidly along the greensward gliding, like the gentlest of all living creatures, you might think that it never knew anger, but led one long life of love. But look at those scaurs! and at those gravel-banks heaped high and far and wide up the pasture, and you will know how it can rage. In Lammas floods it comes down like a rebel army of mountaineers ten thousand strong, all belonging to the artillery, and as they march at double-quick time, firing great guns, till people not in the secret would think that Thunder had found

out the way, not of roaring and rattling in peals, but of giving itself vent in one huge hollow howl, not unharmonious, yet, especially by midnight, a time it prefers, very terrible to men who put their trust in bridges, and making no bones of any obstruction it meets with between Scafell and the Sea.

There goes old Toes himself to seek sheep, and see how they look before washing-day. "Hallo! hallo! hallo! Toes! Toes! Toes!" Well done, Mac; he hears you on the deafest side of his head, and will meet us round the marsh, where you and we, my buck, have killed many a quacker. His son, the Shepherd, is along with him, and here we stand in octagon. Yes, there are Eight of us, as tall fellows as you will easily see on a summer's day—Ourselves—mine Host of Seathwaite —Woolpack—Jonathan—Toes, the Son of Toes—and you two, whom to mention would be to immortalise, and that might give offence to other rejected contributors. So we shall suffer you to remain "strictly anonymous."

Thus far hath it been all smooth sailing, and the experimental squadron hath been going, goose-winged, before the wind. But now we must put about, and having collected all stragglers, have a fair start, and try who is best to windward; the odds being, that Toes will be found to have the heels of the fastest in the fleet. The day has been we could have seen them all hull down, ere sunset.

There is no mountain or man of our acquaintance, who has not what may be called his weak side. If unapproachable in front, and inaccessible in flank, depend on't you may get over him by mastering him scientifically from the rear. Thus with Scafell and the High Man of the Pike. From Wastdale-Head you may beard him, by creeping up from his feet to his knees, and so on to his breast and his shoulder, till you take him by the nose, and shave his chin with a scythe, which Time will lend you for the job, provided you get up ere nightfall. But 'tis like climbing up a church. From Barnmoor Tarn you may turn his flank; but the main body always offers a firm resistance, and you run a risk of being defeated by the reserve. From Seathwaite (at the head of Borrowdale) to Sprinkling Tarn is no great shakes of an ascent, but the ground on the southern side of Great-End, with Ill Crag and Dove Crag on the left, and on the right Wastdale Broad Crag, is the Devil's own, and a suite of rooms in which he keeps

walking up and down perpetually, runs the whole length of the hellish hollow between that last steep, and the shivering side of the Pike of Pikes. Mr Baines, junior, of Leeds, whose "Companion to the Lakes" is very agreeable, and his "Itinerary" trustworthy, ascended from Style-End, at the foot of Bowfell, in Langdale-Head. A shepherd guided him, on some mysterious principle, to the summit of Bowfell, on which, as Master Edward bitterly complained, he found himself not far below their elevation, but "by many thousand feet of cruel rock" separated from the Scafell-Pikes. 'Twould have been easy to have reached, almost direct from Wall-End, the high ground on the southern side of Great-End, and so by Satan's suite of show-apartments to the High Man. Whereas the ingenious young gentleman had to skirt, in long descent, the top of tremendous precipices to the slack called Ash-Course, where he had no more business to be than on the top of Pisgah. Thence he and his shepherd guide went right; and Mr Baines describes his whole performance with much animation and vivacity, having a good eye and a fine feeling of nature, and being a spirited writer to boot. But our way is by far the easiest; and though no one combines the merits of all, perhaps, on the whole, it is also the finest; for, Lord bless us! what a magnificent gap is Mickle Door!

Let us draw our breath. 'Tis just an hour and twenty minutes to a second since we began the ascent. The footing here is grassy; and as there is no danger of damp on the sun-scorched turf, let us all lie down, like banditti about to play at dice, and no man, for the present, look farther than a few nose-lengths, for our eyesight needs stregthening, and, for our own part, we are about as blind as a bat. We know that a sharp ridge runs along between the cheeks of Mickle Door, which are as high as those of any Scotchman; and that through these immense rocks is a glorious opening on the south-west to Wastdale-Head, and behind us again on the south-east a prospect as prodigious over the heads of Eskdale and Seathwaite, on to all the Coniston mountains, and all the pageantry of "Cloud-Land." But the subject to which we solicit your attention, and our own more particularly, is the Flask. Make ready! Present! Fire! Well, better trained troops we have not once seen since we served as a volunteer in the Peninsula with the Fighting Division under old Picton.

What inspires us with the most pleasing surprise, almost amounting to astonishment, is that every man has his weapon. We feared our Flask would have to go the round. But Woolpack has his leathern bottle; Seathwaite his long apothecary's phial, labelled "eye-water;" Toes what seems a small sheepskin, quite classical; the Son of Toes sucks from stone; Jonathan injects the *eau-de-vie* down his throat by squeezing the guts of a mannikin made of India-rubber; We discharge into our gullet, loaded to the muzzle, our pocket-pistol, that goes off like a hair-trigger; and the anonymous Adelphi imbibe, Cockney-wise, we confess, out of cut crystal. Yet it was all as one great gurgle. The manœuvre would have commanded the admiration of Wellington.

A bird's-eye view is a fine thing; and no man that ever went up in a balloon will deny it; nor any eagle, though he is so much accustomed to it from his eyry, that he glances with indifference, we daresay, from the cloud over the three Northern counties. But people's eyes are not telescopic; and we choose, in our pride, to look victoriously on all we survey; therefore commend us to a mountain, cliff-girdled, and shooting forth great glens from his base, some of them lost in hazy nothing, and some in what seems the sea. We love the irresistible glory that takes the imagination by storm. To do that, the whole array of rocks must be drawn up in order of battle, with but black abysses between us and the horrid front. They must then deploy into line, and advance, with colours flying, and all the regimental bands in full music, to the assault. When within musket-shot, let all other instruments cease—one sky-seeking blare of the lordly trumpet—and then the drums by themselves beating the *pas de charge*. What! would we have the mountains move for our delight and our destruction? Yes! and they are moving now as if heaved up and shoved forwards by a slow steady earthquake, that raises but rends not, and does its blind work in silence. For, ha! saw you not yon cloud in the sullen west, "no bigger than a man's hand?" Storm-charged was the sea-born stranger, and exploding, but without noise, into a thousand fragments, they blend together again in one wide mass of rolling mists that is coming on like the surges of the great main, when tide and tempest work together, and ships are dancing at anchor, "with storm-proof cables stretching far," and signal-guns are seen,

but not heard firing, and a whole city pouring out in consternation blackens all the shore.

In five minutes the mighty army of clouds has marched fifteen miles: one minute more and it will be among the mountains. What a sugh! Yew-Barrow, a mountain of the first magnitude, is disappearing—has disappeared; the Skrees are shrouded; the broad, deep air-waves come surfing along over Wastdale all the way across from Scafell to the Great Gable; and where are you, Vickars, my old boy—where are you, Jonathan—and has anybody seen Toes? For we might as well be in Dungeon Ghyll as on this platform at Mickle Door; we are indeed now true Children of the Mist.

'Twas a grand affair, Jonathan — a sublime assemblage, Vickars—a magnificent procession, Toes! But you mountaineers are so familiar with Fire and Water in all their forms, that you regard without agitation all the great agencies of nature, and would only be amused by being carried over the County Stones in a whirlwind. Yes—what we now saw was Fire and Water. Electricity gloomed but glanced not in the tumultuous cloud array big with unborn lightning: had it dissolved, what a deluge!

'Tis chill. Who is that shivering? We know him by the chattering of his teeth—and announce him in the last stage of a galloping consumption. 'Tis icy cold. The sun is a sinecurist, and must be hauled over the coals. Ungracious and ungrateful! Let us retract the charge against the Illuminator. The dim mist is faintly brightening; something dawns through the drizzle, like an uncertain smile; here are we, eight friends, all again visibly lying in a circle, each with his flask in his hand; more and more of our green platform is retiring from the eye, and lo! there is lowering one of the posterns of Mickle Door! See! the other. The Gap has got a current of air, lads; and as the mist melts mysteriously away, the cliffs on each side of us seem ascending and ascending, as if they grew. The formation of a world is going on —a miracle! a miracle! Look at that great wide wan glimmer of light amidst the gloom! What is it? The sun! magnified by the mist. Say rather a mist image of the sun. But the centre of the circle is waxing luminous and more luminous; and soon shall we fire-worshippers behold the God of Day rejoicing in the disencumbered heavens.

And among all this magnificent breaking-up there is perfect

silence. Nothing disturbs the dominion of the eye. Here again is Wastdale. Beautiful its homes as ever—and, God bless it! yonder is the little chapel. Nothing seems to have been moving down there, while all was withdrawn; just the same are the groups of cattle pasturing in the meadows; we remember the shape on the hillside of that flock of sheep. Breast after breast of blue mountain becomes apparent, while the colour changes into green; but, as yet, invisible are all the mountain-tops. There! one Pinnacle! and over and around it a glimpse of sky. Rolled into fleecy folds voluminous, how peacefully lies that long shore of clouds, half-way up the majestic bosom of Seat-Allan! Were they his base, a mighty mountain still. Giants! your names we know not, in this your strange apparelling; momently your shapes are shifting; and you would seem even to have interchanged stances in the sky. That splendid colouring—gorgeous in the gloom—belongs only to Yew-Barrow, whose base often changes the water into woods. But no summit towers between and Great Gable. He for two thousand feet is cloud-free with all his cliffs. Up—up—the mist-wreaths go—they glide—they roll—and sky-settled, as if still they loved the attraction of his mighty breast, there they hang, a pile of palaces in the fields of azure widening in their calm around the Giant's Head. We see the pass between Kirkfell and the Pillar, up Mosedale and down Black-Sale, into Ennerdale-Dale, and imagination has already traversed it on her eagle wings; and yonder, Vickars, is the Pillar's self. But he is not thinking of us; his back is turned upon these our Fells; and he is looking down, Jonathan, on his own lovely green Gillerthwaite, a pastoral and a sylvan paradise, where all around is strewn the desolation of herbless rocks!

What think you now of the Sun? He defies us to look at him—but see how his lustre, concentrated in many a focus, is burning all up and down the precipices, nor shall we err if we say those stones are diamonds—for diamonds, for the time being, in that divine radiance, they are indeed;—diamonds of the first water, out of which might be smitten diamond thrones, though mole-eyed mineralogists have all conspired to call them —*schist*. But we are poets, and can create at will worlds "all one perfect chrysolite."

Now, lads—a sweepstakes—from Mickle Door to the Pike —distance, half a mile—eight subscribers. Kit against the

field. Well done, Vickars; nor worse thou, Great Toe. Woolpack has it by a nose—and now we are all three neck-and-neck. Looking over our right shoulder, we see Jonathan, Young Toes, and Seathwaite, making a pretty race of it, some hundred yards behind. They lost ground, and will never recover it, at the start. But where are the Adelphi? Tailing it sadly, and stumbling with their Princes Street feet, over the Scaw-stones, the most trifling a ton. They have both bolted, having long before run on the wrong side of the post. Let's make a dead heat of it. You won't, won't ye? Then we let loose Eclipse. Hurra! — Hurra! — Hurra! Won cleverly at last, in a canter, by six lengths! Hurra!—Hurra!

Where are we! Who are YOU? Is that you, Mr Blackwood? Such a swimming in our poor head!—Have we had a fainting-fit in the Sanctum? The press is at a stand, we think you said—but what is the meaning of that face! You don't look at all like your usual self, sir; and what, gentlemen, may we ask, are all these?—not all, we trust, physicians! Forgive, we beseech you, this confusion in our memory;—we have been taken ill, we conjecture, on Arthur Seat—yet there is much here we cannot make out in the faces of these cliffs—we never felt the world so going round before—and wish to heaven it would stop a little.—But will none of you speak?—ay, that's kind—a flask in need's a friend indeed—ay—ay ay—hech—hech—hech—we begin to see how it is now—give us your hand, Toes—if, indeed, you be Toes;—where's Vickars?—thank you, thank you, Jonathan—'twas but a transient tirrivee—a sort of stupification of the head—it has not lasted long, we hope—if it was a fit—but we are getting rather blindish again, boys—rather sickish—and if any of you happen to have such a thing about you as a ff—ff—f—f—f—lask; that's reviving—though we know not whether 'tis rum or brandy—just one other mouthful—and now, Toes, lift us up and place us for a moment on the knee of Vickars—for we see the seat is kindly made ready for us—there, let us put our arm round your neck, Vickars—you are in good truth a Woolpack—we hope we did not throw up—but if we have made a clean stomach of it, so much the better for *tiffin*—we cannot have broken any blood-vessel of consequence—but what's this—what's this trickling down our chin? but a bleeding at the

nose, we hope—nothing more—nothing more. Hech, sirs—hech, sirs—it may sound strange—but 'tis no less strange than true—that we are getting rather hungry—if indeed we were not so before this fainting-fit—and we confess—that—we were—much to blame indeed—for having started on what—after all—may be called—an empty stomach—'twill be a lesson to us never again to err—in that way—and now you may disembow-el the wallet, Jonathan—for we feel as if we—should be the better of a sight—and a snack—of these—these—How-TOWDIES!!

That was—what we call a—qualm. We are acquiring a habit of dining on mountain-tops. Yesterday on Coniston Old Man—to-day on the High Man, the Prince of Pikes, the elder of the Two Royal Brothers, Sons of Scafell, and both statelier than their sire. Let us see what an hour may bring forth. Jonathan—the wallet. BREAD—TONGUE—HAM,—what are you fumbling at? Are THEY not *in?* Seathwaite! can the mistress have forgotten the HOW-TOWDIES!! If she have, then has she broken our heart. Here are the beauties, each enveloped in its own blessed old newspaper, that has been read up and down many a valley, and will die now an honourable death—scattered to the Scafell storms—ay, and a pleasant newspaper it is, with an able editor, Tyrus Redhead and the Westmoreland Gazette.

Here is a SHOULDER OF LAMB, which we pocketed on the sly. RIBS OF BEEF! Thank you for that, Vickars—our good sir, "we owe you one"—you are the old man, we see, Vickars—and never stir from home without prog in your pouch. CHEESE! that was very considerate in you, Toes; but we forget, you were going, when we met you, to seek sheep. 'Tis a pic-nic. All we want is BUTTER. Seathwaite, you are a canny contributor—we heard the churn at work—'tis like *pig-gold.* Yes, young Toes, your father's cheese seems worthy, and no more than worthy, of his son's BANNOCKS. POTTED PERCH, from Pullwyke, Windermere—prepared in Ambleside by the tidy spouse of Jonathan. And what may be the produce of the Adelphi? HARD EGGS. Fourteen to the dozen—and among the twenty-eight, we discern that some half-score are ducks. What a picturesque character is given to the point of the Pike, by this infinite variety of FLASKS!

"GOD BLESS US IN THESE MERCIES."

From that shadow on the face of Kirkfell, we know it is just four o'clock by the Mountain Horologe. No wonder "the dial-stone, aged and green," stands gnomenless—down-by yonder—in Mr Tyson's gay flower-garden—where sunflowers and peonies line the neat narrow gravel-walks, that wind through among the kitchen-stuff, luxuriant below the Pear-tree blossoms—for every rock is a dial to the Mountaineer, and every hour has its own lights and shadows. Never in all our days sucked we a spicier, a savourier, a sappier back. The small cells set thick about the spine, now that we narrowly inspect them, seem dry as horn; but we persist pertinaciously in sip—sip—suck—sucking far away into them—as you may have seen bees, doup up and head down, standing at meals in the refectory of a flower—and sweet as honey, by the power of that suction, continues, long after the ignorant spectator has ceased to wonder what we mean by that devotion to a bare bone, continues to be extracted, more and more delicious, diviner still, and far beyond the praise of vegetable, the rich, rare, animal marrow, that, merged into the palate, is felt as if it absolutely oozed up into our eyes, till our whole countenance breaks and breathes out into an oilier diffusion of universal philanthropy, than with the exception, perhaps, of the benevolent Howard, ever beautified a visage belonging to any of the children of men. The world knows us not—for the world has never seen us at feed on the top of a mountain. But we love the world, nevertheless—the whole weak and wicked world—Christian and Cockney—even the Chinese.

Mr Wordsworth is a great man, and a great author—more especially in verse—but De Quincey says—and he is the best of judges—that the bard is likewise magnificent in prose. Our verse, again, people say, is prose, and our prose verse; so, write as we choose, we are never out of an unhappy predicament, that obstructs our popularity, and keeps us for ever obscure. We do not care more than for that merrythought of an earock that never clocked, and who, had she been strangled in March, would have died a virgin, we care no more then for these "spectacles," as we call the giggle-bone in Scotland, for Fame, not even for immortal Fame.

> "Nor Fame we seek, nor for her favours call;
> She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all."

Therefore we love to quote Mr Wordsworth;—and carry in

our pocket now his "Description of the Scenery of the Lakes." He has been here; he has sat, haply, on the very stone on which we are sitting—

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

But he dined not as we have dined—and dismisses his dinner, which must have had "a lean and hungry look," otherwise he is the most ungrateful of men, in these five words—"the papers containing our refreshment;"—and these six—"we sat down to our repast." How frigid! But *hear him* speak of what *we see.*

Having left Rossthwaite in Borrowdale, on a bright morning in the first week of October, we ascended from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge, called Ash-Course, and thence beheld three distinct views;—on one side, the continuous Vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite,—with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains,—and, in the distance, the Solway Firth and the mountains of Scotland;—on the other side, and below us, the Langdale-Pikes—their own vale below *them;*—Windermere,—and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green Vale of Esk—deep and green, with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us; and on we looked to the mountains near the sea,—Blackcoomb pre-eminent,—and, still beyond, to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right Great Gavel, the loftiest, a distinct, and *huge* form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

We had attained the object of this journey; but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scafell, apparently very near to us; and we shaped our course towards it; but, discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved, instead, to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the *Pikes,* which I have since found has been estimated as higher than the summit bearing the name of Scafell-Head, where the Stone Man is built.

The sun had never once been overshadowed by a cloud during the whole of our progress from the centre of Borrowdale:—on the summit of the Pike, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world:—we paused, and kept silence to listen; and no sound could be heard: the Scafell Cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Ash-Course lay yet in view; and side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands.

But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gavel from its base,—the Den of Wastdale at our feet—a gulf immeasurable: Grasmire and the other mountains of Crummock—Ennerdale and its mountains; and the sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no spring or well near us) with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gavel; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There, we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid, for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar-frost, and the spotless snow.

While we were gazing around, "Look," I exclaimed, "at yon ship upon the glittering sea!"—"Is it a ship?" replied our shepherd-guide. —"It can be nothing else," interposed my companion: "I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea." The guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, "Now look at your ship; it is changed into a horse." So indeed it was—a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and, I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise Man of the Mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger; for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea, were touched with the clear light of the sun. "It is there," said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven—and there we perceived a light vapour unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that lofty solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gavel, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale, and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw also had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Ash-Course every cloud had vanished from every summit.

I ought to have mentioned, that round the top of Scafell-Pike, not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying

lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish, and adorn with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone, which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity; and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the PIKE in quest of his sheep; no food being *there* to tempt them.

We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather; for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, "I do not know that in my whole life I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day." (It was the 7th of October.) Afterwards we had a spectacle of the grandeur of earth and heaven commingled; yet without terror. We knew that the storm would pass away;—for so our prophetic guide had assured us.

Before we reached Seathwaite in Borrowdale, a few stars had appeared, and we pursued our way down the Vale, to Rossthwaite, by moonlight.

Out of pure love for the memory of the dead, let us consult poor dear Green. Here is the passage :—

After breakfast we were accompanied by Mr Tyson down the meadows, to the river which descends from Sty-Head, and afterwards runs at the foot of Lingmell. Having crossed this river, we commenced our ascent to the High Man; first steeply over rugged ground, and perhaps a mile on the side of a wall, ending on the ridge of a hill. Here we turned on the left at right angles, and saw in front Gable, hung in azure, and so powerfully lighted up as to exhibit its fine contour, extraordinary craggy projections, and deep recesses, to very great advantage. On the right, Mickle Door, having on each side the stupendous rocks depending from Scafell and the Pikes, is the most magnificent assemblage of its kind in England. These rocks, not in detached fragments like those upon the surface of the pillar, but in a grandeur of breadth, are seen in places overhanging. On a turn to the right the passage becomes steeper, and those ascending to the Pikes, if not fatigued, may do well to make a short deviation on the left, to the top of Lingmell Crag, and there (unless they reserve it for the Pikes) have a fine prospect of the circumscribing highlands. After various traverses, the course in a grand sweep to the right, at the top of stupendous rocks, turns again to the left, and alternately over stony impediments, and a rich velvet-like moss, the food of the reindeer, to the summit of the Pikes, or High Man. The High Pike, or Man, is 3160 feet above the level of the sea. The Lower Pike is about 250 yards south-east of the High Man, or Pike, and only 3100 feet above the salt-water level.

This is the most sublime and commanding elevation in England, and happy were we in our day, for the enjoyment of the objects there displayed. The whole encircling horizon being free from cloud, and,

excepting the ridge extending from Wanthwaite Crags, towards Helvellyn, from amalgamating vapours; but to the west a portion of the vast extent of country was brilliantly illuminated. The sea, and the rivers meandering to it from the mountains, glittered resplendently in the noontide sun.

Westward lies Scafell, which Janus like, being double-faced, here presents his roughly marked front; Eskdale and Wastdale enjoy his smooth and smiling face; Scafell obscures part of the Skrees and Wastwater. The mountains north of that lake, seen from this elevated stand, having lost their lowland shapes, are scarcely recognised, except by their relative situations. These most particularly are Buck-Barrow, Middle Fell, the Chair, Seat-Allan, Knot-Ends, Gosforth Crag, and Yew-Barrow. The more aspiring Hay-Cock, Pillar, and Gable, retain more of the forms presented by them from the lower grounds. Though good here, Gable's lines are not equal to those exhibited on Wastwater; nor as first observed from Lingmell. Grasmire, and on its left the Buttermere mountains, and on its right all the summits reaching to Causey-Pike, with the intermediate bays, Brown, Robinson, Hindsgarth, Dalehead, Maiden-Moor, and Skiddaw finishing the scene, are a magnificent assemblage. Sty-Head Tarn appears a spot, and blue, black, or white, as depending on the colour of the reflected heavens: sprinkling on its side, and beyond it the deep dell of Seathwaite, Castle Crag, Grange Crag, and Gate Crag, on their left, shutting out all Derwentwater to the west of Friar Crag, show Lonsdale Fell, in distance. Beyond Wallow Crag and Falcon Crag, Saddleback and Wanthwaite Crags, and through the intervening portal, the upstretching line of blue skirting the east of Cumberland. From Wanthwaite Crags, all the pointed tops to the pinnacle of Helvellyn, having between them and the spectators, stand the high Seat above Wythburn, and Glaramara with other neighbouring Borrowdale high-lands. Through the depending lines of Glaramara and Bowfell, appear the Langdale-Pikes, and beyond them a portion of the middle of Windermere, and in remote distance, the vast miscellaneous assemblage of seas, flats, and mountains, extending from Helvellyn, and including from that superb elevation to Windermere, St Sunday Crag, Seat-Sandal, Fairfield, Scandale Fell, and Wansfell, with other Westmoreland and Yorkshire ranges; Whernside and the crown-topped Ingleborough are amongst the latter. On the right of Bowfell in a number of sharp points, are displayed the Fells of Coniston, Little Langdale, and Seathwaite; the Old Man starting above the rest. Birks, in Eskdale, though inferior in height to these its eastern neighbours, as rising from lower land, has an imposing appearance. More remote is Devock-Water, and at an extensive distance, Blackcoomb in the south of Cumberland, which, figuring between the river Duddon and the Irish Sea, has a striking effect amongst the humbler swells by which it is surrounded. South-east of the south of Cumberland, may be seen on a clear day Low Furness, and the Isle of Walna, and, perhaps, on one day in twenty, the Welsh mountains. Terminating the charming vale of Esk, appear the rivers Esk, Mite,

and Irt; all meeting and forming a bay at Ravenglass, at the mouth of which the beach is seen verging southward, and on the north, till arrested by the intervention of Scafell, on the right of which it reappears; but beyond Nether Wastdale and Gosforth, it is again obscured by the elevations northward.

This aspiring station commands a more sublime and perhaps not less elegantly varied range of mountains, dales, and sea-views, than either Skiddaw or Helvellyn. If Skiddaw in its panoramic exhibition excels the higher Pike, it is only in its views of towns and buildings, and of Derwentwater, and the rich and lovely vale spreading thence to Bassenthwaite. But these appendages to Skiddaw are less delightful from its top than on its progress upwards.

Of Poet and Painter alike, we may say, "Sampson hath quitted himself like Sampson." They both beat North. With joy—with pride, we confess it; for we love the Living and we loved the Dead—the Great—and the Good. 'Tis glorious to verify these glorious descriptions by the glory. Here are the copies—there is the original. How vast the hollow of the sky! And how stiller may Life be than Death! In Fleets, and in Squadrons, and in single Ships, the clouds have all let drop their anchors, and in the sunshine are now drying their sails. Celestial Ocean! shall our spirit, when our body dies, voyage thee, on to the Eternal Shores! Yet what art thou but a fair "Congregation of Vapours!" What hath the imagery of Time to do with Eternity! 'Tis but the mockery of Imagination after all—at the best symbolical—of Thoughts that have their own independent being in the soul which is their birthplace. The Faith that seems mighty to save, in one gazing, like us now, far and wide, and high and deep, on the splendours of this magnificent creation, till from the transient it soars into the transcendental, alas! how it "languishes, grows dim, and dies," when "they that look out of the windows are darkened," and on his painful bed, perhaps by love forsaken, and tended but by pity, the same poor mortal lies! knowing then that Faith is of diviner origin than Fancy—that the Conscience which is in a man is awful, and cares nothing, at that hour, for the Beauty of Clouds.

And these meditations—if indeed they deserve the name—bring us upon the great questions of Feeling, Taste, Genius, Virtue, Religion. Are they cognate only as all spiritual states are so, or are they *sib* (you ought to know the meaning of that sweet strong word), kith and kin, educated in the same school,

and if not members, constant visitors of the same happy household? What is Feeling? The susceptibility of pleasure and pain, in all affections of which the natural language, in their simplicity, is smiles or tears; and above all, grief and pity for others, and every mode, movement, of love. To that last —love—belongs the sense of beauty—rising out of it—sinking into it—dying when it dies—for then it is a mere perception, and no more—as a man, by causes that have chilled that glow within, may be made insensible to the sun, seeing but a disc that he knows gives the day, and is the centre of the system. What is Taste? Fine, delicate, and true perception of all relations of thoughts, in which feeling is either predominant or essential to their existence. It is commensurate with Fancy and Imagination, and with Judgment when employed in those provinces of its empire where the sensibilities dwell. 'Tis a poor, low, sensual name, of a rich, high, spiritual power—and should be drummed out of the immortal Muses. What is Genius? The created creating under the inspiration of the Creator. Its materials are, wide as the universe; and the universe is given to man by God—among other ends—that he may so beautify it by genius, that it shall speak to all who see and feel the new beauty, of the wisdom and goodness of the Most High. What is Virtue? Obedience to the moral law revealed by the conscience. What is Religion? Obedience to the conscience, God's vicegerent—and testifying God—that is natural religion; the same obedience to God self-revealed in His word, is revealed religion. And who shall expound the laws of all these holy things—for they are all holy—and with a pencil of light write them down in a code that shall instruct the nations? Hush! hush! hush!

Nay, Jonathan, we never do things by halves, and since we are on the Highest Pike, we need not scale the Lower; but Vickars will tell you that, strictly speaking, we are not on Scafell. And down into Wastdale-Head we descend not this evening till we have performed the promise of the morn. Ay, you may all stare. The summit of Scafell, in a straight line, is about twelve hundred yards distant from this our Pike, so says Mudge, and the line of travel is over a passage not less than two miles, the most rugged in Europe. These crags on the south-west, though seeming frightfully to oppose all passage, have been ascended before now by ourselves and Mr Thomas

Tyson of Wastdale-Head; but let us, in our present state of repletion, and perhaps fatigue (we are eyeing the Adelphi), bear away for a moderate distance in the direction of Eskdale, to a deep fissure, through which we volunteer to carry any one who is knocked up on our shoulders. But a sudden thought strikes us; Vickars, for sake o' auld langsyne, let us try a fall.

CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.

FLIGHT THIRD.

[AUGUST 1832.]

We could write a glorious article—The Three Glens. No need whatever to leave this Island; for, in spite of all they say about the Alps, "the Pyrenean and the river Po," it is out of all sight the finest part of the whole earth. We make no attack upon the Andes—and beg the Himalaya Mountains distinctly to understand, that they are objects of our highest admiration. We never crossed the Cordilleras; but we remember thinking Chimborazo clumsy, though "his stature reached the sky." We go not among them for our Three Glens, though we might choose among a mighty million; but true, as we said, to our Natale Solum, we keep within the girdle of our own cliffs, allowing others to harangue on the magnitude, while we hail the magnificence of Nature.

One is—Glenetive. From Bunawe to King's House, 'tis twenty miles as the eagle flies—and ten of them is an arm of the sea. A solitary stretch of grandeur! Beauty dwells in the desert, and the heart feels, while the imagination itself doth wonder, how lovely even may be the rocky wilderness.

Another is—Glennevis. Its spirit is a river. One bend it makes—no more—miles from its source, and leagues from the sea. Gaze down—groves how majestic, glades how beautiful! Up—and shuddering at those dreadful precipices, you feel that spiritual fear is indeed the soul of the Sublime.

The third is—Wastdale-head. Were we far away, we could describe it in the delight of memory; but we have plunged down into its profoundest peace; the hushed mountains are this moment overshadowing us, and we seek relief from emotion in a train of thought.

We shall ascend to the summit of no more mountains. Old

age, "made lowly wise," ought to be contented with the levels of life. They are not necessarily flat; and, if well chosen, are neither stale nor unprofitable, but rich to the last with "fresh fields and pastures new." Besides, strewn as the humbler paths before our feet may still be with all manner of flowers and herbage, no law obliges our eyes to be always resting even on their terrestrial beauty; we have yet the privilege and the power of uplifting them to the stars. On its way up to heaven our vision may yet gather the loftier glories of earth. A melancholy grandeur invests the precipices we must climb no more; and there is something awful in those luminaries, while in the clearest nights they seem somewhat dim now to our sight, the mist being not over them, but the orbs that gaze on the Bright Obscure. All men become soon reconciled to the inevitable change, in which there is forewarning but no dismay. It comes upon us then so imperceptibly, that but by comparisons made in the memory, we are often not aware of the altered aspects of all things in life and nature. In infancy, the moon appears something fair and far-off in the sky, and to look on it sometimes stills our eyes through their tears. In boyhood, the joyous globe, in its own independent being, is not thought to borrow its lustre from the sun. In youth's shining prime, we encircle her with love-dreams as with a tender halo, or with the glow of our passion vivify the sole Queen of Night. Into the meditative mind of manhood, soberer and more solemn fancies flow from the Silver Urn. And as we feel ourselves nearing the close of our mysterious existence, with what sublime conviction that our spirit, like her, will rise again in a cloudless clime, does religion behold the moon dropping happily behind the mountains!

Here we are writing by twilight, in a bedroom, often slept in by us of yore, the best bedroom in the house of one of the worthiest Statesmen of all the North, Thomas Tyson. Pleasantest, too, of parlours, of studies the most serene. The fashion of these curtains can never be obsolete. There he sits, for ever young, the Shepherd piping in the dale! To lambs that shall never grow into sheep—to a lassie who smiles unrepining in perpetual maidenhood. We know all the knots on the brown oaken floor, smooth almost as glass; but these are new brass handles on the antique chest of drawers; for the first time we see our face looking queerly and inquisitively at us

out of that mirror above the chimneypiece, ornamented with fruits and spars; and certes 'tis no unsplendid frame. Ay! there hangs the same moral picture—Death with his dart, about to smite a sinner in a wanton's arms. The little lattice opens to a touch, as it used to do, on its old leaden hinge; and we remember—yes we do—that small, spokey, but rimless wheel in the pane—for we cracked it in our clumsiness thirty years ago, impatient to see, not as through a glass dimly, the evening star. But think not that 'tis thirty years since we slept here in Wastdale-Head. Hither, during that time, have we made many a peaceful pilgrimage. But how strangely does love leap over the chasms between years! The past of itself seems to take possession of us, and not we ourselves of the past. We do not command our dreams, but we obey them; and days and nights, each with its own sun or its own moon, sometimes overhang some sweet scene that we might have thought was forgotten for ever, and into that portion of life we are all at once born again. So is it with us now in this twilight, another and the same! The hush—the hum—the murmur—is as the voice of a night that hath died not, but continued to live on in its tranquillity, during all the troubled times we have been turmoiling in great cities, many of them far beyond the seas!

Here sits the Solitary, bringing up his Journal. Last glimpse you had of us, we were preparing to expand our wings for a flight from the High Man to the top of Scafell. In our pride we love to speak of our wings—but, alas! like those of Icarus, they melt when too near the sun. We unite them again, however, with fresh feathers, and, in spite of many a topsy-turvy tumble, are eager to re-soar. Some hours ere sunset the head of the column established itself on the summit of Scafell. We lost much of the magnificence of the Highland prospect—but we gained the great Bay of Morecamb and the Irish Sea. After enjoying a glorious eyeful—as Green used to call it—we began to gaze aghast on each others' faces, without venturing to speak. We all knew too well, indeed, the cause of our common emotions. The wallet was as an empty bladder on the back of Jonathan. All the pockets of all our jackets told the same tale. Each flask, according to its kind, wore that peculiar expression belonging to a conscious vacuum; yet even against our reason and our senses

we kept striving to persuade ourselves that the last drop might, after repeated experiments, melancholy failures all, be found insidiously secreting itself at the bottom, or clinging in desperation to the sides; and not till air itself had, over and over again, been fondly gulped down, as if it were the liquid we so passionately desired, did we drop our arms in despair. Nor was our suffering merely that of thirst. For friends were about to part, perhaps never to meet again; and sad experience had taught us to fear a dry farewell. But the sinking sun seemed to stop suddenly in the sky, and to shoot forth from his whole circle beams like gold bars, the spaces between glittering with diamonds and jewels of a million hues. Jonathan all at once recollected that he had forgotten to remember the tin-belt! There it was round his waist—and with a sweep, a swing, and a jerk, bringing its unclasped mouth into his own, he piously ejaculated—"Gin! Gin! Gin!"

Now mark the might of habitual good-breeding, when born of habitual good-feeling, and growing up under the guardianship of elevated thought. Not one of the eight could be induced by the united beseechings of the other seven to drink first! Each man—each sage—each hero—felt, by the intensity of his own thirst, what must be that of his friend's; and thus Jonathan stood in the midst of us, with the tin-belt coiled round his waist, presenting its snout like that of a serpent, while we all, in our desire, declined to drink, as if afraid of being bitten by the toothless but not spiritless monster. *Seniores priores!* at length, with one voice, exclaimed the Adelphi; nor could we remain insensible to the appeal. We felt it would be ungracious to youth to waive the privilege of age. So, endeavouring to look as indifferent as possible on the craken, and as courteous on the compliment, we knelt down by the side of the kneeling Serpent-bearer, and, in separate snoozes, like angel-visits, but neither "few nor far between," drank, in sweet and strong succession, to the happiness here and hereafter of Jonathan, and of Vickars, and of Toes, and of the son of Toes, and of Seathwaite, and of the Adelphi, and finally, and at great length, of ourselves, enjoying, while we imbibed, a foretaste of immortal bliss.

With what a face, and with what eyes, knelt down in blameless idolatry each priest before that image! Tiger cubs with such savage suction never nuzzled the dugs of

cave-returning tigress from a day's search in the desert for a drink of blood. Then the attitudes—the postures—of Jonathan! How like a Christian, indeed, when by a dexterous movement of the shoulder, changing the ebb of tide again into flow! Good example is seldom lost when set by the wise to the simple; and there was a striking illustration afforded now of that salutary truth. Still each man, as he knelt, gave the same round of toasts we had given, and in the same order of succession, only beginning uniformly because instinctively with Christopher. Jonathan, last of all, was stung with his own serpent. The bite was manifestly immortal; and he sprung from knees to feet, as if from Scafell he would have shot into the sky.

We were now prepared to part. So, deploying in grand style from the summit, down the side of the mountain, whose forehead seemed to gloom with grief to lose eight such jolly guests, we called a halt on a platform of Lingmell (so called is the mighty base of all those heights), looking in the direction of Barnmoor Tarn (where there are jack-like crocodiles), and after some moments' silence, with cordial fist-grasp bade each friend in succession a God-bless-ye Farewell. Nor were Toes—nor the Son of Toes—nor Seathwaite, displeased to see that we wiped our eyes with our sleeve, on ejaculating over and over again more than once or twice either the same benediction on one head—hoary now, and thin the hair thereon,—that we stammered as we said, striving and struggling at the same time at an ineffectual smile—"God-bless-ye, Vicars—God-bless-ye, Woolpack—and may thy honest face not be missed at the door, if ever it be our lot again to visit *Eskdale*." Nor was the old man unmoved, as hat in hand he stood before us, with the breezes playing

> "Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;"

and as he bowed and took his departure, looking after him *going down the hill*, we said in a low tone, but overheard by the Adelphi —"*Eheu! fugaces, Posthume! Posthume! labuntur anni!*"

We have heard people say that it is more fatiguing to them to descend than to ascend a mountain. They complain of their knees. We never complain of our knees; but they would be weak, indeed, were we to credit such a falsehood. Infinite are the modes of descent; but all easier

than the one of ascent, which is always difficult. You may descend in leaps, jumps, springs, and spangs, like a greyhound, or a deer, or a frog, wondering the while at your own elasticity; making no bones of stones, and tilting at times like a ship over the billows. Or you may go down the greensward, "smooth sliding without step," as if you were a stream. Or, like a rock loosened from its bed of moss, what is to prevent you?—nothing that we can see—from performing the distance—a mile in two minutes—head-over-heels, wheel-fashion, till you lose all semblance of the species, and seem but a shiver of schist suddenly inspired with animation. Or with long steady strides you may pursue your own shadow, and catch it at the bottom. All these pastimes are pleasant. But one there is apt to be painful; though your knees are not—so far as we can see—the chief sufferers—the reverse. We are, supposing you, not trundling, but in one posture—you will pardon us for naming it—to wit, on your posteriors—sliddering down the sward, which simply wears away your breeches — then scluttering down the skrees, which simply tears your drawers — then bouncing off one block on upon another—and so on—which in a few minutes simply makes your bottom as black as if you had been blown up with gunpowder in celebrating the King's birthday, or assisting at a great national jubilee in honour of reform. This last mode, which, you perceive, is complex, if too far pursued, would change Apollo into a Dutchman. It is never adopted voluntarily by a man whose understanding is in the right place; though, now that we recollect, we saw it practised for short distances, and apparently unawares this very day by the Adelphi. Buckskin can't stand it; and for weeks after any prolonged exploit as above, the performer must sleep on his face, and eat all his meals on his feet. Moons must renew their horns before he can venture on "some horseback;" and the probability indeed is, that he will be for ever disqualified for serving his country, either as a light or heavy dragoon; nay, perhaps not even in the most stationary of the sedentary employments. In case of early death, humanity would suggest, on the arrangement of the last rites, that the body should be coffined in the same posture in which the living man had so long in vain wooed sleep. If dug up in after ages, how many conjectures—and the nearest

how wide of the truth—as to the reason of the singular position of the skeleton!

The Four kept sinking east, in constellation, as the sun kept sinking west; and in the cool of the early evening, or late afternoon, a dubious but delightful hour, mild and mellow, before any perceptible gloaming, they found themselves breasting through the brushwood, "path or no path, what cared they," that clothes the lowest ridge as it dips down upon the many-walled fields and meadows of Upper Wastdale—while whirr, whirr, went a brace of partridges—or call them rather a pair—for they are breeding—from the first grass-plat—the hen having left, for a few minutes to feed, her nest in some ridge not far off;—had she been disturbed in sitting, not till our foot had absolutely kicked her would she have left her eggs, and away then had she huddled, as if wounded, on trailing wings. The bonny "paitrick" loves the corn-braird, and the rye-grass, and the potato-shaws; and here are all three; for far up as they are among the hollow of the hills, level nearly are these small sweet estates with the sea; plough and harrow have been busy, and gone to rest in the shed; in another month the mower will be whetting his scythe—and in little more than two, the reaper will be flourishing his sickle—for summer treads fast in this solitude on the feet of spring, and in sunny seasons like this, when the entire year promises to be benignant, the stranger would be surprised to see how soon the yellow patches, sprinkled here and there among the bright green after-grass, and the dimmer pastures, give notice of the approach of autumn.

Our motions have been long watched from the most hospitable of houses. On his way down Sty-Head, Thomas himself had seen some creatures crawling on the threshold of Mickle Door, who he knew were human—an hour afterwards he told the mistress to look and say what she saw on the Pike—then a shepherd from Kirkfell had come in, asserting that there were lakers, or planners, or something of that sort, on the top of Scaw; and the whole household had been eyeing us from the court before the porch, as in diminished numbers, but increased dimensions, we were seen wending down Lingmell, and to disappear like outlaws into the good greenwood. So that, on joining the out-of-door folks, on our speedy arrival at

the wished-for port, the assemblage under the sycamores had much the semblance of a wedding—Christopher, of course, with his ardent eyes and uncontrollable countenance, the Bridegroom.

Mrs Tyson is a woman of deeds, not of words; though by the chimney-nook, or in the seat below the porch, or in the arbour in the corner of the garden, when seated beside her husband, in company with a few friends, she takes her quiet part in the conversation in a way worthy the mistress of such a household. There was no need now to drop so much as a hint out of the tail of our eye to expedite tea. There already is the second china-set! (the first, shown and used too on rare occasions, is superb, and would not shame a suite of drawing-rooms), and we know the pot to be a princess of a pourer. In that capacious bosom the "fragrant lymph" in a few minutes waxes clear and brown as amber, and comes curving out of that bold beak like a rainbow. That *is* cream! a mouse falling into the jug might leap out again as if his feet had touched terra firma. Here alone of all the domiciles in the dales do we meet with marmalade. For our own single selves we cannot with truth say that we are hungry; yet we feel we can do a leetle, just so as not to distress host or hostess by any suspicion stealing upon them, on "hospitable thoughts intent," that we are sickly; and a man must needs be sickly indeed whose stomach would be coy towards such bread and butter; a few slices of cold meat, and but a few, change the meal into a light supper; and those eggs which have seen but one sun, and never will see another, in their softness furnish an amiable contrast with those hard yolks on the Pikes, which we had to break between two stones, like nuts or shellfish. We beware of eating much near sunset, in case of the nightmare. At such a season we seldom drink anything stronger than water, but such ale (go paint the perfume of the violet), so far from bringing a hag to sit on your breast, will put into your arms an angel. When friends meet, however long and far they may have been parted, let them not all break out simultaneously into one gabble like gèese on a green, when with no contemptible flight in its way, comes flapping to rejoin the flock, a leash of adventurous ganders, that had an hour ago flown off to push their fortunes some hundred yards from their birthplace, and in all changes of

clime had found no spot like the margin of the pool in which they had played as goslings. Silence should be the soft, smooth, silken, or velvet ground on which simple words are lovingly inlaid, so that the conversation—if fancy may be permitted thus to dally with the affections, and accept the similitudes which unconsciously joy doth offer—is even like some fair embroidery, where flowers are sweetly disposed, not profusely lavished, and though artlessly dropt there, as it would seem, yet so true the sentiment that assigned them all their places, that the confusion of colour is harmony itself, and Feeling has in truth done the work of Genius.

It has been so with us this evening, and this humble household. In calling it humble, we were thinking of the high mountains by which it is overshadowed; for intelligence, as well as integrity, characterises the Statesmen of the Dales; nor in their seclusion are they ignorant of the world. Knowledge has found its way into the remotest regions; and the full-grown trees have sown the greensward among the shelter of the rocks, so that everywhere around are arising green scions that need no other tendance than to keep open their roots to the dews and sunshine. Yes—the Dalesmen of the North of England are an intellectual people. When families are large, their sons not unfrequently settle in cities, and come back to pass the evening or afternoon of life among the scenes of its morning or meridian, with an independence won by that industry which is a virtue of the race. Not a few enter college at Oxford or Cambridge; and their names are sometimes found high on the list of honours. Others less ambitious, pursue their studies at breezy St Bees by the sea-cliffs, and are ordained as Literates, and ever afterwards contented with a humble cure and a humble chapel—curate and schoolmaster in one, busy all the week, and never absent on Sabbath. Such a man was with us in the early part of the evening; and left us, we presume, to look over his sermon for to-morrow, which was written perhaps long ago, nay perhaps printed; but not a whit the worse for that, as far as we can see, and probably much the better; and 'tis a pity to think how many excellent discourses lie undisturbed in dust, well worthy being preached during the year, at diverse times and sundry places. The congregations in the hill-chapels, though orthodox, are not critical; they are satisfied with the doctrine that satisfied

their forefathers; the well of truth needs not, they think, at this time of day to be new-fangled; and they know that the spring is perennial and inexhaustible.

Why, that is strange. Our paper, that had been gradually growing dimmer and duskier, so that we could hardly see the uncertain letters, is brightening as if below a lamp. And Heavens! what a lamp! The Moon. She has all the heaven to herself, yet looks as if looking on no other place in the wide world but Wastdale. All the house is asleep. There goes the night-hawk—the first we have heard this season—like a whirring-wheel. Well hooted, thou joyous owl! The Irt, too, is awake, with his little babbling waterfalls, as if he would soothe all things else with slumber but his wakeful self, dimpling, no doubt, into smiles beneath the moonshine. Oh! blind old Homer! thou didst look on nature with spiritual eyes; and with those famous lines in our memory, that seem to lift off the roof of our dwelling, and to lay our bed open to the sky, we seek the visionary world of sleep and dreams!

> Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
> Φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἔπλετο νήνεμος αἰθὴρ,
> Ἐκ τ' ἔφανον πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ, καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
> Καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερρήγη ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ,
> Πάντα δέ τ' ἴδηται ἄστρα· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν·
> . . . . . .

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," says Wordsworth, in that famous ode obscure but in its sublimity; and we often feel the force of that dark but wise saw, on returning to open-eyed life from one of those trances that to the looker-on might seem leaden-lidded death. There have been people unconscious of ever having had one single dream. They sleep just like stones—or if that be an offensive word—like trunks of trees. Their animal blood continues to circulate just like vegetable sap—they are alive and growing like timber—but both alike are insensible in the spirit to the skyey influences, that all the while may be lifting up their locks or their leaves. Infants smile in their sleep—for they suppose themselves sucking—that is all. Children whimper through their delight in slumber, and seem then to be dancing in more lustrous life, like insects in sunshine. As we grow in stature of soul and body, strange spiritual expansions—wrenchings—rendings—agitate as if they would destroy us in dreams. Mounting and

mounted to meridian, we launch away in the ship of imagination over seas unnavigable by waking mariners, and palm-crowned walk awhile in the Isles of Paradise. How dim the brightest bliss known to the beatings of the heart still conscious of this mortal clime, compared with the ecstasy that blends our being with the visions composing the Holy of Holies in our dream-created heaven! Spiritualised are then our frames, mortal no more, and floating along the depths divine in company with the radiant clouds. Dreaming proves we shall never die. Not for that we merely think and feel; but because our thoughts and our feelings then far transcend all other experience; our capacities are then expanded into powers that exult in celestial origin, and are destined for celestial end. The dullest wight, says that Pearl-diver Coleridge, is a Shakespeare in his sleep. Then, what in his must have been Shakespeare!

Yet we have said above, that some people say they never dream. Perhaps they wish to lie themselves into singularity —perhaps they forget. But if they speak the truth, how must we children of centuries pity those poor sons of a day! Such folks live at the most but half a life. We, again, live thousands of lives; for, as the bard saith,

> "Sleep hath its separate worlds, as wide as dreams,"

wider than the "visible diurnal sphere"—escaping over the rim of the universe. Reason and conscience survive in dreams, but their sovereignty seems sometimes shaken, and though they overlook, they cannot always control the wild work over which dominant are the passions. They still know that they are commissioned; but while they retain the privilege, alas! they may have lost the power; and stand shuddering aloof during "the transacting of some dreadful thing." We awake—and wisdom, while it saddens o'er the strange review, is stronger from the lessons it has learned from the fluctuating tumult, in its sway over the duties of a steadfast being. The phantasmagoria glide away, and we recognise in them symbols of realities. All that confusion was caused by the obstruction of the will. That power in sleep is often paralytic; and we are whirled away like a leaf on the wind. Thence we venerate the waking will as holy; for in the sunlight that breaks the bands of sleep, of a sudden all its divine

attributes are centred, and we confess the presence of the Godhead.

But away, now, all such dreams about dreams—for we have taken a look through the jessamine-flowers out of the lattice; and lo! the still sublimity of the Sabbath morn! "The innocent brightness of the new-born day!" Wastdale-Head!

It seems as if the very mountains knew the great day of rest. Serene assemblage of forms magnificent! The reign of Calm over the dominions of Delight! Mickle Door "has lifted up his everlasting gates," and between their pillars what a lovely sky! On the Pikes a sunny softness seems to soothe the precipices till they smile. Rugged are they still in their repose, but the tale they tell of tempests is like a tradition. Theirs now is the power of peace. Great-End has a gentle look, for joy has subdued the giant, gladdening in greenness, of which all his rocks partake. Gable with shadowy lustre shuts up the dale. But not till the sun has risen higher in heaven will the yellow light be enlivening Lingmell's solemn woods. "And have you no glance to give to *us*," seem now to breathe the low-lying meadows, the fields, and the pastures; while whispers the same voice from these roof-loving trees, "Yes—our eyes not unwillingly retire from the mountains, and repose, as on the stillness of water, on all these sweet enclosures, blessing the lichens on the walls!"

Come in! The door is not barred—for we are never afraid of being murdered even in London—far less in Wastdale. Nay, this is being too kind. Mr Tyson himself, with his own hands, on a tray bringing in our Breakfast! Nay—nay—our dear sir—nay—nay—our good sir—you cannot be serious—nine o'clock! We must be indeed the sleepiest-headed of immortals. But know, our dear sir, we have had little or no sleep—and never more than a brace of hours at a stretch—since we left Edinburgh about 150 hours ago. Is that Mrs Tyson's voice on the stair-head? Good morning, my dear madam! we shall be down in a jiffey. The young gentlemen, you say, Mr Tyson, were up at six. Gross affectation of early rising in the Adelphi! They must have remembered the jug. We understand that look—and shall be grateful for a razor. But we do nothing abruptly—you know, Mr Tyson—"the more hurry the less speed,"—therefore our fast shall we break

fluently and solidly, for the next twenty minutes, and then sedately shall we shave.

How easily, during any pleasant employment, can twenty minutes be included, without crowding, in one! Thank you—thank you—again, dear Tyson—that razor, we know, is worth ten times told its weight in the finest gold. The back of the blade is a quarter of an inch broad—but eye can no more see its edge than a quadrille of angels dancing on the point of a needle. Such lather! Our face looks like that of the High Man, with his chin in a ridge of snow. You may well admire how the wreathes fall away under that edge, as if loosened by sunshine, and sinking into the vale. Finest of the fine is the ruddy skin—but not a drop is drawn; and now you see

"The bloom of young desire, the purple light of love"—

We are shaved!

But in this dress it is impossible—it would violate *bonos mores*—to go to Chapel. Never shall we be able to repay a tithe of this kindness, Mr Tyson; but indeed often as we have been your guest, never once have you been ours. 'Tis Sabbath—and we are the stranger within your doors!—only for stranger, read brother. And you have brought us, too, apparel! A full suit of black, silk stockings and all, down to the very shoon and buckles. Your father's! They are just the thing we like—these flaps to the waistcoat. Single-breasted with thredded buttons—the coat; to be worn as fitting with —— shorts. That cravat will flow down our breast like a cascade. And now we descend like a Doctor in Divinity—the Dean of Yew-Barrow—the Bishop of Great Gable—the Archbishop of Scafell.

Serene symptoms of the Sabbath? A certain gravity hangs over the usual gladness of the household. With sober step master and mistress cross the floor. The heads of the men are sleek—of the women ringleted; those decently clad, these prettily; we are speaking of the maids—for in caps that hide, without meaning it, their silvery hair, sit the silk-gowned matrons; and she in the arm-chair must have been—nay was—for we remember her a month after marriage—a bride to do a bridegroom's heart good even to look at—so sweet are yet the mild remains of that loveliness that won and kept for her the name of the Beauty of Borrowdale.

All around in the open air is just as sabbatic. The bees alone are at work—for the very swallows—perhaps 'tis fancy—seem not to be skimming about so restlessly as usual; and as for the colleys—like douce dogs as they are—they are all going with us to the chapel. We hope there will be no fighting. No animal enjoys Sabbath like the horse. Cows, we fear, feel little, and know no distinction between it and week-days—for all they have to do, at any time, is to chew the cud, and to be milked, a mild but a monotonous mode of life. No fishing-rod is suffered to be seen, out or in doors, about the place, and the baskets are hanging in the back-kitchen. No mark of cart-wheels less than twelve or fourteen hours old, and the dews have dimmed their glazings on the gravel. As for the carts themselves, they are at rest on their trams in the shed; and on the front of one of them we perceive a bunch of poultry dressing their feathers. The cock—we know not why—but no doubt he does—has ceased to crow, and looks as grave as an alderman with his gold chain. The feeling of the place and time is one of pensive cheerfulness; no other day of the seven *could* be so delightful; for, though kindred to them, and one and all children of the sun, it is felt to be *set apart!*

As we approach the chapel, we are reminded of a beautiful passage in Wordsworth's little prose-book about the Lakes.

The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernised, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed. The *religio loci* is nowhere violated by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well-proportioned oblong, with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple-tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry, in which one or two bells hang visibly. But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermere, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connection with the surrounding mountains, the depth of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heartfelt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise

institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment, of which it is, perhaps, the humblest daughter. The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones or fragments of rock which are scattered near it.

But about a dozen pews in all—humble the pulpit—the reading-desk scarcely to be distinguished—and lowly the altar. Rush-mats are on the earthen floor—and through the yellow-wash on the walls are visible the weather stains, for the damps strike through in winter; and in a calm like this, you cannot conceive how the rain penetrates when the tempest drives. In ones, and twos, and threes, are dropping in the congregation, and there must be now—our own transalpine party of four included—nearly thirty Christian people in the chapel. Lest the air within should get sultry, the door is left open, and you look out on blue sky, and green grass fields, for here there is no place of tombs. The nearest burial-place is down at Nether Wastdale. There is a scent of sweet-brier and of wild-flowers growing of themselves all about the chapel, and though it stands in the middle of the plain, the mountains send thither, now that the breezes are beginning to play, the balm of the birch-woods. But from the vestry—for a vestry there is, though you may look and not see it—comes the curate in his surplice; and though we may have heard the service read with more classical intonations—yet in Cumberland it is right to speak with the accent of Cumberland—and at all events 'tis not for Scotchmen anywhere to criticise any Southron's speech—for any man to do so in the House of God. Mr Tyson, the most substantial Statesman in all the dale, is himself the clerk. Had he been born a second son, he would not have shamed any pulpit in the north as priest. The responses are made earnestly—the sermon is sound and simple—and some young female voices there do most sweetly sing the Psalms! The blessing is implored and granted; and issuing silent into the open air, we there interchange friendly greetings, not only between all neighbours living within this hollow, but a few who may almost be called strangers, coming from the low-lands at the foot of the Lake, or, perhaps, even from the other side of the mountain.

We have scarcely said a single word, all this while, of the Lake of Wastwater. In days of gloom we have seen it pitch-black. In storm-days we have seen and heard it too—tum-

bling with white breakers like the sea. But we love to look on it on this sweet Sabbath-day, without a murmur on its margin, and showing us that there are more clouds than we suspected on the sky.

WASTWATER IN A STORM.

There is a Lake hid far among the hills,
That raves around the throne of solitude.
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills.
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.
There, gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side;
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountains' pride.
If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,
Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,
That lofty genius deifies thy mind,
Fall prostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine,
And as the thunderous scene disturbs thy heart,
Lift thy changed eye, and own how low thou art.

WASTWATER IN A CALM.

Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms,
Where silence never tames the mountain-roar,
Where poets fear their self-created forms,
Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore?
Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud
With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud?
Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth:
For here might beauty build her summer-bower!
Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,
And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower
The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth;
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake
Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake.

Though appearances are against it, from circumstantial evidence this appears to be proved—a boat. We should like to see the Wastwater Phenomenon on Windermere. A most uncommon build, with bulging bows big enough to break any billow that ever came to any of the shores of our seas from the Pole. In stern, a Hottentot Venus. Capsize her, and bottom up, she would be about as roomy as yon chapel. To make her crawl snail-wise would require a strong power of

steam. Only two oars? Now show yourselves men—like your mothers before you—O ye Adelphi; and

"Row, vassals! row, for the pride of the Highlands!"

At this rate the greater part even of the Perpetual Motion will be expended before we reach the Skrees. Think you that she is absolutely under weigh? We have a feeling, now that we acknowledge she does move, that the huge hulk is going backwards. Can the Adelphi be backing water? Well done, Jonathan—bring the assistance of all your strength to bear on the bow-oar. There she goes—the Tortoise! She would not lie over an inch—with that breadth of beam—under a mainsail of a hundred yards of canvass, even in a hurricane. Built for safety and slates. What a quantity of corn would she not contain! "Also much cattle." The whole congregation are here—curate and clerk—and yet the population seems sparse. She must draw the water of a well. Lucky that line of shore goes plumb down, or we should have to remain here till she went to pieces, and then we could all float to land on the keel. How now? She seems to be accelerating her onward motion according to the squares of the distances. Why, she is a clipper. We sit at the helm, like Jason in the Argo, and yonder, hanging in the sun, is the Golden Fleece.

More beautiful than ever are the Skrees. There they stretch from head to foot of the lake, as they may be seen with their "shivering shingle" in Green's Sketches, and eke in his Guide. He well says—we remember his words—"From the feet of the monstrous crags which often overhang their bases, the mountain is one continued surface of loose stones, which occasionally shiver into the water; nay, the rocks themselves have been known to fall, to the terror and dismay of the peaceful neighbouring inhabitants, and so much in volume as to shake the very foundations of the mountains." Mr Hutchinson, in his History of Cumberland—a quiet, honest man, not given to romancing, like poets and painters, says, we recollect —"Part of the cliffs or scar consists of rotten-stone and red gravel, which is continually running down into Wastwater Lake with great precipitancy, which sometimes, when a more than ordinary break or rent happens, causes a prodigious noise, *fire, and smoke*, which in the night-time appears like lightning

to the inhabitants of Nether Wastdale. On the top of the Skrees stood for ages a very large stone, called Wilson's Horse, but about twenty years ago it fell down into the lake, when a cleft was made about a hundred yards long, four feet wide, and of incredible depth." Fortunate for Mr Wilson that he was not mounted at the time; but he has as many hobbies as Christopher himself, and had it not been Sunday, would have been galloping now all over the mountains.

We called, a few minutes ago, the Skrees beautiful; and so they are, if there be beauty in colour—as Green says finely of them, "in all the subdued colours of the rainbow." In many parts—here and there—is the finest soft red ore, used for what is called *smitting* (rudding or marking) the sheep. It stains the shingle with what in the sunshine seems liquid gold; and in the shade, vermilion, or crimson, or purple, as it may be, or all the three blended, in the distance, into one miscellaneous hue, to paint which would require the pencil of a Poussin, a Turner, or a Thomson. And then how majestically the league-long shelving line slopes down to the water, from the horrid abruptness of the cliff-range above, that far as the eye can reach is bristling with battlements!

Let us do the pretty to the ladies, and not suffer them in disembarking to plump. The party quietly dissolves like a gay summer-cloud—one fragment away down to the Strands, another westward away in the direction of the shoulder of Seat-Allan to their own home-glen, and a third over Latter-Barrow eastward ho! into Miterdale. The Tysons, the Fletchers, and the Ritsons, with North in the centre, the Adelphi revolving round him like his satellites, and Jonathan his tail, move on towards Eusthwaite and the Crook; two separate nests of houses, the one sweetly situated on the south side of the river (the Irt), and the other on the borders, and in breezy weather within murmur, of the lake.

Go where we will, all people are but too happy to make us happy; which, on our giving due consideration to our savage temper, must for ever in our mind remain verily a great mystery, a simple fact—an elementary law—an original principle of human nature which admits of no analysis. Forenoon and afternoon service in the chapel being all in one, and to give time for coming, and going from afar, wisely occupying the middle day, there yet remain a good many hours of the Sab-

bath; and nothing forbids that the eve should find us, as you shall see, at a noiseless Festival.

From a field fronting Crook, on a point somewhat elevated, there is one of the best views, not only of the head, but of the whole body of the Lake. On the right flows the Irt, if not canopied yet curtained with trees; and should the eye pursue that sylvan stream, it gathers with a glance, that may become a gaze, the rock-broken greensward of Latter-Barrow. But on the same side are the Skrees—seen here in perspective, and somewhat foreshortened; but that only adds to their height, and from no other point of view are the colours more beautiful, more majestic the outline, more magnificent the crowning cliffs. On the other side of the Lake, the road to Wastdale-Head is seen winding, in obedience to the bays, which are more numerous than anybody could suppose, when looking down the water; and between Over Beck and Nether Beck bridges (we, though not you, see both), dipping into the woods. Between these two bridges,—the one—the farthest off—at the base of Yew-Barrow, and the other of Middle Fell, —retiring far away up over the beautiful Bowderdale, are seen many mountains, of which the chief are Knot-Ends, the Chair, and Gosforth Crags; these seem to belong to Yew-Barrow. Belonging rather to Middle Fell, you see those curious cones, the Hay-Cocks; curious, but magnificent, at the northern end of which is Great Gowder Crag, a vast rock, which, observed from more elevated stations, seems almost to vie in grandeur with those on the margin of Scafell and the Pikes. But Yew-Barrow herself is here "apparent Queen." So soft seems the sweep from her crown in the sky to her feet in the Lake, that the eye glides down it, if you will suffer us to say so, like the flight of an easy-descending dove. Far off in front is the Great Gable, and round comes the eye by the Pikes, Scaw, and Lingmell, till it comes back again to the Skrees; and thus have we in vain attempted to describe the square or circle, call it which ye choose, within which lies the gleam of Wastwater, and beyond, the tree-tops, having here a grove-like look, and seeming, for you cannot see its hundred field-enclosures with their thousand walls, to make a forest for Wastdale-Head.

In the very middle of this field fronting Crook, and a few hundred yards or less from that village-like farmhouse, stands

by itself a stately Sycamore. We have seen twenty cattle whisking their tails uncrowded under its umbrage, and so might twenty more; though the sycamore, you know, is not a tree that spreads so wide a shadow as either a lime or an oak. Now, under it, will you believe us, while we have been wandering about, astonished at our own eloquence in descanting on all the visible glories, for the instruction of the Adelphi, have the active inmates of Crook and Eusthwaite laid out, circling the stem, tables and forms, and stools and chairs; one of the latter, framed of course after the antique fashion of the black mahogany oak-wood, with high-arched back quaintly carved, and arms of which the elbows grin with griffins, set like a throne beside a throne, for Christopher North. For the other, to our left, is for Crook himself; and as we sit, the sycamore divides into two equal halves, lake, mountain, and sky; yet still the whole is but one landscape, for we can, whenever we choose, cut down, in imagination,—in reality may it live a thousand years!—the gigantic tree.

But the Curate has asked a blessing, and the cups and the cakes go round. Dalesmen do not dine much on Sabbath. But they, nevertheless, take their meals; and there is no other prepared with so little trouble, as tea. Baked yesterday, but reheated within the hour—thin as wafers, but wide as the round of the spacious gridiron, is not that a beautiful pile of oaten bread, fifty farls to the pound—and crump, crump, crump? But our business now is to "bury the diet, not to praise it;" and to describe, much more to detail the viands, might offend the modest givers of the feast.

We have numbered the tenants of the sylvan tent, and without counting some sprinklings of children, we find that we are as the years of a Dumbarton Virgin, thirty and five. And among them some of the loveliest lasses of Nether Wastdale. That is a *glorious* girl on the left side of young Ritson, who threw Spedding last Whitsuntide at Gosforth. And is not she a *graceful* creature, smiling a few farther down, between the Adelphi, who seem, in the character of the Rival Brothers, already well-nigh at their wit's end? An outer circle of bonnets, with ribbons of all sorts of colours, so blazes round us, that we wonder the grass is not set on fire. And what is no less singular than beautiful, there are not two maidens there—not even these fairies who, we have just now been

told, are twins—with hair of the same colour, each pretty head having its own hue, from the flaxen fair to the coal-black, comprehending all the varieties of yellow, brown, and auburn; while, 'tis in vain to deny it, that freckled damsel, with light-blue eyes, thick neck, and full bosom of dazzling whiteness, has received from nature, we know not whether in love or anger, a fiery-red poll, bushy as any wig, though, by the strong ligatures, you can swear is rooted, far back on that bold broad forehead, the shock of her own indisputable hair. Crook whispers in our ear that she is called the Comet.

Ha! a gentle pattering of rain, that sets the afternoon birds a-singing as if it were but spring. The bee-murmur above our heads might now almost be called thunder. But were the shower to fall heavier and heavier for hours, not a drop—or but a few drops—would dance upon our tables.. Hurrying, the children collect the bonnets, and sportively putting them on, the urchins are buried in the "straw-built sheds." Grass and grove glitter; and flowers unseen before, are set a-smiling in the dew. Come whence it may, the rain comes not from the clouds; for no cloud is on the sky above the sycamore. Yes—a braided fold lies lower than the blue, and thence descends the moisture that, but for the leaves, would not be heard, as it is not seen, to fall. How fragrant! For the Irt has banks of broom, as well as of birches; people can have no noses who say wild-flowers have no scent; and sweet is the breath of cows. But there is breath that is sweeter still; for young children are venturing now to climb the knees of rosy maidens; and sure enough the blended balm is so delightful, that many of the youths and virgins cannot choose but be in love. Lo! a glory in the far distance—up in Wastdale. Sun and shower have met there; and seldom have we seen such a Rainbow.

In the old Scottish ballads there are many lyrical transitions, which, we remember once hearing Coleridge say, were less frequently, perhaps, to be attributed to the feeling or genius of the sweet singers of glen or wood, though true it is that they were poets of God's own making, than to the falling out, in the course of oral tradition, of intermediate passionless verses, which "memory willingly let die;" and hence many of those *callidæ juncturæ* which have over us the power of inspiration. So would it be, were we to print it all, in the

lapse of years, with this our Journal of our Flight to the Lakes. Many paragraphs would drop away into oblivion; but few, if any such, it is to be humbly hoped, are among the number to be found in Maga. We have drawn our pen through them, and they are ready-obliterated to the hand of time. Several of that sort, though in themselves, perhaps, not unpretty—intervene in the original manuscript, between the ultimate word in the preceding paragraph (Rainbow), and the startling first term of the one you are about to recite—a passionate apostrophe.

Art thou the Evening Star, sole Shiner in a sky that might have tempted out the whole starry host from the inmost heavens! Thou hast glided down, all by thyself, to take a look of this fair earth, as gradually it is growing dim in the dying day. Few eyes as yet regard thee, for 'tis not, thinks the ordinary observer of nature, till another hour of dusk, thine allotted time. No wise astronomer are we, yet, like the shepherds of old on the Chaldean mountains, we have studied the stars in a natural philosophy of our own; and just now we raised our eyes to heaven, with a sweet suspicion that thou in thy beauty wert there; and,

> "Low in the lake soft burns the evening star!"

Lovely, as we seem to near it, the trembling shadow there—one thinks that ere long the oar might touch it; but thou thyself art even as a Spirit, that dwell'st in regions "beyond the reaches of our souls," yet mysteriously allied, else why made to man the idle revelation intimating so much, yet explaining nothing, with the future destinies of those whose present doom is in the dust!

And is it possible that Wastwater can be more than three miles long, as laid down in the map? The darkening mountains have been so closing in upon us, that we have been mistaking the shadows for the shore; but here it is, and from the bow of our boat we can step out upon the margin. Friends! move on towards the house, and leave us for an hour alone;

> "For solitude is sometimes best society,
> And a short absence urges sweet return!"

A dream of old, born of that pensive smile of moonlight, for her disc is in ascension behind the low southern hills,—a dream of old returns upon us, bringing with it the pleasant

faces of friends, some of whom we can hope but to meet in heaven. Here is the spot where, many years ago, was pitched the Angler's Tent.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,
Among the verdant holly-boughs half hid,
The little radiant airy Pyramid,
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairyland.
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,
Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth
Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbeams greet
The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay;
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,
With gentle glide, as weary of their play.
And in the liquid lustre of the lake
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;
Such image as the clouds of summer make,
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,
A sudden stranger 'mid the sylvan scene,
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,
Human it is—and human souls are there!
Look through that opening in the canvass wall,
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play,
—Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,
The summer lambs are not more blest than they!
On the green turf all motionless they lie,
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,
In thought they visit many a fairy nook
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,
And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain-cloud.

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,
'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,
White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!
The sweetest visions of our boyish years
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
Of running waters—and one stream appears,
Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone!

How glad were we, when after sunny showers
Its voice came to us issuing from the school!
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,
By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime
The love of joys our childish years that blest;
So now encircled by these hills sublime,
We Anglers, waudering with a tranquil breast,
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear;
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,
Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies;
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
Almost as airy as the line it threw,
Yet often bending in an arch of strength
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,
On which at night we dream of sports by day;
And, empty now, beside it close is laid
The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray;
And maple bowl in which we wont to bring
The limpid water from the morning wave,
Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit with a purer breast,
Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray,
Than pray'd we friends on that mild quiet day,
By God and man beloved, the day of rest!
All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,
Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss;
While Innocence her watch in peace did keep
Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness!
We view'd the green earth with a loving look,
Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;
A voice came to us from the running brook
That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.
Then all things seem'd imbued with life and sense,
And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake,
Happy in beauty and in innocence;
While, pleased our inward quiet to partake,
Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot,
This mingled happiness of earth and heaven,
Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was given,

Think not, that far-off friends were quite forgot.
Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes
With colours brighter than the brightening dove;
Beneath that guardian mount a cottage lies
Encircled by the halo breathed from Love!
And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below,
Her green recesses and her islands still!
Thus, gently-blended many a human thought
With those that peace and solitude supplied,
Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought,
With gradual influence, like a flowing tide,
And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

And hark! a laugh, with voices blended, stole
Across the water, echoing from the shore
And during pauses short, the beating oar
Brings the glad music closer to the soul.
We leave our Tent; and lo! a lovely sight
Glides like a living creature through the air,
For air the water seems thus passing bright,
A living creature beautiful and fair!
Nearer it glides; and now the radiant glow
That on its radiant shadow seems to float,
Turns to a virgin band, a glorious show,
Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.
Towards the Tent their lingering course they steer,
And cheerful now upon the shore they stand,
In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear,
And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand,
Into our Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band!

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise.
Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke;
Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke
From the mild lustre of their shining eyes,
Ere the Tent seem'd encircled by the sound
Of many voices; in an instant stood
Men, women, children, all the circle round,
And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd.
Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd
Our late so solitary dwelling fill;
And strange to hear their greetings mingling loud,
Where all before was undisturb'd and still.
Yet was the stir delightful to our ear,
And moved to happiness our inmost blood,
The sudden change, the unexpected cheer,
Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood,
This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude!

Hard task it was, in our small Tent to find
Seats for our quickly-gather'd company;
But in them all was such a mirthful glee,
I ween they soon were seated to their mind!
Some viewing with a hesitating look
The panniers that contained our travelling fare,
On them at last their humble station took,
Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.
Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat,
Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,
While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,
Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.
The playful children on the velvet green,
Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,
Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,
And whisper'd words they to each other said,
And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden head!

Since that sweet scene, thus simply sung, grey heads have been buried—dark heads grown grey! Maids, whose faces were as morn, are matrons now, with countenances like the gloaming—mothers, who have wept the death of children—widows, who have sat by the saddest of all graves.

Yet why should we mourn, seeing that all the families in the Dale are so happy! Was not that Sycamore another Tent? And has not this, too, been a pleasant Sabbath? Yet to have enjoyed it, as we have done, is felt to have been forgetfulness of the more delightful past,—nay, worse, ingratitude. We could weep to think that we have smiled. Oh! heartless mirth! and soulless merriment! Shallow must be our spirit, with whom life's old affections have been so transitory! and the thoughts that we once believed steadfast in their places as the haunted hills that inspired them, unsubstantial as the shadows of shades!

What! our dear friend Tyson lingering among the bushes, and, like an eavesdropper, overlistening our soliloquy? But that honest face, at all times happy, and at no times joyous overmuch, has convinced us that all this weeping wisdom is almost as bad as laughing folly; that 'tis even sinful to be thus sorrowful; that religion counsels cheerfulness to memory, who, pensive often, should try never to complain; and that nature's self is outraged, sacred as may seem the idol-worship, when with the living before our eyes to love, and be beloved, we vainly consume our hearts in lamentations for the unsympathising dead.

And see—far wide and high the sky is all besprinkled with stars. The moon takes care not to let out her whole power of light, lest she should obscure the lustre that she loves; and is willing now even to veil her own radiance with some fleecy clouds. You must wonder, Tyson, to hear a sensible man like us thus maundering about the moon and stars. But we cannot bear to look at them shining on squares and streets, all full of great, staring, wide-windowed houses; and here in Wastdale-Head we feel the same joy in gazing heavenward that you might suppose a man to *suffer* who had been couched for a cataract, and as soon as his eyes had become able to face the light by experience of a few rays softly let in through a chink into his bedroom, were brought here with them, still bandaged, and then on the removal of all obstruction, of a sudden shown that sky!

Lightning! yet so mild, that one might call it a flash of moonlight. Perfectly harmless, and therefore we love it, and look out for its return. It seems as if it came from the wing of an angel. And there—there—see, Mr Tyson, see—a falling star. We used to wonder in childhood what became of them, and supposed they might drop into the sea. The air is exceedingly meteorous. For these streaks, which we ignorantly imagined was the Milky Way, are neither more nor less than the Northern Lights. In high northern latitudes mariners have said they have heard them rustling—but Parry says he never did—nor, alas! poor Ross! 'Tis beyond all doubt the Aurora Borealis. Nothing will induce that phenomenon to sit—stand—or lie still for so much as one moment—mocking the most imaginative eyes with ceaseless transmutations. Poets have pretended to see there phantom-knights, in single combat, engaging in front of opposing battles. But the show is like nothing in heaven or earth but itself; and what a pity! it has vanished, leaving but some dim wrecks behind, characterless as common clouds.

We declare we are at the door. Now, our dear and too hospitable friend, you must really not insist on our taking any supper. A single glass, or two at the most, of the old home-brewed will suffice for sleep. We must positively start in the morning immediately after breakfast, and we know that, at this season of the year, your hour is seven; perhaps you will make it six; for, according to the scheme, we shall have a long walk before us, and we hope you will see us over the Stye into Borrowdale.

NOTE.

[JULY 1822.]

[The following Note, although of a much earlier date than the foregoing Essay, may form an appropriate Appendix to "Christopher at the Lakes." It is too lively to be lost; and a more suitable opportunity of introducing it might not occur.]

I. If we were about to pay a visit to the Lakes, how should we travel? Why, in a gig, or a chaise, to be sure. A pedestrian is a great ass. Feet, it is to be hoped, were given to the human race for some better purpose than walking upon; and that exercise approximates a Christian sadly to a cur. It is all right and fitting that a quadruped, or polyped, like Jock-with-the-many-legs, should go on foot; but a man, being a mere biped, should know better than to walk, except on short journeys across the room, &c. when walking has always appeared to us, except in cases of extreme corpulency, at once one of the elegancies and necessaries of life. But a pedestrian pursuing the picturesque up hill and down dale, ill protected by clouds of dust from a burning sun, with a mouth and throat parched and baked with thirst, brows pouring with sweat, cheeks flaming like a north-west moon, breeches chafing far worse than the sea, and shoes peeling heel and pinching toe, till a walk is of a composite order including drawl, drag, shuffle, sneak, lumber, and limp—we venture humbly to suggest, that a gentleman so circumstanced must be a prejudiced spectator of the beauties of nature. When the unhappy monster has toiled his way into an inn, what, pray, does he expect? not surely to be treated like a Protestant, or even a Catholic. Can he have the conscience to expect that he shall be suffered to deposit, with impunity, the extremities of his sweaty and dusty body upon a parlour-chair, or absolutely to fling down his loathsome length among the shepherdesses impressed on the pastoral print of a sofa in the North of England? Forbid it, waiter! and show the pedestrian into the barn. The truth must be told. Pedestrians, male and female, young and old, Dissenters

or of the Established Church, have all a smell, to which the smell of goats is as the smell of civets. How can it be otherwise? But, without entering into the rationale of the matter, we just take the fact as we find it; and we declare solemnly, as if these were the last words we were ever to write in this Magazine, that, in the most remote room of the largest inn, we can, nay, must, nose the arrival of a pedestrian, the moment his fetid foot pollutes the clear cool slate-stone of the threshold. This is the truth—not the whole truth; but nothing but the truth. Now, is this fair? Must I—*We* we mean—sicken over our dinner, because a prig will waddle in worsted stockings, or socks, as they are with genuine beastliness called? Shall the brock be allowed to badger us, the Editor of this Magazine? But this is not all: He is also a foul feeder. Ale and oil to him are opening paradise—Corned beef and greasy greens are crowded down, full measure, and running over, as our dearly beloved friend Charles Lamb says of the wits of great Eliza's golden days, into the foul recesses of a congenial stomach. Then the Sinner smokes; and, after his dense dinner, comes staggering into the lobby, literally talking tobacco—which is not cigar, but shag. Shall he snore in sheets, and blubber in blankets? Yes—and who knows but into his very lair shall next night be laid some sweet spinster of seventeen, half-conscious, by an indescribable instinct, that there is something or another odious in her situation? Or perhaps a couple, ere yet the honeymoon has filled her horns? Why, the very knowledge that such a thing is possible, is enough to change a bridal-bed into a pigsty, in the enamoured imagination of all delicate people. Rats are bad enough, especially when they die behind the wainscot; but what are six dozen of dead rats to one living pedestrian? A foumart is a sweetmart to him—in short, he is as odious as he is unhappy; and the only consolation left to a true Christian, is, that he is as unhappy as he is odious.

II. A man on horseback is bad enough, but nothing to the polecat now considered. It is probable he is *a* Bagman—it is possible he is *the* Bagman. Whichever he be, it is both a moral and physical impossibility that he can be sweet. For, look at him as you behold him on the road. He generally despises gloves, or wears them in his pocket. One

hand, therefore, grasps the greasy reins and the other a greasier whip. Look at his nails, and you will swear he has been digging pig-nuts. The palm is cracked horn, and the back is one hairy blister. Up and down he goes on his saddle—not without reason; for he is saddle-sick. Those boots never saw Turner's blacking—they are dim, and redolent of soot and suet. Corduroy breeches are good for hiding the dirt; and divine service has been frequently performed in kirk and cathedral since brush or broomstick disturbed the pepper and salt of that jemmy jocky-frock. This is your Bagman, travelling among the Lakes for orders. But, for the love of God! go to the fourth inn of the village, if you have one grain of mercy in your whole composition. Over the way yonder, the "Cat and Fiddle" is making a sign for you to enter in—"The Dog" is wagging his tail, and the "Mag-Pie" chattering to her beloved Bagman. There you will find a salve for every sore—there your corduroys will be washed for twopence-halfpenny—there a fresh layer of manure will enrich the soil of your boots—and some beautiful brown soap add paleness and perfume to your mauleys. Why, if you are not a Day and Martin behind the fair, you may make your fortune by marrying the landlord's daughter.

III. So much for Pedestrians and Bagmen. Which is the most loathsomely disgusting? We cannot tell. Often, often, when sickening under the one, have we sighed for the other—and, *vice versa*. However, to be candid and impartial, as we always are, except in politics, we certainly do know one pedestrian, who, on the whole, is worse than any bagman we have yet experienced. He is a clergyman, and wears spectacles. We wish to mention his name, but that would be personal. Let us therefore describe him as well as we can anonymously. His cheeks are bluff, puffed up, and red as cherries. His mouth is small, of course, but large enough to show that his teeth are rotten. The puppy wears sailor's clothes, and a black silk handkerchief. That it may be seen he is a gentleman, he sports fine linen, and a frill. The wretch seldom shaves. He has a burr in his throat, which sounds like a watchman's rattle made of wet India-rubber, if the benevolent reader can imagine such a thing. He talks, with that instrument of speech and torture, of poetry, and paint-

ing, and *music*—and, to crown all, he is a whig. We know of no Bagman half so bad as this—and, as he used to infest the Lakes, we wish to put our readers on their guard against this walking nuisance, who, with those traits peculiar to himself, combines all the odious characteristics of the ordinary pedestrian.

IV. Yet we believe that we are mistaken in alluding to this person as the most odious of all pedestrians. There is an absolute class of them, one and all as odious as he—and they are as follows:—Creatures of literary, metaphysical, and poetical habits, who write, we shall suppose, for the London Magazines. They must all see the Lakes, forsooth, and visit Mr Wordsworth. It is their opinion, we presume, that the language of the peasantry of the North of England is the language of poetry, and they give reasons for the faith that is in them, purloined and parboiled from the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads. The bold, true perceptions of a great original genius become pure idiotry in their adoption by Cockneys; and surely it will be allowed to be most universally disgusting to hear empty-pated praters from Lunnon expounding the principles of one of the profoundest thinkers of the age. These metropolitan ninnies have the unendurable impertinence to take lodgings at Ambleside and Keswick.—Now, though a cat may look at a king, a Cockney ought not to be suffered to look at a mountain. But these wretches are wicked enough to wonder, and audacious enough to admire. They commit to the prison of their memory, where a few dwindled ideas, put into confinement, lie in a state of loathsome idleness, scraps of Mr Wordsworth's poems. We would give them up Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, on condition of their stopping with her at Durham; but who, with a heart or a soul, can bear to see them offering indecencies to poor Ruth, "setting her little water-mills by spouts and fountains wild?" Who does not shudder to think that they may have given ostentatious alms to the "Old Cumberland Beggar," as the Kendal Coach was passing by with twenty outsides? These are the reptiles, that, if not trod upon, will occasion a fall in the price of land in the northern counties.

V. What, it may be asked, is the best time of the year for visiting the Lakes? Our answer is—any time between the first day of January and the last day of December. There is much

mouthing, mumping, moping, melancholy, mournful and miserable mummery, in the talk about Autumn. Autumnal tints are all very well in their way, except upon the neck of an aunt or artichoke, where they are not so sweet as seasonable. But to ninety-nine people out of a hundred it is of no earthly consequence, whether tints or trees, and mountains, and so forth, are vernal (what the deuce is the proper summer adjective?) autumnal, or brumal. The colour of the country is good enough at all times, except, perhaps, when the snow happens to be six feet deep, when, loth though we be to dissent from Mr Coleridge, we think white is too much of the prevailing tone, and neither orange nor purple. The chief objection to travelling in a mountainous country in winter, at least after, or during, a heavy fall of snow, seems to be that it is impossible. But, no doubt, a man looking out of his parlour window, with a good rousing fire at his back, and a pretty girl (his wife) in or out of the room,—up-stairs whipping the children,—or down-stairs scolding the servants, may pass a few minutes in very agreeable contemplation of nature, even in winter, and on the morning after a half-dozen shepherds, and twenty score of sheep have been lost in the snow. Let, therefore, any man that chooses visit the Lakes in Winter if he can, and we shall not think him mad, only a little crazy. We should suppose that Spring was a season by no means amiss for Laking. But the difficulty here, is to know when it is Spring. Many and oft is the time when it has slipped through our fingers without our having felt it; and then, it is to be remembered, that in our Island it comes round only once in seven years. When a tourist is lucky enough to find himself among the Lakes in a *bonâ fide* spring season, he will enjoy himself intensely; for the autumnal tints may all go to the devil and shake themselves in comparison with the beautiful glories of mother Earth, and of Father Jove, between the middle of April and the middle of June. Midsummer is often so horridly hot that there is no living comfortably anywhere but in the cellar, except for a few hours in the early morning and the late evening. Then all is voluptuous languor—or bright awakening from a dream—or the divine hush of happy nature sinking again into dewy repose. With plenty of ginger-beer, spruce, cider, soda, and imperial pop, even the dog-days may be made passable; and by kicking off sheets

and blankets, and opening the windows of our room, a bed may be prevented from being a stewpan, or an oven warmed by steam.

VI. So much for the best season of Laking. Now for the inns. Are the inns good? For the most part excellent. All the head inns are so; and in many places so are the second and third, and even the tail inns. Take, for example, Windermere. Can there be a better inn ever imagined than the White Lion at Bowness? Impossible. From small beginning, it has risen, like Rome, year after year, into splendour. Oh! that dear delicious parlour up-stairs, on the left hand as you go into the bowling-green! What charming char—what princely pike—what elegant eels—what matchless mutton—what handsome ham—and what royal rounds of beef have we not devoured within these four walls! Then what beds! The worst of them is, that to leave them is almost impossible. You sink down into a soft vale of lilies, and your dreams are forthwith of all your desire. Seldom rose we up from our delightful dormitory till, about twelve o'clock, we heard the south breeze come pushing up from the sea. Then Billy used to tap at our door with his tarry paw, and whisper, "Master, Peggs is ready. I have brailed up the foresail; her jigger sits as straight as the Knave of Clubs; and we have ballasted with sandbags. We'se beat the Liverpoolian to-day." Then I rose; but as to beating the Liverpoolian, that triumph yet rests in the bosom of futurity. But we are forgetting the White Lion. We at last succeeded in establishing Scotch breakfasts there, against the united resistance of both Mr and Mrs Ullock. On our first establishment at these headquarters, the worthy pair used to send up for our breakfast a solitary egg, two or three wafers of dry toast, and a bite of butter like a button. We swallowed them all up at one gulp, and then asked the waiter, "Pray, where is breakfast?" The poor girl was dumbfoundered, and took us for Squire Ingleby, King of the Conjurors, Boaz, or Black Mr Devaynes from Liverpool; for our hair is black, and our complexion sallow. Ere long the whole system was changed. Four eggs, the loaf, honey, jelly and jam, tea and coffee, and a bowl of cream, cold beef, ham, potted char, a fowl, or any other trifle of that kind, were substituted for the button, and the wafer, and the

bantam's product; and such is the power of good example, that, a few days after the adoption of the new system, we happened to go into the bar, and there we found mine host and mine hostess, and their amiable family, imitating us to the utmost of their abilities in demolishing a breakfast, whose general features remain impressed upon our memory even unto this day. But, fair or ugly, gentle or gruff, reader, go to the White Lion, Bowness, and judge for thyself, of bed and board, and boat. You will lose your stomach there—perhaps your heart. But your life is pretty safe; for we believe, that such is the excellence of the flotilla belonging to Admiral Ullock, that fewer pleasure-parties have been drowned from the White Lion, than from any respectable inn among all the Lakes. About the inns at Lowood, Ambleside, the Ferry, and Newby Bridge, we could delight to prose like Coleridge, or poetise like Wordsworth; but suffice it for the present to say, that Lowood is a delightful inn; and we have been told by the very highest authority (Sir William Curtis), that there good eating, drinking, and sleeping, are to be found under the auspices of Mr Chapman;—that the inn at Ambleside (in former days a paradise under the care of our respected friend Mr Wilcock, now land-steward at Calgarth), still flourishes in unabated splendour, and plenteous accommodation, beneath the banner of Mr Ladyman;—and that Newby-Bridge inn maintains its ancient reputation for civility and good fare, under the masterly and mistressly management of the Bells.

VII. So much for a mere specimen of an Essay on Inns—a subject which we have not at present leisure to pursue. Finally, and to conclude (as our friend the Reverend Terence Magrath is wont to say, after preaching for a couple of hours), what, it may be asked, are, and ought to be, the principal objects of the Lake tourist? We answer,—eating and drinking. Scenery, we hold, is a subordinate consideration. Such is the wise conformation of our animal economy, that few persons of taste can feel happy without four or five meals a-day. Poets and philosophers generally require six. It is all very well to admire the Langdale pikes (peaks of a mountain), but Windermere bass (perch) are much more admirable, especially when looked at towards the evening, when the shadows are long. Let prigs and pedants prate about the picturesque.

But, liberal enlightened reader of *Blackwood*, look thou at flood and fell at thy leisure, take solitary meditations among the mountains in due moderation, and, as you value our good opinion, make no odious and invidious comparisons between the woods, and the waters, and the rocks, which nature made for thy wonder and admiration. Look and listen—eat, drink, and be merry; and God bless you.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.[1]

[MAY 1832.]

[When this Review was written, Mr Tennyson had published none of those grander and more finished compositions which have given him a place among the immortals. His early volumes contained several pieces which his own good sense, confirmed perhaps by the animadversions of his reviewer, has induced him to expunge from the standard edition of his works. This must be borne in mind, in order that the critic may be acquitted, on the one hand, of undue severity, and, on the other hand, may get credit for the sagacity with which he predicts, in no uncertain terms, the advent of a genuine poet, who only required to be true to his own genius to secure the highest honours of his vocation. The republication of these trifles, and of the strictures to which they gave rise, will certainly detract nothing from the fair fame of the illustrious Laureat; while it may be profitable to some, and must be interesting to all, to mark the slight blemishes which obscured the early rising of a star which now shines the brightest in the firmament of living English Poets.]

Almost all men, women, and children, are poets, except those who write verses. We shall not define poetry, because the Cockneys have done so; and were they to go to church, we should be strongly tempted to break the Sabbath. But this much we say of it, that everything is poetry which is not mere sensation. We are poets at all times when our minds are makers. Now, it is well known, that we create nine-tenths at least of what appears to exist externally; and that such is somewhere about the proportion between reality and imagination. Millions of supposed matters-of-fact are the wildest fictions—of which we may mention merely two, the rising and the setting of the sun. This being established, it follows that we live, breathe, and have our being in Poetry—it is the Life of our Life—the heart of the mystery, which, were it plucked out, and to beat no more, the universe, now all written over with symbolical characters of light, would be at once a blank

[1] *Poems, chiefly Lyrical.* By Alfred Tennyson.

obscurely scribbled over with dead letters; or rather, the volume would be shut up—and appear a huge clumsy folio with brass clasps, bound in calf-skin, and draperied with cobwebs. But instead of that, the leaves of the living Book of Nature are all fluttering in the sunshine; even he who runs may read; though they alone who sit, stand, or lie, pondering on its pages, behold in full the beauty and the sublimity, which their own immortal spirits create, reflected back on them who are its authors, and felt, in that trance, to be the spiritual sound and colouring which vivifies and animates the face and the form of nature.

All men, women, and children, then, are manifestly poets, except those who write verses. But why that exception? Because they alone make no use of their minds. Versifiers—and we speak but of them—are the sole living creatures that are not also creators. The inferior animals—as we are pleased to call them, and as indeed in some respects they are—modify matter much in their imaginations. Rode ye never a horse by night through a forest? That most poetical of quadrupeds sees a spirit in every stump, else why by such a sudden start should he throw his master over his ears? The blackbird on the tip-top of that pine-tent is a poet, else never could his yellow bill so salute with rapturous orisons the reascending Sun, as he flings over the woods a lustre again gorgeous from the sea. And what induces those stock-doves, think ye, to fill the heart of the grove with soft, deep, low, lonely, far-away, mournful, yet happy—*thunder;* what, but Love and Joy, and Delight and Desire, in one word, Poetry—Poetry that confines the universe to that wedded pair, within the sanctuary of the pillared shade impervious to meridian sunbeams, and brightens and softens into splendour and into snow divine the plumage beautifying the creatures in their bliss, as breast to breast they croodendoo on their shallow nest!

Thus all men, women, and children, birds, beasts, and fishes, are poets, except versifiers. Oysters are poets. Nobody will deny that, who ever in the neighbourhood of Prestonpans beheld them passionately gaping, on their native bed, for the flow of tide coming again to awaken all their energies from the wide Atlantic. Nor less so are snails. See them in the dewy stillness of eve, as they salute the crescent Dian, with horns

humbler indeed, but no less pointed than her own. The beetle, against the traveller borne in heedless hum, if we knew all his feelings in that soliloquy, might safely be pronounced a Wordsworth.

Thus are we all poets—high and low—except versifiers. They, poor creatures, are a peculiar people, impotent of good works. Ears have they, but they hear not—eyes have they, but will not see—nay, naturalists assert that they have brains and spinal marrow, also organs of speech; yet with all that organisation, they seem to have but little feeling, and no thought; and but by a feeble and monotonous fizz are you made aware, in the twilight, of the useless existence of the obscure ephemerals.

But we fear that we are getting satirical, than which nothing can well be more unbecoming the character of a Christian: So let us be serious. Many times a month do we hint to all such insects, that Maga looks upon them as midges. But still will they be seeking to insinuate themselves through her long deep veil, which nunlike she wears at gloaming; and can they complain of cruelty, if she brush them away with her lily hand, or compress them with her snow-white fingers into unlingering death? There is no such privileged place in this periodical world now as the fugitive Poets' Corner. All its regions are open to the inspired; but the versifier has no spot now wherein to expand his small mealy wings; and you see him sitting disconsolate as one of those animalculæ, who, in their indolent brownness, are neither flies, bees, nor wasps, like a spot upon dandelion or bunweed, till he surprises you by proving that he has wings, or something of that sort, by a feeble farewell flight in among nettles some yards off, where he takes refuge in eternal oblivion.

It is not easy to find out what sets people a-versifying; especially nowadays, when the slightest symptoms of there being something amiss with them in that way, immediately subject them not only to the grossest indignities, but to the almost certain loss of bread. We could perhaps in some measure understand it, were they rich, or even tolerably well-off; in the enjoyment, let us suppose, of small annuities, or of hereditary kail-yards, with a well in the corner, overshadowed with a bourtree-bush; but they are almost always, if in at the knees, out at the elbows; and their stockings seem to have

been compiled originally by some mysterious process of darning upon nothing as a substratum. Now nothing more honourable than virtuous poverty; but then we expect to see him with a shuttle or a spade in his hand, weaving "seventeen hunder linen," or digging drains, till the once dry desert is all one irrigated meadow, green as the summer woods that fling their shadows o'er its hay-cocks. He is an unsufferable sight, alternately biting his nails and his pen, and blotching whitey-brown with hieroglyphics that would have puzzled Champollion. Versifying operatives are almost always half-witted creatures, addicted to drinking; and sell their songs for alms. Persons with the failing, in what are sometimes called the middle classes, or even in more genteel or fashionable life, such as the children of clerks of various kinds, say to canal or coal companies, are slow to enter upon any specific profession, trusting to their genius, which their parents regard with tears, sometimes of joy, and sometimes of rage, according as their prophetic souls see the brows of their offspring adorned with laurels, or their breeches with tatters. Sensible parents crush this propensity in the bud, and ruthlessly bind the Apollos apprentices to Places; but the weaker ones enclose contributions to Christopher North as if they had never heard of his crutch, and thus is the world defrauded of many a tailor. What becomes of all the versifiers when they get old—if, indeed, they ever do get old—we never yet heard any plausible conjecture; though we have ourselves seen some in middle age, walking about, each by himself, looking as if he were sole survivor of the Seven Young Men, with his unmeaning face, and his umbrella under his arm, though the dust may have been lying three inches thick, and laughing to scorn the thin-spurting showers of the water-carts, that seemed sent there rather to raise than to lay the ghost of a dry summer. 'Tis said that from this class is drawn the supply of theatrical critics.

Now and then, by some felicity of fortune, a versifier enjoys a temporary revenge on stepdame Nature, and for a while is seen fluttering like a butterfly among birds; or rather heard cheeping like a mouse among a choir of nightingales. People take it into their heads to insist upon it that he is a poet. They solicit subscriptions, get him into print, and make interest with newspaper editors to allow him to review himself twice a-week through the season. These newspapers

he files; and binds the folio. He abuses *Blackwood*, and is crowned King of all the Albums.

We had no intention of being so, but suspect that we have been somewhat, severe; so let us relieve all lads of feeling and fancy, by assuring them that hitherto we have been sneering but at sumphs and God-help-you-silly-ones, and that our hearts overflow with kindness towards all the children of genius. Not a few promising boys have lately attempted poetry both in the east and west of Scotland, and we have listened not undelighted to the music. Stoddart and Aytoun—he of the "Death-Wake," and he of "Poland"—are graciously regarded by Old Christopher; and their volumes—presentation copies—have been placed among the essays of those gifted youths, of whom in riper years much may be confidently predicted of fair and good. Many of the small poems of John Wright, an industrious weaver, somewhere in Ayrshire, are beautiful, and have received the praise of Sir Walter himself, who, though kind to all aspirants, praises none to whom nature has not imparted some portion of the creative power of genius.

One of John's strains we have committed to memory—or rather, without trying to do so, got by heart; and as it seems to us very mild and touching, here it is.

THE WRECKED MARINER.

"Stay, proud bird of the shore!
Carry my last breath with thee to the cliff—
Where waits our shattered skiff,
One that shall mark nor it nor lover more.

Fan, with thy plumage bright,
Her heaving heart to rest, as thou dost mine,
And, gently to divine
The tearful tale, flap out her beacon-light.

Again swoop out to sea,
With lone and lingering wail, then lay thy head,
As thou thyself wert dead,
Upon her breast, that she may weep for me.

Now, let her bid false Hope
For ever hide her beam, nor trust again
The peace-bereaving strain—
Life has, but still far hence, choice flowers to crop.

Oh! bid her not repine,
And deem my loss too bitter to be borne;
Yet all of passion scorn,
But the mild deepening memory of mine.

Thou art away!—sweet wind,
Bear the last trickling tear-drop on your wing,
And o'er her bosom fling
The love-fraught pearly shower, till rest it find."

England ought to be producing some young poets now, that there may be no dull interregnum when the old shall have passed away; and pass away many of them soon must—their bodies, which are shadows; but their spirits, which are lights —they will burn for ever—till time be no more. It is thought by many that almost all the poetical genius which has worked such wonders in our day, was brought into power—it having been given but in capacity to the Wordsworths, and Scotts, and Byrons—by the French Revolution. Through the storm and tempest, the thunder and the lightning, which accompanied that great moral and intellectual earthquake, the strong-winged spirits soared; and found in their bosom, or in the "deep serene" above all that turmoil, in the imperturbable heavens, the inspiration and the matter of immortal song. If it were so, then shall not the next age want its mighty poets. For we see "the deep-fermenting tempest brewed in the grim evening sky." On the beautiful green grass of England may there glisten in the sun but the pearly dewdrops; may they be brushed away but by the footsteps of Labour issuing from his rustic lodge. But Europe, long ere bright heads are grey, will see blood poured out like water; and there will be the noise of many old establishments quaking to their foundations, or rent asunder, or overthrown. Much that is sacred will be preserved; and, after a troubled time, much will be repaired and restored, as it has ever been after misrule and ruin. Then—and haply not till then—will again be heard the majestic voice of song from the renovated nations. Yet, if the hum which now we hear be indeed that of the March of Intellect, that voice may ascend from the earth in peace. Intellect delights in peace, which it produces; but many is the mean power that apes the mighty, and often for a while the cheat is successful—the counterfeit is crowned with conquest

—and hollow hymns hail victories that issue in defeats, out of which rise again to life all that was most lovely and venerable, to run a new career of triumph.

But we are getting into the clouds, and our wish is to keep jogging along the turnpike road. So let all this pass for an introduction to our Article—and let us abruptly join company with the gentleman whose name stands at the head of it, Mr Alfred Tennyson, of whom the world, we presume, yet knows but little or nothing, whom his friends call a Phœnix, but who, we hope, will not be dissatisfied with us, should we designate him merely a Swan.

One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet, is to be the Pet of a Coterie; and the very saddest of all, if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. He has been elevated to the throne of Little Britain, and sonnets were showered over his coronation from the most remote regions of his empire, even from Hampstead Hill. Eulogies more elaborate than the architecture of the costliest gingerbread, have been built up into panegyrical piles, in commemoration of the Birth-day; and 'twould be a pity indeed with one's crutch to smash the gilt battlements, white too with sugar as with frost, and begemmed with comfits. The besetting sin of all periodical criticism—and nowadays there is no other—is boundless extravagance of praise; but none splash it on like the trowel-men who have been bedaubing Mr Tennyson. There is something wrong, however, with the compost. It won't stick; unseemly cracks deform the surface; it falls off piece by piece ere it has dried in the sun, or it hardens into blotches; and the worshippers have but discoloured and disfigured their Idol. The worst of it is, that they make the Bespattered not only feel, but look ridiculous; he seems as absurd as an Image in a tea-garden; and, bedizened with faded and fantastic garlands, the public cough on being told he is a Poet, for he has much more the appearance of a Post.

The *Englishman's Magazine* ought not to have died; for it threatened to be a very pleasant periodical. An Essay "On the Genius of Alfred Tennyson," sent it to the grave. The superhuman—nay, supernatural—pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world. The solemnity with which the critic

approached the object of his adoration, and the sanctity with which he laid his offerings on the shrine, were too much for our irreligious age. The Essay "On the Genius of Alfred Tennyson," awoke a general guffaw, and it expired in convulsions. Yet the Essay was exceedingly well written—as well as if it had been "On the Genius of Sir Isaac Newton." Therein lay the mistake. Sir Isaac discovered the law of gravitation; Alfred had but written some pretty verses, and mankind were not prepared to set him among the stars. But that he has genius is proved by his being at this moment alive; for had he not, he must have breathed his last under that critique. The spirit of life must indeed be strong within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the *Westminster*, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal.

But the Old Man must see justice done to this ingenious lad, and save him from his worst enemies, his friends. Never are we so happy—nay, 'tis now almost our only happiness—as when scattering flowers in the sunshine that falls from the yet unclouded sky on the green path prepared by gracious Nature for the feet of enthusiastic youth. Yet we scatter them in not too lavish profusion; and we take care that the young poet shall see, along with the shadow of the spirit that cheers him on, that, too, of the accompanying crutch. Were we not afraid that our style might be thought to wax too figurative, we should say that Alfred is a promising plant; and that the day may come when, beneath sun and shower, his genius may grow up and expand into a stately tree, embowering a solemn shade within its wide circumference, while the daylight lies gorgeously on its crest, seen from afar in glory—itself a grove.

But that day will never come, if he hearken not to our advice, and, as far as his own nature will permit, regulate by it the movements of his genius. This may perhaps appear, at first sight or hearing, not a little unreasonable on our part; but not so, if Alfred will but lay our words to heart, and meditate on their spirit. We desire to see him prosper; and we predict fame as the fruit of obedience. If he disobey, he assuredly goes to oblivion.

At present he has small power over the common feelings and thoughts of men. His feebleness is distressing at all

times when he makes an appeal to their ordinary sympathies. And the reason is, that he fears to look such sympathies boldly in the face,—and will be—metaphysical. What all the human race see and feel, he seems to think cannot be poetical; he is not aware of the transcendant and eternal grandeur of commonplace and all-time truths, which are the staple of all poetry. All human beings see the same light in heaven and in woman's eyes; and the great poets put it into language which rather records than reveals, spiritualising while it embodies. They shun not the sights of common earth—witness Wordsworth. But beneath the magic of their eyes the celandine grows a star or a sun. What beauty is breathed over the daisy by lovingly blessing it because it is so common! "Sweet flower! whose home is everywhere!" In like manner, Scott, when eulogising our love of our native land, uses the simplest language, and gives vent to the simplest feelings—

> "Lives there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

What less—what more, could any man say? Yet translate these three lines—not omitting others that accompany them, equally touching—into any language, living or dead—and they will instantly be felt by all hearts, savage or civilised, to be the most exquisite poetry. Of such power, conscious, as it kindles, of its dominion over men, because of their common humanity, would that there were finer and more frequent examples in the compositions — otherwise often exquisite—of this young poet. Yet two or three times he tries it on—thus:

NATIONAL SONG.

> "There is no land like England,
> Where'er the light of day be;
> There are no hearts like English hearts,
> Such hearts of oak as they be.
> There is no land like England,
> Where'er the light of day be;
> There are no men like Englishmen,
> So tall and bold as they be.

Chorus.

For the French the Pope may shrive 'em,
For the devil a whit we heed 'em:
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

Full Chorus.

Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea:
We are the sons of freedom—
We are free.

. . . . .

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.

Chorus.—For the French," &c.

A national song that could be characteristically sung but by—Tims. Tims, too, would be grand in the following war-song—and an *encore* would assuredly be called for in a voice of thunder sufficient to sour small-beer.

ENGLISH WAR-SONG.

"Who fears to die? Who fears to die?
Is there any here who fears to die?
He shall find what he fears; and none shall grieve
For the man who fears to die;
But the withering scorn of the many shall cleave
To the man who fears to die.

Chorus.

Shout for England!
Ho! for England!
George for England!
Merry England!
England for aye!"

Think of Tims going off the stage, with right arm uplifted, shouting so—

"There standeth our ancient enemy;
Will he dare to battle with the free?

Spur along! spur amain! charge to the fight!
Charge! charge to the fight!
Hold up the Lion of England on high!
Shout for God and our right!

Chorus.—Shout for England," &c.

Miserable indeed.

These are almost the only lines in the volume in which Mr Tennyson condescends to be patriotic; and they do not by resemblance remind us of Tyrtæus. It would not be safe to recite them by the sea-shore, on an invasion of the French. Yet our friend is a lover of liberty, as he leaves us to gather from the following strain, which must have been composed before he had acquired much skill in the "sedentary art of penmanship," or experienced the painful awkwardness which every man-child must pass through on his first entrance into breeches. Samuel Johnson, long before he was a doctor, and but in his fourth year, indited some stanzas to a duck, after which "We are Free" will, we fear, be read at a disadvantage. Here is the whole concern:—

WE ARE FREE.

"The winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the rigid sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'
The streams through many a lilied row
Down-carolling to the crispèd sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'"

That is drivel.

But there is more dismal drivel even than that—and as seeing is said to be believing—here it is:

LOST HOPE.

"You cast to ground the hope which once was mine:
But did the while your harsh decree deplore,
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant shrine,
My heart where Hope had been and was no more.

So on an oaken sprout
A goodly acorn grew:
But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,
And filled the cup with dew."

But there is more dismal drivel even than that—and as seeing is believing—here *it* is:

LOVE, PRIDE, AND FORGETFULNESS.

"Ere yet my heart was sweet Love's tomb,
Love laboured honey busily.
I was the hive, and love the bee,
My heart the honeycomb,
One very dark and chilly night,
Pride came beneath and held a light.

The cruel vapours went through all,
Sweet love was withered in his cell;
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a spell
Did change them into gall;
And Memory, though fed by Pride,
Did wax so thin on gall,
A while she scarcely lived at all.
What marvel that she died?"

The only excuse for such folly—and it is so bad a one as to be indeed an aggravation of the guilt—is, that it is a poor imitation of a wretched model mouldered away to dust in a former age.

The worst of all the above is, that they betray a painful and impotent straining after originality—an aversion from the straightforward and strong simplicity of nature and truth. Such cold conceits—devoid of ingenuity—would seem to us of evil omen—but for our faith in genius, which can shake itself free even from the curse of Cockneyism, under the timeous administration of the exorcising crutch. But for that faith, we should have no hope of the author of the following sonnet:—

SONNET.

"Shall the hag Evil die with child of Good,
Or propagate again her loathèd kind,
Thronging the cells of the diseasèd mind,
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered brood,
Though hourly pastured on the salient blood?
Oh! that the wind which bloweth cold or heat
Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen beat
Of their broad vans, and in the solitude
Of middle space confound them, and blow back
Their wild cries down their cavern-throats, and slake

With points of blast-borne hail their heated eyne!
So their wan limbs no more might come between
The moon and the moon's reflex in the night,
Nor blot with floating shades the solar light."

In cases of rare inspiration, the two gifts may go together; but most commonly it is one thing to be idiotic and another oracular. Not thus spoke the oaks of Dodona; we should expect a more sensible response from one of Sir Henry Steuart's thirty-times-transplanted sycamores, that are no sooner in the ground than they are out again, and have not a single small spot on all the estate of Allanton they can call their own.

Yet Mr Tennyson is manifestly prouder of his lays than of his laws was Alfred the Great; and he is ready with his shafts of satire, tipped with fire, and barbed with fury, to shoot all that sneer at his songs.

THE POET'S MIND.

"Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light, and clear as wind:
Clear as summer mountain-streams,
Bright as the inwoven beams,
Which beneath their crisping sapphire
In the mid-day, floating o'er
The golden sands, make evermore
To a blossom-starrèd shore.
Hence away, unhallowed laughter!
Darkbrowed sophist, come not anear;
The poet's mind is holy ground;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.
Holy water will I pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it round.
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.
In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.
Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wild bird's din.

In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants,
It would fall to the ground if you came in.
In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder:
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love;
And yet, though its voice be so clear and full,
You would never hear it—your ears are so dull;
So keep where you are: you are foul with sin;
It would shrink to the earth if you came in."

Most of that is silly—some of it prettyish—scarcely one line of it all true poetry; but as it has been admired, we quote it entire, that, should we be in error, the Poet may triumph over the critic, and Christopher North stand rebuked before the superior genius of Alfred Tennyson.

Our young friend is a philosopher—sometimes a crying, sometimes a laughing one—and sometimes "says a smile to a tear on the cheek of my dear;" but what it says can only be given in its own words. We offer to match the following composition for a cool hundred, against anything alive of the same inches—and give a stone.

THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

?

"I am any man's suitor,
If any will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast:
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why?*

The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheatears whisper to each other:
What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?

Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep or whether we die?
How you are you ? Why I am I?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why?*

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now?*
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat; but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth—'why? why?'
In the summer woods when the sun falls low:
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face, and shouts, 'how? how?'
And the black owl sends down the mellow twilight,
And chaunts, 'how? how?' the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built;
And a house with a chimney-pot?
Who will riddle me the how and the what?
Who will riddle me the what and the why?"

Mr Tennyson opines that in these verses he displays his genius before an admiring, a delighted, and an instructed world, in the garb of an orthodox philosophy venturing for a while sportively to give utterance to its sense of the nothingness of all human knowledge, which is but another word for our ignorance of the mysteries of creation. But it is from beginning to end a clumsy and unwieldy failure, and shows no fancy in the region of metaphysics; though it is plain from many a page that he has deluded himself, and suffered others to delude him, into the belief that there lies his especial province. To some of his queries Thomas Aquinas himself, or any other celestial doctor, might be puzzled to give a satisfactory answer; but the first little boy or girl he may meet will set his mind at rest on the last two, though no man who has ever walked the streets of Edinburgh in a high wind, will be able to bring his mind to believe in the propriety—whatever he may think of the necessity—of a house with a chimney-pot, for which there is no substitute like an Old Woman.

Mr Tennyson's admirers say he excels wondrously in personating mermen and mermaids, fairies, *et id genus omne*, inhabiting sea-caves and forest glades, "in still or stormy

weather," the "gay creatures of the element," be that element air, earth, fire, or water, so that the denizens thereof be but of "imagination all compact." We beg of you to hear, for a few sentences, the quack in the *Westminster*. "Our author has the secret of the transmigration of the soul. He can cast his own spirit into any living thing, real or imaginary. Scarcely Vishnu himself becomes incarnate more easily, frequently, or perfectly. And there is singular refinement, as well as solid truth, in his impersonations, whether they be of inferior creatures, or of such elemental beings as sirens, as mermen, and mermaidens. He does not merely assume their external shapes, and exhibit his own mind masquerading. He takes their senses, feelings, nerves, and brain, along with their names and local habitations; still it is himself in them, modified but not absorbed by their peculiar constitution and mode of being. In the 'Merman,' one seems to feel the principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the cranium of the finny worthy, and coming under all the influences, as thinking principles do, of the physical organisation to which it is for the time allied: for a moment the identification is complete; and then a consciousness of contrast springs up between the reports of external objects brought to the mind by the senses, and those which it has been accustomed to receive, and this consciousness gives to the description a most poetical colouring." We could quote another couple of critics—but as the force of nature could no farther go, and as to make one fool she joined the other two, we keep to the *Westminster*. It is a perfect specimen of the super-hyperbolical ultra extravagance of outrageous Cockney eulogistic foolishness, with which not even a quantity of common sense less than nothing has been suffered, for an indivisible moment of time, to mingle; the purest mere matter of moonshine ever mouthed by an idiot-lunatic, slavering in the palsied dotage of the extremest superannuation ever inflicted on a being, long ago, perhaps, in some slight respects and low degrees human, but now sensibly and audibly reduced below the level of the Pongos. "Coming under all the influences, as thinking principles do, of the physical organisation to which it is for the time allied!" There is a bit of Cockney materialism for you! "The principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the cranium of the finny worthy!"

Written like the Son of a Syringe. O the speculative sumph! 'Tis thus that dishonest Cockneys would fain pass off in their own vile slang, and for their own viler meaning, murdered and dismembered, the divine Homeric philosophy of the Isle of Circe. Was not Jupiter still Jove—ay, every inch the thunderous king of heaven, whose throne was Olympus—while to languishing Leda the godhead seemed a Swan? In the eyes of a grazier, who saw but Smithfield, he would have been but a bull in the Rape of Europa. Why, were the Cockney critic's principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the skull of a donkey—has he vanity to imagine for a moment, that he would be a more consummate ass than he now brays? Or if into that of the Great Glasgow Gander, that his quackery would be more matchless still? O no, no, no! He would merely be "assuming their external shapes;" but his asinine and anserine natural endowments would all remain unchanged —a greater goose than he now is, depend upon it, he could not be, were he for a tedious lifetime to keep waddling his way through this weary world on web-feet, and with uplifted wings and outstretched neck, hissing the long-red-round-cloaked beggar off the common; a superior ass he might in no ways prove, though untethered in the lane where gypsy gang had encraal'd, he were left free to roam round the canvass walls, eminent among all the "animals that chew the thistle."

Here is most of the poem which "proves that our author has the secret of the transmigration of the soul."

"Who would be
A merman bold
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?
I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower,
And holding them back by their flowing locks,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly;

And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily,
All night, merrily, merrily:
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine;
Then, leaping out upon them unseen,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly."

'Tis, after all, but a sorry affair—and were fifty of the Οἱ πολλοί to compose prize verses on "the Merman," Oxford and Cambridge must be changed for the worse since our days, if two dozen copies did not prove about as bad as this—one dozen rather worse—one dozen far better; while the remaining brace, to the exclusion of Mr Tennyson's attempt, had the prize divided between them, the authors having been found entitled to an equality of immortal fame. The pervading character of the verses is distinguished silliness; and Alfred cuts a foolish figure, "modified but not absorbed by the peculiar constitution and mode of being" of a merman. He kisses like a cod-fish, and, we humbly presume, he is all the while stark-naked under the sea; though, for the sake of decency, we recommend next dip a pair of flannel-drawers. Poetry and criticism must be at a low ebb indeed on the shores of the Thames. Should he persist in writing thus to the end of the Dean and Chapter, Alfred Tennyson may have a niche in the *Westminster Review*, but never in Westminster Abbey.

"The Mermaid," we are told by the Tailor's Trump, "is beautifully discriminated and most delicately drawn. She is the younger sister of Undine; or Undine herself before she had a soul." Here is a specimen of the sea-nymph without a soul, who is younger sister to herself, that is Undine. Her mother ought to keep a sharp look-out upon her; for she is of an amorous temperament, and a strong Anti-Malthusian.

"And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.
But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;

We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds i' the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap,
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kist by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea."

So much for Mermen and Mermaidens, and for the style in which the Westminster Pet of the Fancy "takes their senses, feelings, nerves, and brain, along with their local habitations and their names." "And the Sirens,—who could resist these Sea-Fairies, as the author prefers calling them?" And pray what may be their alluring enticements?

"Drop the oar,
Leap ashore,
Fly no more!
Whither away wi' the sail! whither away wi' the oar?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells;
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free:
From the green sea-banks the rose down-trails
To the happy brimmèd sea.
Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
With pleasure and love and revelry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridgèd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore,
Weary mariners! all the world o'er;
Oh! fly no more!
Hearken ye, hearken ye, sorrow shall darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil no more;

Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more—no more.
Whither away, whither away, whither away with the sail and the oar?"

Shakespeare—Spenser—Milton—Wordsworth—Coleridge—The Ettrick Shepherd—Allan Cunningham, and some others, have loved, and been beloved by mermaidens, sirens, sea and land fairies, and revealed to the eyes of us who live in the thick atmosphere of this "dim spot which men call earth," all the beautiful wonders of subterranean and submarine climes—and of the climes of Nowhere, lovelier than them all. It pains us to think, that with such names we cannot yet rank that of Alfred Tennyson. We shall soon see that he possesses feeling, fancy, imagination, genius. But in the preternatural lies not the sphere in which he excels. Much disappointed were we to find him weak where we expected him strong; yet we are willing to believe that his failure has been from "affectations." In place of trusting to the natural flow of his own fancies, he has followed some vague abstract idea, thin and delusive, which has escaped in mere words—words—words. Yet the young Tailor in the *Westminster* thinks he could take the measure of the merman, and even make a riding-habit for the sirens to wear on gala days, when disposed for "some horseback." 'Tis indeed a jewel of a snip. His protégé has indited two feeble and fantastic strains entitled "Nothing will Die," "All things will Die." And them Parsnip Junior, without the fear of the shears before his eyes, compares with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" of Milton, saying, that in Alfred's "there is not less truth, and perhaps more refined observation!" That comes of sitting from childhood cross-legged on a board beneath a skylight.

The Young Tailor can with difficulty keep his seat with delight, when talking of Mr Tennyson's descriptions of the sea. "'Tis barbarous," quoth he, "to break such a piece of coral for a specimen;" and would fain cabbage the whole lump, with the view of placing it among other rarities, such as bits of Derbyshire spar and a brace of mandarins, on the

chimneypiece of the show-parlour in which he notches the dimensions of his visitors. So fired is his imagination, that he beholds in a shred of green fustian a swatch of the multitudinous sea; and on tearing a skreed, thinks he hears him roaring. But Mr Tennyson should speak of the sea so as to rouse the souls of sailors, rather than the soles of tailors—the enthusiasm of the deck, rather than of the board. Unfortunately, he seems never to have seen a ship, or, if he did, to have forgotten it. The vessel in which the land-lubbers were drifting, when the Sea-Fairies salute them with a song, must have been an old tub of a thing, unfit even for a transport. Such a jib! In the cut of her mainsail you smoke the old table-cloth. To be solemn—Alfred Tennyson is as poor on the sea as Barry Cornwall—and, of course, calls him a serpent. They both write like people who, on venturing upon the world of waters in a bathing-machine, would insure their lives by a cork-jacket. Barry swims on the surface of the Great Deep like a feather; Alfred dives less after the fashion of a duck than a bell; but the one sees few lights, the other few shadows, that are not seen just as well by an oyster-dredger. But the soul of the true sea-poet doth undergo a sea-change, soon as he sees Blue Peter; and he is off in the gig,

> "While bending back, away they pull,
> With measured strokes most beautiful"—

There goes the Commodore!

"Our author having the secret of the transmigration of the soul," passes, like Indur, into the bodies of various animals, and

> "Three will I mention dearer than the rest,"

the Swan, the Grasshopper, and the Owl. The Swan is dying; and as we remember hearing Hartley Coleridge praise the lines, they must be fine; though their full meaning be to us like the moon, "hid in her vacant interlunar cave." But Hartley, who is like the river Wye, a wanderer through the woods, is aye haunted with visions of the beautiful; and let Alfred console himself by that reflection, for the absent sympathy of Christopher. As for the Grasshopper, Alfred, in that green grig, is for a while merry as a cricket, and chirps and chirrups, though with less meaning, with more monotony, than that hearth-loving insect, who is never so happy, you know,

as when in the neighbourhood of a baker's oven. He says to himself as Tithon, though he disclaims that patronymic,

"Thou art a mailed warrior, in youth and strength complete."

A line liable to two faults; first, absurdity, and, second, theft; for the mind is unprepared for the exaggeration of a grasshopper into a Templar; and Wordsworth, looking at a beetle through the wonder-working glass of a wizard, beheld

"A mailed angel on a battle-day."

But Tennyson out-Wordsworths Wordsworth, and pursues the knight, surnamed Longshanks, into the fields of chivalry.

"Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Full fain to see;
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
A gallant cavalier,
Sans peur et sans reproche,
In sunlight and in shadow,
THE BAYARD OF THE MEADOW!!"

Conceived and executed in the spirit of the celebrated imitation—"Dilly—dilly Duckling! Come and be killed!" But Alfred is greatest as an Owl.

SONG.—THE OWL.

"When the cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits."

SECOND SONG.—TO THE SAME.

"Thy tuwhits are lulled, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,

So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice, untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chant anew;
But I cannot mimic it,
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthened loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuhoo-o-o."

All that he wants is to be shot, stuffed, and stuck into a glass-case, to be made immortal in a museum.

But mercy on us! Alfred becomes a—Kraken! Leviathan, "wallowing unwieldy, enormous in his gait," he despises, as we would a minnow; his huge ambition will not suffer him to be "very like a whale;" he must be a—Kraken. And such a Kraken, too, as would have astonished Pontoppidan.

THE KRAKEN.

"Below the thunders of the upper deep,
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep,
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides: above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant fins the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages, and will lie,
Battening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die."

The gentle reader who understands that sonnet, will perhaps have the goodness to interpret for us the following oracular sentence, which from childhood has been to us a great mystery: "An old horse came in to be shaved; curse you, where's the suds? The estate was entailed to male heirs; and poor Mrs Molly lost all her apple-dumplings."

Thin as is this volume we are now reviewing, and sparse the letterpress on its tiny pages, 'twould yet be easy to

extract from it much more unmeaningness; but having shown by gentle chastisement that we love Alfred Tennyson, let us now show by judicious eulogy that we admire him; and, by well-chosen specimens of his fine faculties, that he is worthy of our admiration.

Odes to Memory are mostly mummeries; but not so is the Ode to Memory breathed by this young poet. In it, Memory and Imagination, like two angels, lead him by the hands back to the bowers of paradise. All the finest feelings and the finest faculties of his soul are awakened under that heavenly guidance, as the "green light" of early life again blesses his eyes; and he sees that the bowers of paradise are built on this common earth, that they are the very bushes near his father's house, where his boyhood revelled in the brightening dawn. We have many quotations yet to make—and therefore cannot give the whole ode, but the half of it; and none will deny, all will feel, that, with perhaps the exception of some harmless mannerisms—affectations we shall not call them—the lines are eminently beautiful.

ODE TO MEMORY.

"Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall,
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried.
Come from the woods that belt the grey hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin-song hath waked loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

Large doweries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal framework of wrought gold;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls,
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The firstborn of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days:
No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sandbuilt ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage, whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;
Or a garden bower'd close
With pleached alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender:
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy reinspired,

We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
The few whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.
My friend, with thee to live alone,
Methinks were better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory."

There is fine music there; the versification would be felt delightful to all poetical ears, even if they missed the many meanings of the well-chosen and happily-obedient words; for there is the sound as of a various-voiced river rejoicing in a sudden summer shower, that swells without staining its translucent waters. But the sound is echo to the sense; and the sense is sweet as that of life's dearest emotions enjoyed in "a dream that is not all a dream."

Mr Tennyson, when he chooses, can say much in few words. A fine example of that is shown in five few-syllabled four-lined stanzas on a Deserted House. Every word tells; and the short whole is most pathetic in its completeness—let us say perfection—like some old Scottish air sung by maiden at her wheel—or shepherd in the wilderness.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

"Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!
All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merrymaking sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!"

Mr Tennyson is sometimes too mystical; for sometimes we fear there is no meaning in his mysticism; or so little, that were it to be stated perspicuously and plainly, 'twould be but a point. But at other times he gives us sweet, still, obscure poems, like the gentle gloaming, saddening all that is sad, and making nature's self pensive in her depth of peace. Such is the character of

A DIRGE.

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleachèd deep,
Bramble-roses faint and pale,
And 'long purples' of the dale—
Let them rave.
These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broid'ry of the purple clover—
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused—
But let them rave.
The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave."

Many such beautiful images float before us in his poetry, as "youthful poets fancy when they love." He has a delicate perception of the purity of the female character. Any one of his flesh-and-blood maidens, walking amongst flowers of our own earth, is worth a billowy wilderness of his Sea-Fairies. Their names and their natures are delightful—sound and sight are spiritualised—and yet, as Wordsworth divinely saith, are they

"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles!"

We are in love—as an old man ought to be—as a father is with his ideal daughters—with them all—with Claribel, and Lilian, and Isabel, and Mariana, and Adeline, and Hero, and Almeida, and the Sleeping Beauty, and Oriana. What different beings from King Charles's beauties! Even in bodily charms far more lovable; in spiritual, pure

"As heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb—"

objects, for a moment's thought, of passion; but of affection,

for ever and a day. In face, form, figure, circumstance, and character, delicately distinguished from one another are all the sweet sisterhood. "Seven lilies in one garland wrought" —"alike, but oh, how different!" Budding, blossoming, full-blown; but if on leaf or flower any touch of decay, 'tis not the touch of time but of sorrow, and there is balmy beauty in the very blight—lovely to the last the lily of the garden, of the field, or of the valley. The rose is the queen of flowers —but should she ever die, the lily would wear the crown— and her name is

ISABEL.

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit: locks not wide dispread.
Madonna-wise, on either side her head,
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Reverèd Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihood.
The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime—a prudence to withhold—
The laws of wifehood character'd in gold
Upon the blenched tablets of her heart—
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride—
A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellowed reflex of a winter moon—
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in purer light
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother—

A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,
With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—
Shadow forth thee:—the world hath not another
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity."

There is profound pathos in "Mariana." The young poet had been dreaming of Shakespeare, and of *Measure for Measure*, and of the gentle lady all forlorn, the deserted of the false Angelo, of whom the Swan of Avon sings but some few low notes in her distress and desolation, as she wears away her lonely life in solitary tears at "the moated grange." On this hint Alfred Tennyson speaks; "he has a vision of his own;" nor might Wordsworth's self in his youth have disdained to indite such melancholy strain. Scenery—state—emotion—character—are all in fine keeping; long, long, long indeed is the dreary day, but it will end at last; so finds the heart-broken prisoner who, from sunrise to sunset, has been leaning on the sun-dial in the centre of his narrow solitude!

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."
Measure for Measure.

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,

She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.

Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trode the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Downsloped was westering in his bower.
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said:
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary;
Oh God, that I were dead!'"

It is not at all necessary that we should understand fine poetry to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music. That is to say, some sorts of fine poetry—the shadowy and the spiritual; where something glides before us ghostlike, "now in glimmer and now in gloom," and then away into some still place of trees and tombs. Yet the poet who composes it must weigh the force of every feeling word—in a balance true to a hair, for ever vibrating, and obedient to the touch of down or dew-drop. Think not that such process interrupts inspiration; it sustains and feeds it; for it becomes a habit of the heart and the soul in all their musings and meditations; and thus is the language of poetry, though human, heavenly speech. In reading it, we see new revelations on each rehearsal—all of them true, though haply different—and what we at first thought a hymn, we may at last feel to be an elegy—a breathing not about the quick, but the dead. So was it with us in reading over and over again "Claribel." We supposed the lady slept beneath the "solemn oak-tree, thick-leaved, ambrosial;" and that the "ancient melody" was dimly heard by her in her world of dreams. But we know now that only her dust is there; and that the character of her spirit, as it dwelt on earth, is shadowed forth by the congenial scenery of her burial-place. But "Adeline" is alive—faintly smiling—shadowy—dreaming—spiritual Adeline—

such are the epithets bestowed by the poet on that Lady of Light who visits his visions—though doomed to die—or rather to melt away back to her native heaven.

ADELINE.

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly-smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth, nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
But beyond expression fair.
With thy floating flaxen hair,
Thy roselips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast;
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?
Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks through in his sad decline,
And a rosebush leans upon,
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou looked upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose

In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs,
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dewlit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?
Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side o' the morn
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing light against thy face,
While his locks a-dropping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring,
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline."

The life of Claribel was shadowed forth by images of death —the death of Adeline seemed predicted by images of life— and in the lovely lines on the Sleeping Beauty, life and death meet in the stillness of that sleep—so profound that it is felt as if it were immortal. And is there not this shading and blending of all feeling and all thought that regards the things we most tenderly and deeply love on this changeful earth?

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

"Year after year unto her feet,
The while she slumbereth alone,
Over the purple coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair hath grown,
On either side her trancèd form
Forth-streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-braided coverlid,
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever, and amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd

Glows forth each softly shadow'd arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart:
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmèd heart.
She sleeps; on either side upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest."

Some of our old ballads, breathed in the gloom of forests or glens by shepherds or woodsmen, are in their earnest simplicity inimitable by genius born so many centuries since they died, and overshadowed by another life. Yet genius has often delighted to sink away into such moods as those in which it imagines those lowly men to have been lost when they sang their songs, "the music of the heart," with nothing that moved around them but the antlers of the deer, undisturbed by the bard lying among the breckens or the broom, beneath the checkered light that came through the umbrage of the huge oak-tree, on which spring was hourly shedding a greener glory, or autumn a more golden decay. Shepherds and woodsmen, too, there have been in these later days, and other rural dwellers, who have sometimes caught the spirit of the antique strain—Robert, James, and Allan—whose happiest "auld ballants" are as if obsolete forest-flowers were brought back to life on our banks and braes. Perhaps the most beautiful of all Alfred Tennyson's compositions, is the "Ballad of Oriana."

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana,
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana.
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By starshine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana:
She saw me fight, she heard me call.
When forth there stepp'd a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false false arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The damnèd arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana!
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—
They should have trode me into clay,
Oriana.

Oh! breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana,
Oh! pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,
Oriana,
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak.
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek?
Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

Oh! cursed hand! oh! cursed blow!
Oriana!
Oh! happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!
All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana."

But the highest of all this young poet's achievements, is the visionary and romantic strain, entitled, "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." It is delightful even to us, who read not the *Arabian Nights*, nor ever heard of them, till late in life—we think we must have been in our tenth year; the same heart-soul-mind-awakening year that brought us John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe, and in which—we must not say with whom—we first fell in love. How it happened that we had lived so long in this world without seeing or hearing tell of these famous worthies, is a mystery; for we were busy from childhood with books and bushes, banks and braes, with libraries full of white, brown, and green leaves, perused in schoolroom, whose window in the slates showed the beautiful blue braided skies, or in fields and forests (so we thought the birch coppice, with its old pines, the abode of linties and cushats—for no long, broad, dusty, high-road was there—and but footpaths or sheep-walks winded through the pastoral silence that surrounded that singing or cooing grove), where beauty filled the sunshiny day with delight, and grandeur the one-starred gloaming with fear. But so it was; we knew not that there was an Arabian Night in the whole world. Our souls, in stir or stillness, saw none but the sweet Scottish stars. We knew, indeed, that they rose, and set, too, upon other climes; and had we been asked the question, should have said that they certainly did so; but we felt that they and their heavens belonged to Scotland. And so feels the fond, foolish old man still, when standing by himself at midnight, with withered hands across his breast, and eyes lifted heavenwards, that show the brightest stars somewhat dim now, yet beautiful as ever; out walks the moon from behind a cloud, and he thinks of long Loch Lomond glittering afar off with lines of radiance that lift up in their loveliness, flush after flush—and each sylvan pomp is statelier than the last—now one, now another, of her heron-haunted isles!

But in our egoism and egotism we have forgot Alfred Tennyson. To his heart, too, we doubt not that heaven seems almost always an English heaven; he, however, must have been familiar long before his tenth year with the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments;* for had he discovered them at that advanced period of life, he had not now so passionately and so imaginatively sung their wonders.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shriues of fretted gold,
High-wallèd gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling through
The low and bloomèd foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering through lamplight dim,
And broidered sofas on each side:
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemmed platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moonlit sward
Was damask work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strewn calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Through little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Above through many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-coloured shells
Wandered engrained. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge,
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some drooping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.
Not he: but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black-green the garden bowers and grots
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooed of summer wind.
A sudden splendour from behind
Flushed all the leaves with rich gold green,
And flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond plots
Of saffron light. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,

Grew darker from that under-flame;
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
Entrancèd with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence through the garden I was drawn—
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-checkered lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound.
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazèd vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat,
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-basèd flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From wreathed silvers, look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the moonèd domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays

Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressèd with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing below her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropped a rich
Throne o' the massive ore, from which
Down drooped, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diapered
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold,
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,
The Good Haroun Alraschid!

Our critique is near its conclusion; and in correcting it for press, we see that its whole merit, which is great, consists in the extracts, which are "beautiful exceedingly." Perhaps, in the first part of our article, we may have exaggerated Mr Tennyson's not unfrequent silliness, for we are apt to be carried away by the whim of the moment, and in our humorous moods, many things wear a queer look to our aged eyes, which fill young pupils with tears; but we feel assured that in the second part we have not exaggerated his strength—that we have done no more than justice to his fine faculties—and that the millions who delight in Maga will, with one voice, confirm our judgment—that Alfred Tennyson is a poet.

But, though it might be a mistake of ours, were we to say that he has much to learn, it can be no mistake to say that he has not a little to unlearn, and more to bring into practice, before his genius can achieve its destined triumphs. A puerile partiality for particular forms of expression, nay, modes of spelling and of pronunciation, may be easily overlooked in one whom *we* must look on as yet a mere boy; but if he carry it with him, and indulge it in manhood, why it will make him seem silly as his sheep; and should he continue to bleat so when his head and beard are as grey as ours, he will be truly a laughable old ram, and the ewes will care no more for him than if he were a wether.

Further—he must consider that all the fancies that fleet

across the imagination, like shadows on the grass of the tree-tops, are not entitled to be made small separate poems of—about the length of one's little finger; that many, nay, most of them, should be suffered to pass away with a silent "God bless ye," like butterflies, single or in shoals, each family with its own hereditary character mottled on its wings; and that though thousands of those grave brown, and gay golden images will be blown back in showers, as if upon balmy breezes changing suddenly and softly to the *airt* whence inspiration at the moment breathes, yet not one in a thousand is worth being caught and pinned down on paper into poetry "gently as if you loved him"—only the few that are bright with the "beauty still more beauteous"—and a few such belong to all the orders—from the little silly moth that extinguishes herself in your taper, up to the mighty Emperor of Morocco at meridian wavering his burnished downage in the unconsuming sun who glorifies the wondrous stranger.

Now, Mr Tennyson does not seem to know this; or if he do, he is self-willed and perverse in his sometimes almost infantile vanity; (and how vain are most beautiful children!) and thinks that any Thought or Feeling or Fancy that has had the honour and the happiness to pass through *his* mind, must by that very act be worthy of everlasting commemoration. Heaven pity the poor world, were we to put into stanzas, and publish upon it, all our thoughts, thick as motes in the sun, or a summer evening atmosphere of midges!

Finally, Nature is mighty, and poets should deal with her on a grand scale. She lavishes her glorious gifts before their path in such profusion, that Genius—reverent as he is of the mysterious mother, and meeting her at sunrise on the mountains with grateful orisons—with grateful orisons bidding her farewell among the long shadows that stretch across the glens when sunset sinks into the sea—is yet privileged to tread with a seeming scorn in the midst of imagery that to common eyes would be as a revelation of wonders from another world. Familiar to him are they as the grass below his feet. In lowlier moods he looks at them—and in his love they grow beautiful. So did Burns beautify the daisy—"wee modest crimson-tipped flower!" But in loftier moods, the "violet by the mossy stone" is not "half-hidden to the eye"—it is left unthought of to its own sweet existence. The poet

then ranges wide and high, like Thomson, in his "Hymn to the Seasons," which he had so gloriously sung, seeing in all the changes of the rolling year "but the varied god,"—like Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, communing too with the spirit "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Those great men are indeed among the

> "Lights of the world and demigods of fame;"

but all poets, ere they gain a bright name, must thus celebrate the worship of nature. So is it, too, with painters. They do well, even the greatest of them, to trace up the brooks to their source in stone-basin or mossy well, in the glen-head, where greensward glades among the heather seem the birthplace of the Silent People—the Fairies. But in their immortal works they must show us how "red comes the river down;" castles of rock or of cloud—long withdrawing vales, where mid-way between the flowery foreground, and in the distance of blue mountain-ranges, some great city lifts up its dim-seen spires through the misty smoke beneath which imagination hears the hum of life—"peaceful as some immeasurable plain," the breast of old ocean sleeping in the sunshine—or as if an earthquake shook the pillars of his caverned depths, tumbling the foam of his breakers, mast-high, if mast be there, till the canvass ceases to be silent, and the gazer hears him howling over his prey—See—see!—the foundering wreck of a three-decker going down head-foremost to eternity.

With such admonition, we bid Alfred Tennyson farewell.

MEMOIR OF VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR H. BLACKWOOD, BART., K.C.B., K.G.H.

[JULY 1833]

This Island has mainly owed her greatness to her Navy; nor in all the revolutions among kingdoms and empires, that may be destined to take place in time, can we imagine a condition of the world in which her greatness will not still have to be guarded by the same power. It represents the national character in its most formidable attributes, and embodies the national might in the most magnificent impersonation. The British Navy—these are words of fear to tyrants, and of succour to slaves. All shores have been shaken by that thunder; and usurpation has felt the crown falling from its forehead,

> "As patriot hopes arise, and doubts are dumb,
> When bold, in Freedom's cause, the Sons of Ocean come!"

In none of those great sea-fights with the intrepid and skilful Hollanders were our fleets vanquished; some were doubtful or drawn battles; in most our flag flew in triumph. Previous to their Great Revolution, the French never could cope with us at sea; ever after it, whether engaging our fleets with their own, or in junction with the Spaniard, they sustained signal and total overthrows. As certain was the same issue in all single combats between ship and ship; and our enemies fought not for the glory of victory, but of resistance against inevitable defeat. The glories even of Hawke and Rodney were eclipsed by those of Jervis and Nelson—and the dominion of the seas was settled at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

The Americans are of our own blood, and they fought against us, both on shore and sea, in a way worthy of their national origin. At sea, in almost all their victories, but not

in all, they were greatly, in some overwhelmingly, superior in force; nor need we now either be surprised or mortified at the issue of such combats. Britain ought rather to be proud that her flag had never been struck on the sea, and then always with honour, but to her own sons, who, for that freedom's sake which has ever been her own glory, had been nobly rebellious, and in their independence had shown that they were worthy to contend with the heroes of that country from whom they derived their own descent. Never more may they meet as enemies! Providence seems to have assigned to this small island, and to that mighty continent, a different destiny, but equally great; and may both, now and ever, be fulfilled in peace! America, if her councils continue to be wise, will never seek to be a great naval power. Britain will never cease to uphold her Fleets, else of no avail will be her armies; together flourishing they will still go forth, should need ever be, "conquering and to conquer;" but against none, let us all devoutly hope, but the enemies of liberty, and law, and social order, without which, either to men or states, what is life?

We are not among the number of those who fear for the decay of our navy. Within these few years, indeed, many of our most illustrious naval heroes have died; and the rising race of officers and seamen have chiefly fought but at Algiers and Navarino, against the moored ships or the batteries of barbarians, which were of course demolished, under Exmouth and Codrington, and in a way worthy their former fame. But as long as the spirit survives, there will be no want of officers and men for our ships; let that languish, and the navy of England, going to rot in harbour, need never more put to sea.

The bright series of victories won by our invincible army in the Peninsula, and transcendently consummated at Waterloo, seemed for a while to throw our navy into the shade; but as well may the nation forget that name as that of Trafalgar, and allow the names of Wellington and Nelson to fall together into oblivion. The achievements and character of navy and army are alike mighty and immortal; nor need we fear the decline of the spirit that alike animates both services, while that national spirit itself continues to be cherished and upheld by all who have it in their "holy keeping;" and all who breathe the air and tread the soil of liberty have some part in

its guardianship, which they perform, the humblest as well as the highest, while every man, in his own sphere, strives with heart and soul to obey the injunction conveyed in these sublime words — "England expects every man to do his duty."

The achievements of our navy have not wanted their records; and they are now in course of fitting commemoration by the genius of one of the greatest men in England. Southey's History of the Navy will be a work of which all Englishmen will have cause to be proud; and it comes, with peculiar grace, from the biographer of Nelson. We have already innumerable narratives of the wonders wrought by us at sea; nor can we deny ourselves the pleasure of alluding to the *United Service Journal*, by which a knowledge of the valorous exploits of our warriors may now be spread far and wide among all classes, and justice done to many brave men who, unnamed in Gazettes, necessarily exclusive of almost all but officers of higher rank, and leaving numberless brilliant affairs to "blaze in the acting," afterwards unhonoured and unknown, might otherwise have gone down to the grave without their fame; while now their dangers and their duties, daringly encountered and performed, may be heard of far beyond their own firesides, and the memory of their virtues cherished in the hearts of their countrymen, along with the love and admiration for ever awake there for more illustrious leaders.

We rejoice to have had intrusted to our hands authentic documents for a memoir of the professional life of one of our most distinguished naval commanders, the late Sir Henry Blackwood; and while we are proud that our pages are so honoured, it is satisfactory to us to know that they will make thousands acquainted with his character and exploits, who might not have been so, had such a narrative appeared in any periodical publication, however excellent, exclusively dedicated to military and naval affairs.

Sir Henry was the sixth son of Sir John Blackwood, Baronet, and Baroness Dufferin and Clanboye. At the age of eleven years, in April 1781, he entered his Majesty's service, under the protection of Captain M'Bride, on board the Artois frigate, and was present at the Dogger Bank action under Admiral Parker, as well as at the capture of the Pylades

and the Orestes, two Dutch sloops of war, by that frigate, after a short action; and, on serving the intermediate years under Captain Montgomery in the Boreas and the Concord frigates, Hawkins Whitshed in the Rose ditto, and Commodore Corby in the Trusty, of 50 guns, he was promoted from Earl Howe's ship to the rank of lieutenant, in November 1790. In the ensuing year, 1791, he was employed on board the Proserpine frigate, under Captain Curzon; and on the commencement of hostilities with France in January 1793,[1] was appointed to the Active frigate, Captain Nagle, from whence he was removed in July of the same year, by the particular desire and application of the Honourable Captain Pakenham, to become first lieutenant of the Invincible of 74 guns. That good judge of merit had formed a high estimate of Blackwood's abilities; and, in a letter to Admiral Cadwell, he had said, a short time before,—"I have seen your letter to Blackwood. I have only to say, that if your knowledge of him was equal to mine, you would esteem yourself fortunate in having as exact, as attentive, as capable

[1] In the year 1792, or end of 1791, being unemployed, Lieutenant Blackwood went to Angoulême to improve himself in the French language, which he acquired with particular facility, and spoke better than most Englishmen. The beginning of the French Revolution, at this time so interesting to the world at large, too strongly excited his mind to allow him to remain at Angoulême, and he left that place for Paris. He was strongly requested to convey a small book addressed to a family who had emigrated, with a positive assurance it contained neither political matter, nor private correspondence, nor danger to him, but merely on domestic subjects, or he would not have undertaken to deliver it, knowing how the violence of the Revolutionary tribunals raged at this time against the emigrants. On his arrival at Paris, the book, which concealed some letters, was discovered among his effects, when he was seized and immediately taken before the Municipal Council, and then committed to a rigid imprisonment as a bearer of treasonable correspondence, and being an agent to convey money to the emigrants. His confinement was one of the most frightful suspense, as the contents of the concealed letters were unknown to him, and he had every reason to dread the utmost vengeance that Jacobin ferocity could inflict. In a few days he was again brought forward, when it was fortunately proved the papers were free from political topics, and he was to be admitted to bail if some person of responsibility would answer for his appearance at the bar of the Convention, to which the business was to be referred. His friends at Angoulême had given him an introduction to a respectable merchant at Paris, where he lodged for a few days in this critical situation. M. Lafitteau, the name of this generous friend, came forward, and when the court demanded, in stern and threatening terms, who would answer for le Citoyen Blackwood, he arose with great energy, and putting his hand upon his head, exclaimed,—"With my head I will go bail for Mr Blackwood;

an officer as ever I have met with. Having said so much, I do heartily hope that your arrangements will allot him the most distinguished station among your officers, because I know he will, in such a station, give satisfaction. As our first lieutenant is indisposed, if Blackwood is not to be your first, let me entreat you to send him to me until ours recovers." As First Lieutenaut in the Invincible, he continued to serve under the same distinguished captain, until after the actions of the 28th and 29th of May, and 1st of June 1794, under Lord Howe, with the French Fleet. The Invincible engaged the Juste, of 84 guns, a ship vastly superior to her in force (she carried nearly 300 more men—her tonnage was upwards of 2100, the Invincible's little above 1600, and there must have been nearly a corresponding difference in weight of metal), and in half an hour her astonishing fire so demolished her huge opponent, that she bore up in great confusion, and shortly afterwards became an easy conquest to the Queen Charlotte. The Achille and Juste, after that noble ship had shattered and put to flight the Montague and the Jacobin, engaged her, but rather

I know him, and he is a man of honour!" The president of the court then angrily replied,—"Your head be that security—you answer with your life for the accused:" his friend, turning to Sir Henry, said, "Sir, my life is in your hands, but your honour is my protection." The case was represented to several leading members of the Convention, and the day the special report of his arrest was laid before it, he heard with surprise a motion made for his discharge; though one of the most furious of the Jacobins declared, in a speech of great length, that to his knowledge the prisoner was a spy—an emissary of a hateful faction—the agent of men France disowned, and of those apostates who were then plotting, in the cabinet of tyrants, the subversion of liberty and their country:—as an amendment, he should move that the prisoner be remanded and dealt with according to the law. One of the deputies, who had taken a lively interest in favour of Sir Henry, near whom he was seated in the court, arose, and used such strong arguments in favour of his innocence, and the injustice of criminating a stranger by assertions of a stranger only, that a vote was passed for his enlargement. When he requested to know of M. Lafitteau, his protector, in what way he could evince his gratitude, he said, only "by sending me a pair of jockey (Anglais) English *leather breeches*," which was faithfully done.

A singular coincidence occurred some years afterwards. On returning from Egypt, Sir Henry discovered one of his prisoners of war to be a M. Tallien (or some name near it), who had been taken by one of the English cruisers, the most violent of his Jacobin enemies, who had so loudly called for his condemnation in the Assembly.

Sir Henry was in Paris during the massacre in September, from the 2d to the 6th, 1792, and staid till obliged to fly for his life. He attended the Jacobin Clubs several times with Mr Huskisson.

distantly, the Achille on the starboard-quarter, and the Juste on the larboard bow. The Invincible here engaged the Juste on the opposite side, and soon brought down her foremast, and then her main and mizen masts. The Juste now lay abreast of the Queen Charlotte to windward, silenced in her fire, but with a French jack hoisted at her bowsprit end, and a spritsail set to carry her, if possible, out of action. Two hours afterwards, the Charlotte wore, and on passing to leeward of the Juste, finding that she gave no return to her fire, Lord Howe ordered the Invincible's boat, then alongside with an officer, to take possession of the French ship. This officer was Lieutenant Blackwood, whom Captain Pakenham, seeing the crippled state of the Charlotte, had sent to say to Lord Howe that the Invincible was in a state fit to bear his flag. Her fire it was that had conquered the Juste, for owing to that ship being painted similar to the Invincible, who lay at a short distance from her, but was concealed by the smoke, the Frenchman had not attracted the attention of the Charlotte, until, wearing round, he passed under her stern, and gave her a raking broadside—one of his 36-pound shot passing through the Charlotte's wing-transom. The Invincible had 14 killed, and 31 wounded—the Juste, 100 killed, and 145 wounded, her actual complement having been 877 men. For his conduct on this occasion, Lieutenant Blackwood was promoted to the rank of commander, and immediately appointed to the command of the Magæra fireship, to serve under Lord Howe's flag in the Channel fleet, where he remained until the 2d of June, in the following year, when Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, promoted him to the rank of Post Captain in the Nonsuch, of 64 guns, destined to guard the mouth of the Humber.

In April 1796 he was moved, at his own request, to more active service on board the Brilliant, of 28 guns, in which ship he served on the North Sea station nearly two years, under Lord Duncan, when he was moved, about March 1798, to that of Newfoundland, under Admiral Waldegrave, afterwards Lord Radstock; and in July of that year, he maintained a most unequal combat off the Island of Teneriffe, with two French 44-gun frigates, La Vertu and La Régénérée.

The following is his modest account of that skilful and daring action :—

Late in the day of the 26th of July after having chased a sail which, from the information I had, as well as the course she was steering, I suspected to be a French privateer, on her return to Santa Cruz; at night, leaving off chase, I bore up for the north-east end of Teneriffe, in order to intercept her; but the morning of the 27th being very hazy, and thinking she might have passed me in the night, I stood close into the bay of Santa Cruz, where (when well in), perceiving two large French frigates (the one of 40 guns, carrying a broad pendant, the other of 36) in the act of getting under weigh, and making preparations to set all sail, I judged it prudent (crowding everything I could) to steer to the southward.

About 5 o'clock P.M., perceiving that the enemy had gained a good deal, and, as the wind failed us, was gaining still faster, I determined, if possible, to prolong the period of their bringing me into action, till after the close of day, and to manœuvre in the interim, so as to prevent their engaging me both at once. In consequence of which, shifting my steering sails with expedition to the starboard side, and at the same time changing my course to the south-west, I increased my distance nearly a mile; I then reefed my topsails, keeping my steering sails set, in order that my intentions should not be suspected. When all was ready for hauling to the wind, and I had taken in my steering sails, unfortunately the wind shifted so far to the eastward, that I lay nearly along the south-east side of Teneriffe: in this situation, I had no other alternative but that of bearing up, and coming into immediate action with the headmost frigate.

About 7 P.M., the second in command of the enemy had approached so near as to commence his fire, and which I returned with such success, from four steru-chasers, that he judged it prudent to alter his attack to my lee-quarter, where (by very superior sailing) he soon took his station, and engaged me about an hour, at the distance of two cables.

Previous to this, the Commodore, from having hauled more to the wind, had gained my weather-quarter, and perceiving that he was now coming down with his people ready aloft for boarding me, I judged that if I continued in my present position, it would only depend on them to engage me with much advantage together; watching, therefore, most anxiously the moment the frigate to leeward had reached abreast of my mainmast, I bore up athwart his hawse, and raked him so effectually within pistol-shot, that in a few minutes I left him with his top-sails and top-gallant-sails down on the caps, and otherwise in such confusion, that I embraced the present as the most favourable moment to haul to the wind.

The Commodore had now neared me so much, that I expected every instant he would engage me on my weather-quarter, but judging (I conclude) from the reception his consort had met with, that he should not be more successful, instead of choosing his situation and distance for engaging me with effect, he shortened sail and bore up into my wake. By this manœuvre, which was effected with wonderful promp-

titude, I gained so much to windward and ahead, that I was very soon out of gun-shot.

Till 12 o'clock I continued my course, when, just as I was going to tack, a perfect calm succeeded, when the enemy, more fortunate, carrying the breeze up with them, were enabled to place themselves so as to annoy me, without a possibility of my bringing a gun to bear on them. In this mortifying predicament I remained exposed nearly an hour to a very galling fire, when a fresh of wind coming off shore, I weathered and fore-reached them so much, that very soon losing sight of both, I bore up one point every half-hour until 8 o'clock A.M., the 28th, when I hauled close to the wind on the starboard tack.

From the enemy having directed their fire entirely at my rigging, I had but three men killed, and ten wounded slightly; my damage, therefore, consists in a few spars, sails, some standing and most of my running rigging, together with two bower-anchors and two boats I was obliged to cut away early in the chase.

It was not customary at this time to gazette any action, however brilliant, unless a capture was effected; but Blackwood had the satisfaction to know that his heroism on this occasion, and the behaviour of his officers and crew, were the admiration of all those who were themselves most illustrious in the service. Admiral Waldegrave, in his letter to him, acknowledging his account of the action, expresses his "heartfelt satisfaction at his having beat off two large French frigates, each of which had been since clearly ascertained to be nearly double your own force." And adds, "I much doubt, sir, whether our naval annals can furnish so brilliant an action; at least, I can safely affirm a more brilliant one was never achieved. I confess that I am almost at a loss where to fix my admiration on this occasion; whether on your own gallant, skilful, and officer-like conduct throughout the whole, or on the cool, steady, and truly British courage displayed by the officers and men under your command. Suffice it to say, that I feel every part of your conduct relative to this glorious action as I ought; and I request you will be pleased to let those my sentiments be known to every individual in his Majesty's ship." In this public letter he says, "This gallant action speaks so forcibly for itself, as to render any further encomium on my part superfluous." And Lord St Vincent, whose praise was glory, in his letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, from the Ville de Paris, off Cadiz, used these honourable words — "An action in which Captain Blackwood has displayed great valour and judgment, and acquired great renown."

On his return to England in March 1799, he found himself, in consequence of that action, appointed by Lord Spencer to the command of the Penelope of 36 guns, in which he continued to serve on the blockade of Havre-de-Grace and Cherbourg until September of the same year, when he was ordered to the Mediterranean, and served there till May 1802, on various services, and under the orders of Lords Keith and Nelson, Sir Sydney Smith, Sir George Martin, Sir Richard Bickerton, Sir Thomas Troubridge, Sir James Saumarez, Sir Charles Pole, and Sir Richard Keats; during which period, when on the blockade of Malta, he had the good fortune to be so instrumental in the capture of the Guillaume Tell of 80 guns, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Décrès, that Lord Spencer promoted the first Lieutenant of the Penelope, and him only (afterwards Captain Inglis), though Blackwood was only second in command, a circumstance which evinced in a very marked, and very flattering way, the high opinion which the Admiralty and the Admiral entertained of his conduct on that remarkable occasion.

The Guillaume Tell, an 80-gun ship of great power, the capture of which completed the destruction of the French Fleet taken, burnt, and sunk at Aboukir, had been watched in the port of Valette by a British squadron blockading Malta, and on the night of the 30th of March, "taking advantage of a strong southerly gale, and the darkness that had succeeded the setting of the moon, weighed and put to sea." The ever-watchful Blackwood in the Penelope, making the necessary signals to the other ships of the squadron, the Foudroyant, 80, Captain Sir Edward Berry, and the Lion, 64, Captain Manley Dixon (now Sir Manley Dixon), instantly made sail in pursuit, and having at half-past twelve closed with the chase, luffed up under her stern, and gave her the larboard broadside. The Penelope then bore up under her larboard quarter, and gave her the starboard broadside—a game which she kept playing till 5 o'clock, and with such effect, that just before the dawn of day, down came the Guillaume Tell's main and mizen top-masts and main-yard, while the little Penelope, "whose manœuvres," says James in his Naval History, "were directed by a practised seaman," had sustained little or no damage. "A hundred times," says Décrès, the gallant French Admiral, in his letter to the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, "I

was tempted to manœuvre, in order to cripple her from fighting; but as the wind blew fresh, and I observed, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, several ships at the extremity of the horizon, in full sail to support her, I was sensible that by lying to, I should be giving them all time to come up, and that my escape would be impossible. We were thus annoyed during the whole night by this frigate, whose fire brought down our main-topmast about 5 in the morning." True that Décrès durst not, without great peril, have attempted to manœuvre; but if he had, no doubt he would have been baffled by the matchless seamanship of Blackwood. The Lion, on coming up, ran close alongside of the enemy, who, as Captain Dixon said in his letter communicating the capture, "appeared of immense bulk and full of men, keeping up a prodigious fire of musketry;" and, after the Lion had been engaged with her for fifty minutes, from a judicious position in which she could endure that broadside so far superior in weight of metal to her own, the Foudroyant came up, and "after the hottest action that probably was ever maintained by an enemy's ship opposed to those of his Majesty, and being totally dismasted, the French Admiral's colours and flag were struck." Décrès, by his desperate defence so long sustained against such a force and such commanders, gained immortal renown, and none were louder in his praise than his gallant and generous captors. For Blackwood he ever afterwards cherished the warmest regard and the highest admiration, and the heroes were in their hearts friends for life. Captain Dixon, who had done in the Lion all that man could do against such overpowering superiority of force, said, in his letter to Sir Thomas Troubridge, "I have not language to express the high sense of obligation I feel myself under to Captain Blackwood, for his prompt and able conduct in leading the line-of-battle ships to the enemy, for the gallantry and spirit so highly conspicuous in him, and for his admirable management of the frigate. To your discriminating judgment it is unnecessary to remark of what real value and importance such an officer must ever be considered to his Majesty's service."

In that service Captain Blackwood had now gained an enviable name; and his noble heart must have indeed burned within him, on receiving the most enthusiastic congratulations

on his heroism, in a letter full of all kindliest feelings from Lord Nelson.

My dear Blackwood,—Is there a sympathy which ties men together in the bonds of friendship without having a personal knowledge of each other? If so (and, I believe, it was so to you), I was your friend and acquaintance before I saw you. Your conduct and character, on the late glorious occasion, stamps your fame beyond the reach of envy: it was like yourself—it was like the Penelope. Thanks; and say everything kind for me to your brave officers and men. When I receive any official letter on the subject, I shall notice your and their gallant services in the way they merit. Tell Captain Ormsby I have recommended him to Lord Keith, and hope it will answer his wishes. How fortunate he has been to be with you! It will give him, I am sure, the next step, and not interfere with Captain Long, or any other master and commander who might have been present. I shall see you very soon, either here or at Malta. But in every situation I am your sincere and attached friend.

(Signed) Bronte, Nelson of the Nile.

Palermo, 5th April 1802.

In May 1802, at the peace of Amiens, he was superseded in the command of the Penelope; and in April the following year, on the recommencement of hostilities with France, Lord St Vincent gave him command of the Euryalus of 36 guns, in which ship he served on the Irish station under the command of Lord Gardner and Admiral Drury; and afterwards, on the Boulogne blockade, under Lord Keith and Sir Thomas Louis. On his return to the Irish station, he was sent by Admiral Drury to endeavour to fall in with, and trace the movements of, the French and Spanish combined fleets under Villeneuve and Gravina, who had put to sea from Ferrol, after their rencontre with Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. Having watched them into Cadiz, he accomplished a passage to England in five days, and the Government were thereby enabled to make the promptest efforts for despatching Lord Nelson, with all the ships then ready for sea, to take command of the fleet which had assembled off Cadiz, under Admiral Collingwood.

On his way to London, with despatches, he called at Lord Nelson's villa at Merton about 5 in the morning, and found him already up and dressed. "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets, and I think I shall yet have to beat them." Lord Nelson followed him to London, and in talking over the operations that were intended on returning to

the Mediterranean, often repeated, "Depend on it, Blackwood, I shall yet give Mr Villeneuve a drubbing."

In ten days Blackwood accompanied Lord Nelson, by his request, to the Admiralty, on that memorable service; and on arrival off Cadiz, 29th September 1805, was appointed by him to the command of the in-shore squadron, consisting of five frigates and four sloops, to watch and report the movements of the enemy.

Nelson had offered him a line-of-battle ship—his choice of several—among them the Revenge, one of the finest ships in the navy; but he resolved to remain by his Euryalus, thinking he would have more service to perform as senior officer of the frigates. He did not then believe that a general action was about to take place, thinking that the terror of Lord Nelson's name would keep the combined fleets in harbour. "Various opinions there are," said he, in a letter to England, "but they will not budge, unless forced out by blockade. Such a fleet as Lord Nelson will have in another week, indeed as he has already, England never sent out before."

From the day he joined to the 20th of October, the day previous to the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson maintained a station from thirteen to twenty leagues west of Cadiz, but kept up a constant communication with the Commodore by a line of signals. We have already seen how high Blackwood stood in Nelson's esteem; and he performed the difficult duty now intrusted to him, so as to justify the confidence reposed in his skill, promptitude, sagacity, and daring, by that illustrious hero. Those "eyes of the fleet" were ever watchful; and Nelson, with his mighty armament lying "hushed in grim repose" far out of sight of the enemy, that they might not remain in port fear-bound, knew that the instant they should begin to make the slightest movement for putting to sea, Blackwood would telegraph along his line, always skilfully disposed and steady in spite of all weathers, when to "expect his evening prey."

On the 1st of October, the report from Rear-Admiral Louis, commanding the advanced squadron off Cadiz, made to Lord Nelson was, that thirty-four ships of the line (eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish), with four frigates and two brigs, were ready for sea in the outer harbour; and on the next day, Blackwood sent his Lordship word "that within the last few days there had been a great deal of bustle and movements in

Cadiz; every one capable of serving had been sent on board the ships, and the French troops disembarked on their arrival, had been reimbarked." Every word of Lord Nelson's possesses an undying interest; and for that reason, as well as to show, in the midst of all his continued anxiety lest the combined fleets might, by some unhappy accident, escape him, the perfect trust he had in Blackwood's vigilance and skill, on which all depended, we quote the following original letters. What a picture they give of the state of his mind! Possessed, without one moment's cessation, with but one desire, one hope!—That the enemy might come out, and meet annihilation —though we know that he had an assurance he was himself to die!

Victory, October 4, 1805.
Cadiz, east 17 *leagues.*

My dear Sir,—I have received from Rear-Admiral Louis your information respecting the intended movements of the enemy, which strengthens my conviction that you estimate as I do the importance of not letting these rogues escape us without a fair fight, which I pant for by day and dream of by night. I am momentarily expecting the Phœbe, Sirius, Naiad, and Niger, from Gibraltar; two of them shall be with you directly as I get hold of them; and if you meet them, and there is any way of sending information and their despatches from Gibraltar, keep Naiad and Phœbe. Juno is a fixture between Cape Spartel and Gibraltar; Mars, Colossus, and Defence, will be stationed four leagues east from the fleet, and one of them advanced to the east towards Cadiz, and as near as possible in the latitude. The fleet will be from sixteen to eighteen leagues west of Cadiz; therefore, if you throw a frigate west from you, most probably, in fine weather, we shall communicate daily. In fresh breezes easterly, I shall work up for Cadiz, never getting to the northward of it; and in the event of hearing they are standing out of Cadiz, I shall carry a press of sail to the southward towards Cape Spartel and Arrache, so that you will always know where to find me. I am writing out regular instructions for the frigates under your orders, but I am confident you will not let these gentry slip through our fingers, and then we shall give a good account of them, although they may be very superior in numbers. The Royal Sovereign and Defiance were to sail after the 24th. Belleisle, too, is ordered here. I send you two papers; I stole them for you.—Ever, my dear Blackwood, most faithfully your friend,

(Signed) Nelson and Bronte.

Victory, October 8, 1805.

My dear Sir,—I send Naiad to you, and will Phœbe and Weazle as I can lay hands upon them. I am gratified (because it shows your soul is in your business) and obliged by all your communications. I see you

feel how much my heart is set on getting at these fellows, whom I have hunted so long; but don't, my dear Blackwood, be angry with any one; it was only a laudable anxiety in Admiral Louis, and nothing like complaining.

The Portuguese is a rogue, but I have desired the bullocks to be bought, and threatened him the next time. Defiance has joined. Royal Sovereign has signalised. If there are letters you shall have them; but I fear the cutter will never beat up to you. I wish I may be able to keep the Pickle with you; she will be very handy to protect your boats, &c., in the night.—Believe me ever yours faithfully,

(Signed) Nelson and Bronte.

P.S.—Sir John Duckworth comes out in the London, Sir Robert Barlow in Barfleur, *vice* Geo. Martin, very ill, but this is all—therefore you will give due weight to the report. The canal of St Pedro is a good speculation for boats in the night. Several ships and brigs are coming from Tariffe.

Victory, October 9, 1805, 8 *a.m.*
Cadiz, due east 19 *leagues.*

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your letter of yesterday. Let us have them out. The Weazle, I hope, has joined, although you don't mention her. Keep the schooner; she will be useful in the night close in-shore; and as Weazle sails faster, you can send her to me with accounts when you can't communicate by signals; I should never wish to be more than forty-eight hours without hearing from you. Hydra you can victual and water out of the other frigates, who are all full. There were no letters for you in the Royal Sovereign—at least none came to the Victory. Collingwood has got the paper of the 23d; if he has not lent it I have desired him to send it to you. Agamemnon, Belleisle, and very probably London, are at this moment on their passage; therefore, if Mr Décrès means to come forth (if he would take my advice, which I daresay he won't), he had better come out directly. Those who know more of Cadiz than either you or I do, say, that after those Levanters come several days of fine weather, sea-breezes westerly, land wind at night; and that if the enemy are bound into the Mediterranean they would come out at night, which they have always done, placing frigates on the Porpoises and Diamond, and the Shoal of Cadiz, run to the southward, and catch the sea-breezes at the mouth of the Gut, and push through whilst we might have little wind in the offing. In short, watch all points, and all winds and weathers, for I shall depend upon you. Remember me to Capel, Parker, Munday, and Captain Prowse, and be assured, I am ever, and always yours,

(Signed) Nelson and Bronte.

Victory, October 10, 1805.
Cadiz, east 13 *leagues.*

My dear Blackwood,—Keep your five frigates, Weazle and Pickle, and let me know every movement.

I rely on you, that we can't miss getting hold of them, and I will give

them such a shaking as they never yet experienced; at least I will lay down my life in the attempt. We are a very powerful fleet, and not to be held cheap. I have told Parker, and do you direct ships bringing information of their coming out, to fire guns every three minutes by the watch, and in the night to fire off rockets, if they have them, from the mast-head.

I have nothing more to say, than I hope they will sail to-night.—Ever yours, most faithfully.

(Signed) Nelson and Bronte.

Victory, October 14, 1805.

My dear Sir,—I approve most highly of your care of the store-ship; but if it should so happen that you could not spare a frigate for that service, the ship might be safely ordered up to the fleet. The yard boat has not joined us—the swell has been probably too great—but I would not recommend accounts of great consequence to be sent by them; a few words might be wrote by telegraph. Sir Richard Keats was certainly in sight of the French squadron. I wish he was stronger, but I am sure he will spoil their cruising.

I hope we shall soon get our Cadiz friends out, and then we may (I hope) flatter ourselves that some of them will cruise on our side; but if they do not come forth soon, I shall then rather incline to think they will detach squadrons; but I trust either in the whole, or in part, we shall get at them.

I am confident in your look-out upon them. I expect three stout fireships from England; then, with a good breeze, so that the gunboats cannot move, and yet not so much but that a gig can with ease row out, I should hope that at the least the gentry may be disturbed, and I should not be surprised if Mr Francis and his catamarans were sent, and Colonel Congreve and his rockets—but all this keep to yourself, for officers will talk, and there is no occasion for putting the enemy on their guard. When these arrive, we will consult how to manage them, and I shall have the two bombs ready by that time.—Ever, my dear Sir, I am yours most faithfully.

(Signed) Nelson and Bronte.

Do you send your letters—they shall be taken care of. Would you like them to go by Lisbon packet when I send mine?

At half-past nine on the morning of the 19th, signal was made "that the enemy were coming out of port;" at three, "that the enemy's fleet was at sea;" on the morning of the 20th, Nelson was informed that "nearly forty sail of ships of war had been seen outside of Cadiz yesterday evening;" and towards the close of the day, anxious lest the enemy might endeavour to avoid a general action by passing the Straits into the Mediterranean during the night, which promised darkness and squalls, he made the following telegraphic

signal to the Euryalus—"*I rely on you that I do not miss the enemy.*"

In consequence of that signal, after placing the frigates and other small vessels under his orders in the best position, Blackwood took his own station, during the night, not more than half a gunshot from the ship which he guessed was the one that bore the Admiral's flag; and on the 19th, and on the morning of the day of the great battle, he thus wrote home :—

What think you, my own dearest love? At this moment the enemy are coming out, and as if determined to have a fair fight; all night they have been making signals, and the morning showed them to us getting under sail. They have thirty-four sail of the line, and five frigates. Lord Nelson has but twenty-seven sail of the line with him; the rest are at Gibraltar, getting water. Not that he has not enough to bring them to close action: but *I* want him to have so many as to make this the most decisive battle that was ever fought, and which may bring us lasting peace, and all its blessings. Within two hours, though our fleet was sixteen leagues off, I have let Lord N. know of their coming out, and have been enabled to send a vessel to Gibraltar, which will bring Admiral Louis and the ships there. At this moment (happy sight!) we are within four miles of the enemy, and talking to Lord N. by means of Sir H. Popham's signals, though so distant, but reached along by the rest of the frigates of the squadron. You see, dearest, I have time to write to you, and to assure you that to the latest moment of my breath, I shall be as much attached to you as man can be. It is odd how I have been dreaming all night of carrying home despatches. God send me such good luck! The day is fine, and the sight magnificently beautiful. I expect before this hour to-morrow to carry General Décrès on board the Victory in my barge, which I have just painted nicely for him.

Monday morning, 21*st*.

The last twenty-four hours has been most anxious work for me; but we have kept sight of them, and at this moment bearing up to come to action. Lord N. twenty-seven sail of the line. French, thirty-three or thirty-four. I wish the six we have at Gibraltar were here. My signal just made on board the Victory; I hope, to order me into a vacant line-of-battle ship. My dearest dear Harriet, your husband will not disgrace your love or name: if he dies, his last breath will be devoted to the dearest, best of wives. Take care of my boy; make him a better man than his father.—Most and ever affectionately,

H. B.

Lord Nelson called Blackwood on board the Victory. He then informed him that he had intended moving him from command of the Euryalus into the Ajax or Thunderer, then with-

out Captains, but that, on reflection, he was convinced that Blackwood would be of more essential service in the command of the light squadron. He had selected him for it—the highest proof of confidence that could have been shown. How admirably Blackwood had done his all-important and difficult duty in watching the enemy, we have seen; and among the manifold and imminent perils to which the victorious fleet was exposed, through that tempestuous weather, in which so many of the captured ships perished, the conduct of the Euryalus proved that Nelson indeed had known his man, and that his resources were equal to all emergencies. He remained five hours and a half on board the Victory, nor left it till the enemy had opened their fire, Nelson's last words to him being, "God bless you, Blackwood—I shall never see you more!"

The following letters speak for themselves, and show that the brave heart of him who wrote them was the seat of all noble sentiments, and of all tender affections :—

The first hour since yesterday morning that I could call my own is now before me to be devoted to my dearest wife, who, thank God, is not a husband out of pocket. My heart is however sad, my Harriet, and penetrated with the deepest anguish and sorrow. A victory, and such a one as was never before achieved, took place yesterday in the course of five hours; but at such an expense, in the loss of the most gallant of men —the best and kindest of friends, as renders it to me a victory I could hardly have ever wished to witness on such terms. After performing wonders by his noble example and coolness, Lord Nelson was wounded by a French sharpshooter, and expired in three hours after, boundlessly beloved, regretted, and honoured. To any but yourself I would not at such a moment write what I feel; but you know, and enter into my inmost mind. I do not hesitate to say, that in my life I never was so shocked, grieved, or entirely overcome, as upon my flying to the Victory, even before the action was over, to find our hero in the grasp of death. His unfortunate decorations of innumerable stars, and his unbounded gallantry, caused his death. And such an Admiral has the country lost, and every man and officer so good, so kind, so considerate a friend, as was never equalled. I thank God he lived to know that such a victory, under circumstances so disadvantageous, never was before accomplished. All seemed as if inspired by one common sentiment, to conquer or die. The enemy, to do them justice, appeared no less so. They awaited the attack of the British with coolness, and they fought in a way that must do them honour. As a spectator, who saw all that was done on both sides, I must ever do them the justice to say this. They are, however, beat, and I trust it may be the means of hastening on a peace. Buonaparte, I firmly believe, forced them to sea to try his luck, and what it

might procure for him. They had the flower of the combined fleet, and I hope it will convince Europe at large, that he has not yet learnt enough to cope with the English at sea. No history can record such a brilliant and complete victory. At twelve o'clock yesterday it commenced, and ended about five; leaving in our hands nineteen sail of the line, one of which afterwards blew up—the Achille, a French ship. They were attacked in a way no other Admiral ever before conceived an idea of, and equally surprised them. Lord N., though it was not his station, would lead, supported by Captains Harvey and Freemantle in Temeraire and Neptune. He went into the very thickest of it; was successful in his first and great object, and has left cause for every man who has a heart to feel and a mind to reflect, never, never to forget him. I left off in my last, telling you I was called to obey the signal on board the Victory, and imagined it was to take the command of one of the vacant line-of-battle ships. It was, however, only to talk and explain to me what he expected from the frigates in and after the action; to thank me, which he did but too lavishly, too kindly, for the service I had afforded him, the intelligence and look-out we had kept; and to tell me, if he lived, he should send me home with the despatches. Have I not, therefore, but too much cause to lament so considerate, so kind a man? How entirely has he acted up to the letter I send you, which I know you will keep and value, the issue has proved; and how glad I am to possess it I cannot express. I staid with him till the enemy commenced their fire on the Victory. When he sent me away, he said at parting, "we should meet no more;" he made me witness his will; and I left him with a heavy heart. The loss in the Victory, and I believe in nearly all the ships, has been sufficient to convince us the enemy have learnt to fight better than ever they did; and I hope it is not an injustice to the second in command, who is now on board Euryalus, and who fought like a hero, that the fleet under any other never could have performed what they did under Lord N.; but under him it seemed like inspiration. To give you an idea of the man, and the heart he had, the last signal he made was such as would immortalise his name. He saw the enemy were determined to see it out, and as if he had not already inspired every one with ardour and valour like himself, he made the following general signal by Sir Home Popham's telegraph, viz., "England expects that every man will do his duty." This was of course conveyed by general signals from his ship; and the alacrity with which the individual ships answered it, proved how entirely they entered into his feelings and wishes. Would to God he had lived to see his prizes, and the Admirals he has taken—three in all, and among them the French commander-in-chief, Admiral Villeneuve, and not Décrès, as I thought. I am so depressed with both the public loss, and my own private loss in such a friend, that really the victory and all the other advantages are lost in the mournful chasm and cause for sorrow in the death of this great and much-loved hero. I can scarcely credit he is no more, and that we have, in sight of the Spanish shore, so complete and unheard-of a victory. Ever since last evening we have had a most dreadful gale of wind, and it is with difficulty the ships who

tow them keep off shore. Three, I fear, must be lost, and with them many hundred souls each. What horrid scourge is war! I must now impart, my dearest life, my hopes and doubts as to our soon meeting. Hardy, whose grief and despair for the loss of such a friend as Lord N. is quite touching, told me he should name to Lord Collingwood the intention of Lord N. to send me home; and as the account must go in a fast sailer and strong frigate, I hope I may be the lucky man to bear Hardy company with the joyful tidings. Admiral Collingwood, who has hoisted his flag here for a week or so, his own ship being dismasted, is a reserved, but a pleasing, good man; and as he fought like an angel, I like much to hear as yet he has said nothing on the subject; but as Lord N.'s body is to be carried to England, it must be in a safe ship. The work we have before us, with such a disabled fleet, and in such weather, is no trifle. I hope it will mend, and that the ships and prisoners may be all saved; but at present most anxious is our situation. Since Saturday I have not had my clothes off. I am tired to death, but should have been miserable had any opportunity occurred and you had not heard.

Wednesday, 23d.

Last night and this day, my dearest Harriet, has been trying to the whole fleet, but more so to the Admiral who has the charge. It has blown a hurricane; but, strange to say, we have as yet lost but one ship —one of our finest prizes—La Redoubtable; but which I feel the more, as so many poor souls were lost. But this is not all. The remains of the French and Spanish fleet have rallied, and are at this moment but a few miles from us—their object, of course, to recover some captured ships, or take some of the disabled English; but they will be disappointed, for I think and hope we shall have another touch at them ere long. We are now lying between them and our prizes, with eleven complete line-of-battle ships, besides more ready to come to us if we want them. The Admiral is still on board my ship; and we are leading the fleet, which, you will believe, suits my taste. The enemy appear to have about thirteen ships and some frigates; therefore I trust they may fall an easy prey, and the Admiral has a strong desire to put a finisher to the affair. My astonishment is that they had exertion enough to come out again: it shows, however, they are no longer a navy to be despised as we used to do, though I have always given them more credit for vigour and determination than most others. I trust they may persevere, and we shall then convince Mr Buonaparte, that even with his best discipline, we can give them such an overthrow as the annals of history cannot produce. Lord C. appeared delighted with Euryalus, and will not, I hope, leave her, if another action takes place, where he will see so much better what to do than if engaged himself.

Friday, 25th.

Melancholy are the accounts I have this day to give of our prizes. Since the night before last, the gale has continued with a steadiness I never witnessed. All yesterday and last night the majority of the English fleet have been in the most perilous state; our ships much

crippled, with dismasted prizes in tow; our crews tired out, and many thousand prisoners to guard; all to be done with a gale of wind blowing us right on the shore. How very unfortunate that after so signal, so unheard-of a victory, we shall have none of the enemy's ships to show in England! I suppose that if two or three of our prizes are saved, it will be the utmost extent. Thank God, that almost all the very badly crippled English have as yet kept off shore, though, if the gale lasts, I cannot conceive that they will be much longer able to preserve a distance. But Providence directs it all, and it is all for the best. The melancholy sights we experienced yesterday of ships driven on shore, others burning, and the rest that we have been forced to sink (after withdrawing as many men as we could), for fear of their again falling into the hands of the enemy, cannot be described. Close to the port of Cadiz. I had to destroy the Santissima Trinidada, Spanish ship of 100 guns; the St Anne, a ship of the same size and class, was also destroyed. All this, my dearest Harriet, will make you sad as well as myself; but could you witness the grief and anxiety of Admiral Collingwood (who has done all that an admiral could do), you would be very deeply affected. But we cannot help it, and still less avert the hand of Providence, who in the first instance gave us so great a victory. The enemy will, however, be nineteen ships *minus*, and I do not think we shall be one, which, after all, is wonderful; though we should have liked, after so many perils, to have shown in Old England the fruits of our labours. What is to become of our disabled ships (having no port in the Mediterranean nearer than Malta) I know not; which Admiral Collingwood appears very much to feel, and the more so as he is little acquainted with the Mediterranean. I am happy that I have been enabled to render him any service; and had he not come on board here, even our own fleet might not have been saved. From the disabled state of most of the ships, they could not be collected, so that we have been doing nothing else but running to all points, the ship covered with signals, to try and get them together, and off from the shore, in which I hope at last we shall succeed. The French commander-in-chief, Villeneuve, is at this moment at my elbow; he was brought hither yesterday from one of our ships: and I hope and believe, from what transpired last night, that I shall carry him and the two other captive Admirals to England. I find, however, that I am not to carry Captain Hardy with Admiral Collingwood's public letter. That is to be despatched the moment some reports are collected from our ships. The despair and astonishment of Admiral Villeneuve at so many having fallen, cannot easily be conceived. Dear must Lord Nelson's memory ever be to all. His place as an Admiral cannot, in my opinion, ever be filled up. Hitherto my head from employment has been in such a gale of wind, that I have not been able to devote a thought almost to the loss of such a friend. On the day of action, he not only gave me the command of all the frigates for the purpose of assisting disabled ships; but he also gave me a latitude seldom or never given,—that of making any use I pleased of his name in ordering any of the sternmost line-of-battle ships to do what

struck me as best. I wish to God he had yielded to my entreaties to come on board my ship. We might all, then, have preserved (vain thought!) the kindest of friends, and the country the greatest Admiral ever was; but he would not listen to it, and I did not take my leave of him till the shot were flying over and over the Victory.

Villeneuve says he never saw anything like the irresistible fire of our ships; but that of the Victory, supported by Neptune and Temeraire, was what we could not have formed any judgment of; but I did what I could to render him and his ships all the service in my power during the heat of the action. I went down among them all, and took the Royal Sovereign in tow, which enabled him to keep his broadside on the enemy; all of this without firing a shot from Euryalus, which was difficult to prevent, but, had I permitted it, I could not have performed the service. But when I remember how many are the gallant instances of heroism performed by many of the fleet, which cannot all be noticed, how little ought I to expect to see my name in his letter! Therefore, if he does not do it, I assure you I shall feel satisfied with his private acknowledgments, which have been most gratifying. In the performance of this service we were fortunate; for though the rigging and sails were damaged, I did not lose a man. Lord Collingwood told me last night he was thinking to send me home; and if I go I shall have to carry the three Admirals, as well as the body of poor Lord Nelson, at whose funeral, please God, I shall offer my services as a sincere mourner.

Saturday, 26th.

The gale continues with a violence which alarms me for the safety of some of our disabled ships. I never saw such bad weather in these southern latitudes; and how it will distress Collingwood to relate the melancholy tale of the loss of our prizes, possibly that of some of our own crippled ships! It is hard, indeed, that so splendid, so unheard-of a victory should have been attended with so dreadful a stroke to us as well as to the enemy; many thousands of whom, I may say, perished by fire and water. The Pickle schooner is this moment going to England with the public despatches, or as soon as we can get a boat on board, for it yet blows a hurricane; it will carry back the duplicates, as well as the captive Admirals, the trophies, &c.

I do not send you the two letters of Lord Nelson I intended, for fear this vessel might be taken; but I will transcribe one of them. Poor dear ill-fated man, not to have lived long enough to see the fruits of his noble exertions! Though, since he was to die of his wound, it is better that it took place previous to the loss of his prizes. No man ever died more gloriously, or more sincerely regretted. He was the bravest, most generous, kindest of men!

Blackwood's services were not forgotten by Collingwood in his letter, but mentioned in that simple style so characteristic of that good and great man. "The Royal Sovereign having

lost her masts, excepting the tottering foremast, I called the Euryalus to me, while the action yet continued, which ship lying within hail, made my signals, a service which Captain Blackwood performed with great attention. After the action I shifted my flag to her, that I might more easily communicate my orders, and towed the Royal Sovereign out to eastward." So satisfied was he with the exertions of every one on board the Euryalus—and all can conceive the difficulty of a frigate towing a ship of three decks dismasted in action, and all the while repeating the Admiral's signals while her own crew were forbidden to fire—that he promoted Lieutenant Quash (since dead as post-captain), and two midshipmen to be lieutenants, Mr Bailie, and that excellent officer, now Captain Hercules Robinson. In a letter to Blackwood himself, the Admiral most warmly acknowledged his obligations. "Whatever I could say of you, or your services, and the benefit I received from them, was well deserved, for in the intricate situation of our affairs, and anxious time I had when in the Euryalus, I received from you an aid which is not often to be obtained, and I consider it a part, a material part of my good fortune, that I embarked in your ship." Nelson, as all the world knows, with his dying words, had requested that, after the action, the fleet might be brought to anchor; but it was universally admitted by the service that, in such weather, that was impossible; and that Collingwood did all that Nelson himself could have done, had he survived the great battle. Blackwood brought to England despatches from Collingwood (with Villeneuve on board), in which the Admiral again expressed "his high obligations to that officer for his zeal and activity and great assistance;" and at the funeral of England's greatest hero, when so many heroes "did celebrate his obsequies," and a grateful country bathed his bier in tears, he was train-bearer to Sir Peter Parker, the chief mourner.

In the ensuing year, 1806, his rank not permitting him to continue in the command of a frigate—the names of the Brilliant, the Penelope, and the Euryalus, will be for ever memorable—he was nominated by Lord Barham to command the Ajax, of 80 guns, in the Mediterranean, under the orders of Lord Collingwood, and joined his Lordship off Cadiz, on the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. Early in the following

year, the Ajax was to form one of a squadron under Sir John Duckworth, on the expedition up the Dardanelles against Constantinople; but at the mouth of the Straits, during the night of the 14th of February, she was found to be on fire, and in a short time lamentably perished with half her crew. It appeared, on a court of inquiry, that the fire broke out in the bread-room, both the purser's steward and his mate having been in a state of intoxication; and it is needless to add, "that it was proved before the court, that every possible precaution had been taken before the fire was discovered, and after it every possible exertion used by Captain Blackwood and his officers for the preservation of the ship," a judgment afterwards corroborated by a Court-Martial, before whom they were fully and honourably acquitted.

Royal George, off the Dardanelles,
February 17, 1807.

Your husband, my beloved Harriet, is safe, but Ajax is no more. Melancholy and wretched as you may suppose I am at such a loss in all ways, and on the eve of such a service, having to lament 300 men, many of my best officers, and some of my finest youngsters, it is yet some consolation to feel how happy the communication of my safety will make my dearest wife and friends; and were it not for that, and having, thank God, the fullest means to clear my character, which, as far as a Court of Inquiry could do, has been effected; and that my existence is necessary to the happiness of so dear and affectionate a wife, and to the support of my family, such a misfortune as I have experienced leaves little relish for life. Yet, after being so mercifully spared with 400 others, and unmutilated, as well as the recollection, that had the event occurred the night before, when it blew a gale, not a soul could have escaped, it is almost ungrateful to that Divine Providence who protected us to express such a feeling. But, in spite of all the fortitude and courage I thought I possessed, unhappy am I, when I think that I have lost so many good officers, and men and boys, with everything we had on board: yet the consolation I shall derive from the possession of so affectionate and good a wife, with the sight of my children, must be my sheet-anchor. After my duty is over, and my trial ended, though broke down in spirits and nearly ruined in fortune, I shall fly with confidence to you. But this is extraneous. I must now relate the melancholy exit of the Ajax, a ship so noble—that I had prided myself so much in the command of—that I had taken such anxious pains in preparing for the service before us, and which I vainly hoped to derive credit from; when I recall all this, and the loss of so many fine brave fellows, I am nearly unmanned by sorrow. On the night of the 14th February, at 9 o'clock, she was burnt in the most extraordinary rapid way that I believe was ever witnessed—an event dreadful in all its consequences to the service we

are upon; though I will clearly prove before a Court (were they even my enemies, they must acknowledge), no captain ever did more by his care and arrangements to obviate such a calamity than I did. Everybody did what they could to save the ship when on fire, nor did I desert her till the flames almost touched me. From the various precautions I had always taken, and dreading such an event with horror, I considered it as impossible. From the moment of alarm, exactly at 9 o'clock, when all (sentinels and those on watch excepted) were in bed, till she was in flames from the main to the mizen rigging, sails and all, did not exceed twenty minutes. Taking men out of sound sleep to face fire (of which sailors have greater horror than most others, and with reason), close to the magazine, which every instant I expected to explode—the hammocks all below which were fuel—my surprise is that even for a few minutes it could be stifled, so as to afford some sort of arrangement for escape, and for the boats of the squadron to come to us, many of which, though near, were afraid to approach us, whilst some did wonders. The night was fortunately moderate, or all must have perished. In this we have indeed cause to be grateful to Providence; yet I cannot help lamenting so many fine fellows, on the eve of such a service, who had so ably seconded all my efforts, should be so untimely cut off. It proves the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable. To lose a ship in action is what we must all contemplate as possible, but by fire! To that I can never reconcile my mind. To-morrow, if the present wind holds, the squadron, in which my poor fellows are divided, proceed up to Constantinople; and when we see what can be effected there, we are to proceed on our way to Lord Collingwood, off Cadiz, to be tried. The opinion of the Court of Inquiry, which I enclose, will show you from whence the fire issued; and had it not been for a cruel restriction of Lord Collingwood's to Sir J. Duckworth, and which all feel as most hard and oppressive, from the highest to the lowest, it would have sat yesterday. If I can get it copied in time, it shall go to-night by Mr W. Pole, who goes with Mr Arbuthnot's despatches, and has promised to see you.

I dread to make out the list of those lost: at the head of which is poor Sibthorpe, of whom, poor fellow, as we both jumped overboard, I took leave, and begged he would keep as near to me as he could; but, from the moment he touched the water, I never saw him more. To many of their friends I must request you will find proper means to convey this most melancholy intelligence; I am really unequal to it. The people's prize-money, as well as youngsters' allowances, I had on board to pay, as money is not to be got but at great loss here. Much has been lost to the English Factory at Constantinople, which we had received that morning with one of the merchants, Mr Pickering. At the first alarm of fire, I made the necessary signal for immediate assistance, and beat to quarters; on which the people flew to their quarters, and an ocean of water was soon turned in; but before I could reach the bread-room, where the origin lay, it had gained such head, we were all obliged to retreat. I fortunately, however, succeeded in drowning the magazine, and another attempt was

made, till the men fell with the buckets in their hands. My next effort was to stifle it to gain time to escape and get the boats out; but before I could reach the quarter-deck the flames burst out of the hatchway. I therefore found all attempts to get boats hoisted out useless, and I desired all about me (whom I could only feel in the smoke, and not see) to save themselves the best way they could, when all pushed for the head of the ship, which, being to windward, was safest. Aware that coolness was the best means of preserving my own life, as well as that of not hurrying men overboard who could not swim, I stood on the gangway, till the crowd was out of the way, and exhorted every one to keep by the ship till the last moment, that boats might have time to come. This I believe had a very desirable effect, and I then walked to the forecastle, always keeping an eye on the progress of the flame; but in going forward, and not seeing my way, down I fell into the main deck; even at which period I never gave up the idea of being saved: strength and activity rescued me from a situation most horrid, as suffocated people lay all around. I soon gained the forecastle, where I stood for some time, till forced farther forward. Here, when on the bowsprit, all was dreadful as is possible to be conceived; the cries of the people, increased by the progress of the fire, particularly amongst those that could not swim, cannot be described.

I now got on the spritsail-yard, determined to wait there till the last moment; but soon it became too heavy, and I saw we must all go in the water together, which would have been certain destruction; added to which, everybody became clamorous that I should save myself. Therefore, after a few minutes more, overboard I went, with a heart as much devoted to so dear a wife as ever man's was, and with the fullest sense of all her excellent and superior good qualities, trusting myself to Providence. I never thought I should be lost. When I had been in the water about half an hour, looking at my unfortunate ship, I fell in with an oar, from which some poor fellow had been parted; I clung to it, and though much exhausted, not dismayed in my hopes of safety; my heart and head always turned to embracing you again, and which I am persuaded aided me in supporting myself. In about a quarter of an hour more I fell in with one of the Canopus' boats, with Mackworth, and many others; they pulled me in with difficulty, and after a long row, which was worse from being so chilled in the water with a cold north-east wind, that, having escaped one death, all thought I had found another.

The kind assistance I found on board Sir Thomas Louis' ship, where I was laid in hot blankets, &c., restored me, unhappy and broken-hearted as man can be. I know not to say with any certainty when I shall return home. We have yet to get up to Constantinople, afterwards execute our business there; then make a passage to Malta, Gibraltar, off Cadiz, where the court-martial must take place, and then to England when an opportunity offers. Amidst all my distresses, it will be gratifying to you to hear how kindly—I may say, how affectionately I have been treated by every one, each trying who could be of most service—Capel, Legge,

Mowbray, Sir Sydney Smith, Bowles, Dunn, and, though last, not least, Sir John Duckworth, whose consideration and solicitude, for a man of his years, is singular. Having only a shirt and flannel waistcoat on when I jumped over, you will conceive I have occasion to levy contributions; and I am now rigged out in a most extraordinary way.

The private loss sustained by Captain Blackwood was necessarily very great; his riches lay in honours, not in worldly wealth; and he felt for his family, as some affecting expressions in his letters, communicating intelligence of the dire disaster, sufficiently show; but his greatest grief was for the death of so many of his officers and crew; for the loss sustained by the squadron, about to enter on a perilous service, in the destruction of one of its finest ships; for that ship herself, his own Ajax, so nobly officered and manned, in the highest state of order and discipline, and in which he had hoped to gain new laurels. "Certainly if any officer had a just cause to lament the loss of his ship, it is myself. So fine a ship—in so good state for any service—a crew I had been taking such pains to form—with officers seconding and entering into my views—and on the eve of so singular, and I trust so glorious a service. It is hard to bear—it is heart-breaking indeed!" In another letter he says—"How shall I ever be able to get the better of it? When I recollect how many gallant officers and men, as well as the boys I had under me, were all hurried in so dreadful a way into eternity! My heart bleeds too for Sir John Duckworth, who at such a moment must have felt much for the loss of such a ship. Let me strive to console myself with the reflection of having done my duty before and after the event, and trust to Providence for some relief. Your letters, picture, papers, were all in an instant consumed. Thankful am I to the Almighty for giving me strength and coolness in such an hour of trial. Had it not been for the fond and anxious recollections I had of my family, the misery my death would cause them, as well as a wish to rescue my character from the imputation of neglect in any shape, I declare to God I felt to care little whether I was saved or not. That which my heart clings to is a sight yet of you and my children, from which I look for more relief than from any other source." The same spirit breathes through all his letters relative to the melancholy event. "I am sure when I recollect the heavy gale that blew the preceding night,

we cannot be sufficiently thankful to Providence that the fire happened when it did, else a soul could not have been saved. I trust you have not neglected to write to the friends of the following people: Sibthorpe's—Mr Owen, the surgeon, whose wife lives at Canterbury—Lewis, Lord Sidmouth's protégé—Manners', Tighe's, Keene's, and Whalley's—some of whom, poor fellows, were taken up with life in them, but, from the extreme cold, died in the boats before they could reach the ships. You are the only soul I have put pen to paper to; nor do I think my spirits will be equal to it for some time to come. I therefore hope you have written to my mother, brother, Stevenson, and Lady Dallas, which I think are all. God bless you—farewell." And again, "In a few months I trust I shall again press my wife and babes in my arms, and though a poor, melancholy, heart-broken husband, I feel I shall be welcome to my Harriet, cheered, and made as much of as if fortune had smiled upon me, and sent me home with wealth and honours. All that I have to console me is a dear affectionate wife, and that, though unfortunate, I am not disgraced."

All the letters written by Captain Blackwood, to those dearest to him at home, giving an account of his disaster and escape, were detained at Malta, where he found them lying, after the expedition, and he was himself the bearer of them to England. The general reports in England were that he had been lost; but Lady Blackwood was relieved from her horrid fears by kind letters from Sir Alexander Ball and Commissioner Lobb, who had most considerately written to say, that they had heard from her husband, after the accident.

The officers and crew of the unfortunate Ajax were distributed through the squadron, and Blackwood went on board the flag-ship, the Royal George, as a volunteer. He describes in animated language the passing of the squadron between the forts of Abydos and Sestos. "Here was the trial; and although the guns were admirably managed, though they had a long time to prepare and erect batteries in all directions, and had the assistance of one line-of-battle ship, four frigates, and three corvettes, in all eight moored in line, consequently as good, if not better than batteries, we passed the whole with trifling loss, and in two hours burnt and blew up all the ships; their batteries were much injured, and the Turks flew in all directions." To effect the burning of the ships after their fire was

stopped, the squadron anchored, and Blackwood was sent to assist, which he did in his usual style. On the morning of the 21st, the squadron were all in high spirits, for, as only half an hour had been allowed the Sultan to decide what answer he should give to the Admiral's letter, a part of the ships were getting under sail in the event of any hesitation on his part, to set ships, arsenal, and city on fire. In Blackwood's opinion, and there was none better—"so far much had been done for which Sir John Duckworth deserves all honour; his decision and promptitude have been very great; and his efforts, contrary to the anticipations of many, have been crowned with complete success." Nor did he, and the other ablest officers in the squadron, even after the state of affairs began to look less promising, soon cease to hope, or rather to believe, that the Turks would give up possession of their ships, as a guarantee for the fulfilment of the treaty. Such a treaty, which would at least have prevented them from falling into the hands of the French, if thereafter they might have had influence to cause another rupture with England, would, he rightly thought, be fully as honourable, and perhaps more beneficial to our interest in the end, than the destruction of their capital, which would have made the Turkish nation to a man our enemies for ever. This is not the place to enter into any discussion on the conduct of the Government regarding that expedition. Suffice it to say, that confident as all the officers of the squadron were of being able to treat with the Turks, their hopes were completely baffled; for the crafty barbarians threw off the mask when there was no longer need to wear it, and set the British ships at defiance. The policy of the Porte had been to gain time to move their own ships up the Bosphorus, and to fortify Constantinople. At first, confident the British could not pass the Dardanelle forts, they had not put the city into a state fit for defence; but on seeing their mistake, they set to work with surprising energy, and unluckily the anchorage taken up by the squadron was too distant to enable Duckworth to stop their operations. They not only deceived the Admiral, but by some of their representations Sir Sydney Smith himself, and all the English merchants and interpreters. It is easy to find fault after the event; but we believe it is now the opinion of the best-informed officers in the naval service, that Sir John Duckworth, fairly

judged, did his duty. The expedition was not strong enough to overcome by terror or conflict such a power, assisted as it was by France. To effect such a purpose, altogether inadequate were eight sail of the line, two frigates, and two bomb-vessels, without any additional troops, provisions, or ordnance stores —not so much as a single transport. The squadron was now seen by all to be placed in a position of imminent peril. The enemy were repairing and strengthening the Dardanelles; their fleet, which had gone only a few miles up the Bosphorus, to the amount of thirteen line-of-battle ships, a dozen frigates, and innumerable fire-ships, threatened to make an attack the first wind; and on the 1st of March, the Admiral, shut up in a sea out of which he would have had to fight his way through difficulties daily becoming more formidable, determined, as the wind was favourable, to push out, and to turn the war into a blockade on the outside of the Dardanelles. The expedition, to have had any chance even, much less a certainty of success, should have consisted of at least fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, as many bombs, and as many brigs and fire-ships, with twenty thousand troops, a train of artillery and store-ships. Such, we know, was the opinion at the time of the most intelligent officers of the navy and army; and Blackwood, who was there, not to censure the plans of Government, but to help to execute them, whatever they might be, shows in his letters that he felt, as one brave man must ever do for another, for his gallant but unsuccessful commander. As difficulties and dangers kept daily gathering and darkening all around, "I endeavour," says he, "to hide my own wretchedness (for the loss of the Ajax), and to give the Admiral every aid and support I can; and God knows he wants it, for never was there a more perplexing, arduous, or doubtful expedition taken in hand." And he afterwards writes, "Sir John Duckworth, poor man, is almost broken-hearted; he has, however, acted for the best, and did as much, situated as we are, as man could do." And again, when the squadron had repassed the forts, and was lying at the mouth of the Dardanelles, he says, "You may believe, Sir John Duckworth, as an unfortunate Admiral, is as low as possible. No blame, however, can in my opinion be attached to him; he has done as much as any man could do with so inferior a force." These opinions deserve being recorded, in justice to Sir John Duckworth, and in honour of Sir Henry

Blackwood, whose generous spirit was grieved at the time to see the mental sufferings of his commander, and ever afterwards was forward to vindicate his character and conduct; disdaining to confound bad fortune with ill-desert, or failure with disgrace; and showing that the brave may derive from the sympathy of the brave, an assurance that never shall the names of those men who have done their duty, as Duckworth did, be suffered, in adversity, to feel the breath of dishonour.

The Admiral, in his despatches, did justice to the zealous services of the volunteer.

To Captain Blackwood, who, after the unfortunate loss of the Ajax, volunteered to serve in the Royal George, great praise is due for his able assistance in regulating the fire of the middle and lower decks; and when the Royal George anchored, he most readily offered service to convey a message to the Endymion of great moment, her pilot having refused to take charge of the ship. From thence he gave his assistance to arrange the landing of the troops from the sixty-four, and setting her on fire. Indeed, where active service was to be performed, there it was his anxious desire to be placed. His officers, too, requested to serve in the squadron; and their services, in passing the Dardanelles, met with my approbation.

In May, Captain Blackwood arrived at the Admiralty with accounts of the failure before Constantinople, and after declining Lord Mulgrave's offer to fill the situation of Pay Commissioner at the Navy Board, his Lordship gave him the command of the Warspite, of 74 guns. It was not to be thought that the active services of so distinguished an officer were to be lost to his country, because of his own misfortune; and cheered by the approbation his conduct had received, and by prospects again brightening before him, he sailed for the North Sea, where he served under Admiral Macnamara Russell, Lord Gardner, and Sir Richard Strachan, until the beginning of 1809; then under Lord Gambier, in the Channel Fleet, until the beginning of November, when he sailed, under Sir Samuel Hood's orders, to join Lord Collingwood in the Mediterranean. There he continued to serve, after his Lordship's death, under Sir Charles Cotton; and in July 1810 had an affair with six sail of French line-of-battle ships, and several frigates, in which he displayed all his wonted skill and valour. A continuance of strong gales from the north-west had blown the main body

of the fleet off the blockade of Toulon, but the port was watched by Blackwood in the Warspite, having with him Conqueror 74, Captain Fellowes; Ajax 74, Captain Otway; Euryalus 36, Captain G. H. L. Dundas; and Sheerwater brig, Captain Sibly. Six sail of the line, one a three-decker, and five two-deckers, and four frigates, under a Vice-admiral, came out, it would appear, to release a French frigate and her convoy at Bandol, and the Euryalus and Sheerwater were in danger of being taken; when the English Commodore, having brought to in line of battle, rescued his frigate and brig from below the enemy's guns. The Ajax engaged her namesake in the French line, and exchanged with her several broadsides; the Warspite and Conqueror likewise opened their fire; and the small squadron showed such a bearing and such an aspect as overawed the enemy, who declined any continued and closer conflict, and returned to their anchorage in the road. Sir Charles Cotton conveyed to the Commodore his "admiration of the gallantry and steadiness of the ships under his orders;" and though an officer in the French fleet in Toulon, who no doubt felt rather sore on such a discomfiture, in a letter to the *Moniteur*, ridiculed the idea of three English seventy-fours fighting six French ships, one a three-decker, and attributed their return to light and baffling winds, yet under so skilful a commander as Blackwood, and with such captains, we do not see any reason for doubting that the English squadron looked very formidable, or that, had the French Rear-Admiral not conducted himself with considerable caution, some accident might have occurred to one or two of his ships—such, perhaps, as being cut off and captured—which he prevented by effecting, notwithstanding the light and baffling winds, a seasonable return to his anchorage. "From the determined conduct of the squadron you did me the honour to place under my command," said Blackwood in his letter to Sir C. Cotton, "I am fully persuaded, had the ambition of the enemy permitted him to make a bolder attack, the result would have been still more favourable to his Majesty's arms." James, in his excellent Naval History, calls this "a boast, from physical causes almost impossible to be realised," and regrets it had been made by an officer who had "already so unequivocally distinguished himself." Nor do we blame him for expressing his opinion, while we think it entirely mis-

taken. To us the words he quotes seem no boast at all, but an opinion justified by the behaviour of the enemy, and by Blackwood's confidence in his own skill and squadron. Had the squadrons met, so that the adverse ships laid each other on board, a triumph by the English might indeed "have been from physical causes almost impossible to be realised;" but Blackwood would have fought after another fashion; and "physical causes" produce extraordinary effects at sea under the guidance of nautical skill, as a Spanish fleet was made to feel when they met with noble Jervis off Cape St Vincent. It is the duty of all commanders to commend the conduct of their officers and men when they deserve it, and Blackwood said neither more nor less than Sir Horatio Nelson himself might have said had he been the Commodore. James says, "that it was not many weeks afterwards ere a more decided display of British valour occurred off the port of Toulon." A strong French squadron had worked out in the hope of capturing the British 18-gun brig-sloop Philomel, Captain Guion; and that brig being in danger of capture, the Repulse, 74, Captain John Halliday, gallantly bore up, and opened so heavy and well-directed a fire upon the three headmost heavy frigates, that in the course of a quarter of an hour, they wore and joined the line-of-battle ships, several of which were also by this time far advanced in the chase. It was, in good truth, noble behaviour in Halliday; and "Guion, in a spirit of honourable gratitude," telegraphed the Repulse, "You REPULSED the enemy and nobly saved us; grant me permission to return thanks." At this time, the blockading British fleet was out of sight to leeward, all but the Warspite, and the Alceste frigate, Captain Maxwell. "Captains Blackwood and Maxwell, and their respective officers and companions," says James well, "must have felt their hearts bound with delight at such a spectacle." They must—they were just the very men to exult in such heroism; but the effects of the fire of the Repulse afford the best justification, if it needed any, of the expression found fault with in Blackwood's account of this affair with perhaps the selfsame squadron. For what if the Warspite, and Conqueror, or Ajax, and the Alceste frigate, had joined the Repulse after she had silenced and beaten off, in a quarter of an hour, three heavy French frigates, so that Blackwood's squadron had been of the same

strength as on the former occasion—what, in the opinion of Mr James, would have happened *then?* Would Blackwood, as the mendacious writer in the *Moniteur* said he formerly did, *have run away?* He would have attacked, or waited for the attack of the French squadron; and had it even consisted of six sail of the line, and among them one three-decker and two eighty-fours, can there be a doubt "that the result would have been still more honourable to his Majesty's arms?" We have thought it right thus to notice the criticism made by Mr James on Captain Blackwood's letter, because no officer in the navy was less given, either in writing or speaking, to "boast" than he; and this is seen in his simple accounts of the various actions and affairs in which he was engaged, now laid before the public in this memoir.

Sir Charles Cotton being superseded in the chief command by Lord Exmouth, Captain Blackwood continued to serve under that illustrious Admiral until May 1812, when he returned to England for the repair of the ship. He then joined Sir William Young in the blockade of the Scheldt, and in a few months was moved to the Channel fleet, under Lord Keith, in which he served in the blockades of Brest and Rochefort until November 1813, when he resigned the command of the Warspite, having held it for six active years. "In all," says the gallant officer, in a letter we have seen, written by him at that time, and narrating with the utmost simplicity some of the chief incidents in his career, "with the exception of ten months at the peace of Amiens, on active service, without any blemish to my public or private character, and under some of our most distinguished commanders, of thirty-two years and eight months, in the course of which I was engaged either as Lieutenant or Captain, in some of the most celebrated actions in both wars."

He now enjoyed uninterruptedly for about six years that domestic happiness which was ever dearest to his heart; and in 1814, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, was made Captain of the Fleet. He was appointed to bring over the crowned heads from France to this country; and at the Naval Review at Portsmouth, his skilful arrangements were the admiration of all who witnessed that magnificent spectacle, and for them he received public thanks. On this occasion he was created a baronet, and promoted to the rank of

Rear-Admiral. He attended his Royal Highness on the gratifying service of conveying back the King of France, and the members of that Royal House, to his dominions; and was afterwards appointed one of the new order of naval aides-de-camp to the Prince Regent; and in 1818, Groom of the Chamber, to which situation he was reappointed soon after the accession of William the Fourth. The Duke of Clarence had for many years honoured him with his kindest regard; and our Sailor King well knew the great loss the service sustained on his death, and graciously sought to soothe the sorrow of her who survives him, by a communication expressive of sympathy and condolence. In 1819, Sir Henry was appointed commander-in-chief of the naval forces in the East Indies, and on his way out in the Leander, had nearly suffered shipwreck, off Madeira, in Funchal Road. With Captain Richardson, a cool and skilful officer, he spoke but for a moment, at a time the Leander was in imminent peril of drifting on the rocks; and orders, as we have heard, having been given, in the confidence of their united judgment, to wear, as the only chance of saving the ship, it was successfully effected, but with so little room to spare, "that a biscuit might have been thrown on board from the cliffs." Sir Henry used to say, that in all his dangers he had never so utterly given up hope in his heart as on that occasion. In consequence of the new arrangement at the Admiralty, that Commodores should perform the duties of Commander-in-chief, Sir Henry was recalled before the expiration of his command; but his unfavourable opinion of that regulation, and the soundness of the reasons on which he formed it, were afterwards justified by the necessity which the Government were under of returning to the former system, and again sending out an Admiral to that station. In 1827, Sir Henry was raised by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, to the command at Chatham, which appointment he retained for the usual period of three years. During that period, at his suggestion, we believe, took place the Experimental Cruise of a squadron, consisting of the Prince Regent and Britannia, first-rates, Pearl, Pylades, and Orestes, sloops. It was chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative advantages of round and square sterns; and Sir Henry, who was himself in the Prince Regent, was highly satisfied with the qualities of

that ship, and especially with her facilities for fighting her stern guns on each of her decks. Always alive to the interests of the service, he directed much of his attention to what he considered an improvement on the round stern that had been introduced by the zealous Sir Thomas Seppings, and we have heard, though not on assured authority, that some of his suggestions were afterwards adopted; but we believe that the ideas of the present Surveyor of the Navy—a man of original genius, and complete skill in nautical affairs, as exemplified in the construction of that noble frigate the Vernon, the Snake, and other fine ships and brigs—have been approved of by the majority of the best judges in the profession.

So high an opinion did the people at Chatham form of Sir Henry's character, that shortly after the command was up, a strong request was made to him that he would stand for the representation of the town; but he prudently declined embroiling himself in any such contest; for though a man of too decided a character not to have his own opinions on politics, he had all his life long kept aloof from the violence of party. At sea and on shore his duties to his country had been nobly discharged in a noble service; and far happier would he have been, to the last, under any Ministry, any Government, any Constitution, settled, reformed, or revolutionised, on board a three-decker to prove his patriotism, and let his country's enemies hear the best eloquence of her naval heroes, "the thunder from our native oak." Sir Henry therefore retired, alas! but for a brief time, into the tranquillity of private life. Anxious and earnest as ever to benefit the service, he took a warm interest in the Naval School (for the sons of naval officers), about that time established, to which Dr Bell had made a munificent donation, and which was to be conducted on the principles of the Madras system. For its advancement, his exertions were indefatigable; he was elected President of the Committee for a year, deriving all assistance from the business-talents of that able officer, Captain Maconochie, then, we believe, Secretary; and he had the gratification of finding that the undertaking met with great public encouragement, which, we devoutly trust, will endure. In the full vigour of life—for in his sixty-second year he seemed as strong as in the prime of manhood—after a short illness, he died of typhus

fever on the 17th of December, at Ballyliedy, county of Down, the seat of his eldest brother, Lord Dufferin and Clanboye. Sir Henry left a widow, three sons, and a daughter. The eldest son—the present Sir Henry, is a Post Captain in the Navy; the second, Arthur, is in the Colonial Office; and the third, Francis, is a Commander in the Navy, and on his way out, in the Hyacinth 20-gun ship, to the East India Station.

It would be presumptuous in us to attempt to draw the professional character of Sir Henry Blackwood; but we are entitled to give expression to those sentiments of respect and admiration with which it is regarded by all who know anything of the heroic exploits, in their day, of British seamen. His exploits speak for themselves, even in this humble record; and the long series of services, in which he took always an active and often a most distinguished part, prove, far beyond any needless panegyric of ours, his zeal and enthusiasm, his skill and valour. Never was man more devoted to the profession he adorned, more eager to fly, in the cause of his country, to encounter any danger in any clime; nobly despising ease, and willing, without any vain regrets, to part with those blessings of domestic life, which by nature he was so warmly disposed to enjoy and impart, and which Providence had granted him to his heart's full content, at the call of duty, and under the inspiration of patriotism and honour. From boyhood he was ambitious to rise by his own merits, and all life long he sought not the "bubble," but the jewel "reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." His conduct, on all occasions, was eminently distinguished by promptitude and decision; nor did it ever, in a single instance, border upon rashness, being ever under the control of a spirit cool in the midst of dangers, and under the guidance of a mind confident in its own resources, because thoroughly accomplished in the art of naval warfare. As a seaman, indeed, he was admitted to stand second to none; and whether in frigate or line-of-battle ship, bringing the enemy to action, or threatening offensive movements when obliged by overwhelming superiority of force to guard his Majesty's vessels from capture, his manœuvres were such as to baffle or confound, and sometimes, where failure would have been no disgrace, to command success. It was the scientific style in which he fought his actions that gave him so high a place in the profession, as much as his daring valour; and the

vessels he commanded were perfect models for that order and discipline which were not meant to please the eye merely,

"On some calm day,
In sunshine sailing far away,"

though everything about them was beautiful, but always in powerful preparation for the hour when the order might be given to clear for battle. Like all first-rate officers, he was a strict disciplinarian; he ruled both by fear and love, in such service equally salutary; and the conduct of his officers and crew never failed to prove their pride and trust in their commander. He rejoiced to encourage merit in all, high and low; and few officers of his standing in the service, and possessing little interest but such as appertained to their own characters, were ever more instrumental in advancing the deserving than Sir Henry Blackwood. Nothing could damp his zeal in the cause of those whom he befriended; personal inconvenience, trouble, and labour were then to him all pleasant; and he never rested till he had put them, if possible, in the path of promotion, letting them feel, by example as well as precept, that there was then but one sure way to gain it, "to do their duty." The same virtues which shone so brightly in his profession, adorned and endeared his character in private life. High-spirited, and sensitively alive to the minutest point of honour, his good name he guarded without art or effort; always dignified in his self-respect, but never overbearing; incapable of harbouring resentment, even to those who might have injured him, and of such a forgiving disposition, that in those cases he never felt at ease till amity was restored, and all offence forgotten. Good-nature was indeed with him a virtue; and of a cheerful and sanguine temper, he delighted to look to the future in the sunshine of hope, nor ever gave way long to despondency, even under his severest trials. There was no selfishness in his nature; and far above jealousy and envy, he was proud to see rising in the service all who had illustrated it by their renown. Though never rich, he was most generous—too generous indeed ever to become rich; but, while not neglectful of the interests of his family, he seemed to believe—nor will the belief be vain—that virtue and honour are beyond all other the best means of advancement in life, and that the sons of a man who had well served his country,

may hope, by emulating their father's example, one day to gain their father's rank, and perhaps even to achieve some portion of their father's fame. His manners were as delightful as his character was estimable, simple, and unpretending, but elegant and graceful, such as bespoke and became his birth; and their charm was increased by a fine countenance, full of animation, and a person singularly handsome, and though not above the middle size, indicating that strength and activity to which, under Providence, he more than once owed his life. Tenderly alive to the feelings and duties of all life's relations, he sought his own happiness in that of those he loved; a good son, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. Though unostentatious in his religious duties, it is not to be thought that he who habitually felt "in the midst of life we are in death," had not a soul solemnly alive to religion. In that he but resembled all the rest of his country's greatest heroes. Nor can we fear that we shall be blamed by any, even by those who were nearest and dearest to him, for mentioning here, that after his death, a manuscript was found, containing extracts from the Bible, especially suitable for the devotional exercises of one whose lot had lain among perpetual dangers, and prayers, "accompanied with heart-confessions," to the very last affectingly proving to one sad survivor, how humbly and penitentially that heart was disposed towards the God whose goodness guards them "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters."

AMERICAN POETRY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[APRIL 1832.]

If it be seldom safe for one man to dislike, despise, or disparage another, it must always be dangerous for one nation so to regard or judge another nation, since the causes are then more numerous, and also more subtle in their workings, by which both feeling and reason may be perniciously biassed, in the formation of sentiments permanently cherished by people towards people, state towards state.

It is hard to know one's own heart, scarcely possible to know another's; and yet how rash are we, one and all, in attributing characters to individuals on imperfect knowledge even of their outward lives, in utter ignorance of their inner spirits! From certain circumstances in which we suppose we see them placed, but without understanding what produced that condition, and from a certain course of conduct which we suppose that we perceive them to pursue, but without any acquaintance with their multifarious motives, we too often confidently pass sentence on their duties and deserts, classing them in different orders of moral and intellectual worth, as we vainly believe, too, according to the commands of our conscience. But conscience, though stern and unrelenting in self-judgment, is not so when seeking to see into the impulses of the souls of our brethren; and is then indeed the sister of charity. She tells us to be less wary in bestowing our praise than our blame, our love than our hate, and that in the light of good-will we shall ever most clearly see the truth.

A very moderate experience, if accompanied with very moderate reflection, might suffice, one would think, to show us that we cannot otherwise be just. A holy caution is indeed

one of the most conspicuous characteristics of that feeling and faculty within us that judges right and wrong; and we must not grant to "well-meaning people," as the weak and narrow-minded are too often called, the privilege of trying, and testing and deciding all human conduct by reference solely to what may happen to be the habitual prejudices and bigotries of their own understandings, uninstructed and unenlightened by that large, that universal sympathy, without which there can be neither virtue nor wisdom.

Such errors, however, pass unheeded by, often with little visible injury done, in the narrow circles of private life, haunted, as they are, by too many foolish fancies and absurd surmises, whispered in the idle and empty talk of that confidential gossiping, which, not contented with the imaginary evil it condemns, is restless till it has created a seeming reality out of mere report, and infused perhaps a drop of pestilential poison into the otherwise harmless air of rumour, that circles round the dwelling of unsuspecting innocence.

How much wilful misunderstanding and misrepresentation of character and conduct do we see and hear every day, in the case of different professions! The soldier thinks the clergyman a hypocrite, because he wears a black coat; and the clergyman thinks the soldier a profligate because he wears a red one; the cloth is thought to colour the character even to the very eye; and there is a mutual repulsion between those who by nature may be kindred and congenial spirits.

A more commonplace observation than the above never trickled from grey-goose quill; and on that account we let it trickle from ours; for extend the spirit of it from trades and professions, each of which hangs together like a small commonwealth, and is composed of a peculiar people, to kingdoms separated by seas, and each swarming with its own life, and then you will find mighty nations regarding each other with just the same sort of feelings; millions, when leagued together under different laws and institutions, as blindly and senselessly ignorant of other millions, as Mrs Grundy of the real character of Mrs Tomkins.

It is right that every people should have its own national character; and the more strongly marked the better, for in such separation there is strength. But it is also right that each people should have large sympathies with the national character

of all the rest. We speak of the good or the great;—and all are either the one or the other, who, with some vices, possess any strong and distinguishing virtues. But to have such large sympathies, there must be knowledge; and to have knowledge, we must scatter to the winds that visit us from afar, all such of our home-born and home-bred prejudices and bigotries as blind us to the perception of the same qualities in which we find our own pride and delight, when they exist in novel forms and combinations and habits in the character of the natives of other isles or continents, whether of alien, or of our own blood. If alien, to do so may be more difficult; if our own, not to do so is more mean—or base—or wicked; and now we are brought to the point — shall Englishmen and Scotchmen suffer themselves to be divided in soul, more than by seas, from their brethren the Americans—by the sullen swell or angry billows of animosity and hatred, more perilous far than all the storms that sweep the bosom of the wide Atlantic?

We are the children of one mother. Not merely of old mother Earth, though in all cases that consideration should be sufficient to inspire mutual love into the hearts of her offspring; but of the Island of the Enlightened Free: and never shall we believe that great nations can help loving one another, who exult in the glory of the same origin. Many passions may burn in their hearts, as they follow the career assigned them by fate, that shall seem to set them at war. Jealously may they regard one another in the pride of their ambition. Should their mightier interests clash, fierce will be the conflict. But if these may be pursued and preserved in peace, there will be a grandeur in the guarded calm with which they regard each other's power; and mutual pride, we may be well assured, in mutual prosperity. They—our colonists—thought themselves oppressed, enslaved, and they resolved to be free. We resolved to put them down as rebels. We fought and—they conquered. We were met by our own might—and need Old England be ashamed that New England triumphed? They grudged not afterwards—though they must have envied—our victories over our and Europe's foes, at Trafalgar, Talavera, and Waterloo. Ask them, the Americans, what nation of the Old World they love best, and that stands highest in their proud esteem? The nation from whose

loins they sprung. Alfred, Bruce, and Washington, were our three great deliverers.

There is great grandeur in the origin of the civil polity of the Americans—in its sudden and strong establishment; and it is destined, we doubt not, to long duration, and a vast accumulation of power—a boundless empire.

The growth of the human race, in the course of nature, shows us first a family, then a tribe consisting of many kindred families, then a nation consisting of many kindred tribes. We find in the world several nations spread to a considerable extent by this natural diffusion; but in that case, the degree of union among the different tribes seems very loose, and not sufficient to prevent internal wars. Thus in Europe, in its primitive state, the Celtic, the German, and the Sclavonic nations, have extended to great numbers, occupying wide countries; and the old remembrances of consanguinity, marked in speech, and in external appearance, with some community of usages, has maintained a loose union among them. In Asia, some of the great Tartar nations, and the Arabs also, offer similar examples, having remained till this day free from admixture of blood. These show how the traces of the primitive origination of political society may remain indelibly impressed upon it, through the longest succession of time.

But to form larger, and yet stronger cemented states, other principles have been necessary, and have been employed by nature—chiefly these two, voluntary Confederacy under a common head, and Conquest.

Of the permanent states that have been formed at any time by voluntary Confederacy, the examples are not numerous, though some of them are not without splendour in the history of the world. In Italy, the Etrurian state appears to have been so formed, and it made great progress in early civilisation. Its union, too, was of considerable duration. Among the Greeks we find different occasional leagues, but none that could be called durable, except the union of the twelve Ionic cities in Asiatic Greece, a defensive league which was managed by a diet of deputies from the different towns. This, however, could not be said to constitute a state or community, since each remained governed by its own independent laws. The Amphictyonic Council, in which the delegates of

the principal states of Greece itself met to deliberate on questions of common interest, may indeed be considered as such a union, but of an imperfect kind. It showed a tendency to such combination, and how strongly the sense of a certain natural bond of union remains among those who still retain in language and usages the evidence of ancient consanguinity, since Greece, split into a hundred states, and divided by restless and fierce hostilities, still acknowledged herself as one whole; still reverenced that union which had been indelibly impressed upon her by the hand of nature. Among the leagues formed for temporary purposes, but which still bear evidence to the strongly-felt recognition of a natural union not to be abolished, must not be forgotten that which guarded her liberty and her rising glories, and which, alike by its own heroic splendour, and by the great deliverance it wrought, can never be separated from the remembrance of her deathless renown,—that warlike league of peace which purified with the blood of her invaders the soil which their feet had polluted, when the spear of liberty daunted barbaric hosts, and earth and sea, spread with the slain of his routed nations, justified the prophetic tears of the Persian king.

In modern Europe there are some instances of such unions by voluntary compact, which are remarkable as having given birth to states firmly knit, and of long endurance; though not of great magnitude. Such was the Confederacy of the Cantons of Switzerland; a league, in the first instance, of defence and deliverance, and which for centuries was as sacredly maintained as it was heroically begun. The State of the United Provinces was such a league; giving rise to a well-cemented political community, which, on different accounts, has made itself a name among the nations of Europe. The Empire of Germany is to be considered as the most illustrious example known to us of such an union; yet its history shows that that union, as it was more extended, was less strong. But look now at that part of America which was colonised from this country, offering a magnificent instance, to be distinguished from all others, of a defensive league terminating in the establishment of a glorious confederated State. If it should be able permanently to maintain its union (which we do not doubt), it will show that, in advanced civilisation, it is possible for man to effect by deliberate political prudence

that object which, in early ages, nature has accomplished by far more violent means, of which the most cruel is conquest —the establishment of extensive and well-united States.

That a great nation thus arising should have established a very different form of government indeed, from that under which its "Pilgrim Fathers" and their ancestors had lived, was inevitable; and much modified, doubtless, must now be the original European character of the race by the influence of the spirit of all its new institutions. But its essence is the same; and the freedom enjoyed by the citizens of that young Republic is to our eyes nearly identical with that in which we have so long gloried with permitted pride under an old Monarchy. Ours may be violently destroyed by sudden revolution; theirs may by slower change be gradually subdued; but true patriots in both great lands would be equally averse, we think, to dismiss from remembrance the manner in which arose each majestic edifice of power, and fear that any other innovation than that of nature and time might prove, in the event, irremediable ruin and total overthrow.

The Americans wonder, we know, at the infatuation of our rulers; nor, devoted as they are to their own form of government, can the more enlightened and generous among them help feeling sorrow to see the danger that threatens ours. This conviction, which they have not hesitated to confess, proves their sympathy with our love and pride in our own constitution, and that there is a community of highest feeling, in spite of the opposite nature of our politics, among the most enlightened lovers of their country, on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, on whose waters now meet in amity their saluting sails. May that amity be never broken nor disturbed; and by what other means may it be so strongly and sacredly preserved and secured, as by the mutual interchange and encouragement of all those pure and high thoughts— those "fancies chaste and noble," which genius brings to light into one common literature, eloquent in the same speech that, for so many centuries, has been made glorious by the loftiest conceptions of the greatest of the children of men? No treaties of peace so sacred as those ratified in a common tongue; and the tongue we speak, already known more widely over the world than any other (we do not include the Chinese),

is manifestly destined to communicate Christianity to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The treasures of our literature have been widely spread, and are every year spreading more widely over America; and theirs is winning its way among us, and indeed all over Europe. It is delightful to see how the spirit of ours is everywhere interfused through theirs, without overpowering that originality of thought and sentiment which must belong to the mind of a young people, but which, among those who own a common origin, is felt rather by indescribable differences in the cast and colour of the imagery employed, than discerned in any peculiar forms or moulds in which the compositions are cast.

In political, in moral, and in physical science, the Americans have done as much as could have been reasonably expected from a people earnestly engaged, with all their powers and passions, in constituting themselves into one of the great communities of civilised men. Of every other people the progress has been slow to any considerable height of power and extent of dominion; and imagination accompanying them all the way from obscurity to splendour, a literature has always grown up along with their growing strength, and sometimes its excellence has been consummate, before the character of their civil polity had been consolidated, or settled down into the steadfastness belonging to the maturity of its might. But soon as her limbs were free to move obedient to her own will alone, America was at once a great country; there are no great and distant eras in her history, all connected together by traditionary memories embalmed in the voice of song. Her poets had to succeed her statesmen, and her orators, and her warriors; and their reign is only about to begin. The records of the nation are short but bright; and their destinies must be farther unrolled by time, ere bards be born to consecrate, in lyric or epic poetry, the events imagination loves. Now, her poets must be inspired by Hope rather than by Memory, who was held of old to be Mother of the Muses. They must look forward to the future, not backward to the past; and the soul of genius from that mystic clime may be met by the airs of inspiration. True, that the history of the human race lies open before them, as before the poets of other lands; but genius

always begins with its native soil, and draws from it its peculiar character. Most of Sir Walter's immortal romances regard his own country—Wordsworth could have been born only in England. His "Sonnets to Liberty" are all over English, though they celebrate her virtues and her triumphs in all lands; his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" could only have been breathed by a spirit made holy alike by the humble calm of the chapel not much larger than a Bowderstone, like that of Wastdale, and by the lofty awe of such a cathedral as that of Salisbury, or of York Minster itself, by twilight obscurely glimmering like some mysterious mountain. Genius, in America, must keep to America, to achieve any great work. Cooper has done so, and taken his place among the most powerful of the imaginative spirits of the age. Washington Irving did so in early life, and was likewise eminently successful, because intensely national. His later works are beautiful, but they are English; and the pictures they contain cannot stand beside those drawn of English scenery, character, and manners, by our great native artists, without an uncertain faintness seeming to steal over them, that impairs their effect, by giving them the air, if not of copies, of imitations. "Yet that not much;" for Washington Irving, as he thinks and feels, so does he write, more like us than we could have thought it possible an American should do, while his fine natural genius preserves in a great measure his originality, even when he deals with to him foreign themes, and treats them after an adopted fashion, that had been set by our own two most natural prose writers, Addison and Goldsmith.

We shall ere long have other opportunities of speaking about the genius of the Americans; meanwhile, we turn our attention to the productions of Bryant, who has for a good many years been one of their most admired poets. Many of them have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and now collected together for the first time by Washington Irving (it is delightful to see such service done by one man of genius to another), they make a most interesting volume. "They appear to me," says the amiable editor, "to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class. The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters, contained

in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and just feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry."

To the American scenery and woodland characters, then, let us first of all turn; and while here we find much to please, we must strongly express our dissent from Mr Irving's opinion, that in such delineations Bryant is equal to Cooper. He may be as true to nature, as far as he goes; but Cooper's pictures are infinitely richer "in local peculiarity of imagery;" and in "indigenous style of thinking," too, the advantage lies with the novelist. But Bryant is never extravagant, which Cooper often is, who too frequently mars by gross exaggeration the effect of his pictures of external nature. The poet appears to be "a man of milder mood" than the romancer; and of finer taste. But there is nothing in the whole volume comparable in original power to many descriptions in the *Prairie* and the *Spy*. Neither do we approve the unconsidered praise implied in the somewhat pedantic expressions, "condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry." None of these poems are long; but condensation is not by any means their distinguishing merit, especially of the descriptive passages; we see much simplicity, but no sublimation; and to us the chief charm of Bryant's genius consists in a tender pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the "religion of the woods."

This reverential awe of the Invisible pervades the verses entitled "Thanatopsis" and "Forest Hymn," imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts. There is little that is original either in the imagery of the "Forest Hymn," or in its language; but the sentiment is simple, natural, and sustained; and the close is beautiful. The one idea is that "the groves were God's first temples," and might have been solemnly illustrated; but there is not a

single majestical line, and the imagination, hoping to be elevated by the hymn of the high-priest, at times feels languor in the elaborate worship. This, however, is very good :—

> "Father! thy hand
> Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
> Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
> Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
> All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
> Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
> And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
> Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
> Among their branches, till at last they stood,
> As now they stand, massive and tall and dark,
> Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
> Communion with his Maker."

We said the sentiment was well sustained; but not in every part; nor do we hesitate to affirm that the lines immediately following "have no business there."

> "No silks
> Rustle, nor jewels shine, nor envious eyes
> Encounter!"

Such sarcastic suggestions jar and grate; and it would please us much to see that they were omitted in a new edition. The grandeur of the grove temple, and the sincerity of the grove worship, needed not such paltry contrasts to make them impressive.

Had the poet's soul been possessed, as it ought to have been, by the "stilly twilight of the place," his visions had been sacred from such intrusion. But it is restored to a deepening sense of all the surrounding and overhanging solemnities—and breathes "here is continual worship!"

> "Nature, here,
> In the tranquillity which thou dost love,
> Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
> From perch to perch, the solitary bird
> Passes; and you clear spring, that 'midst its herbs
> Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
> Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
> Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
> Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
> Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
> Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
> By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
> Almost annihilated."

Again, to us the solemn strain is miserably marred by an unhappy, and at such a time we must think an unnatural allusion.

> "*Not a prince*
> *In all that proud old world beyond the deep,*
> *E'er wore his crown* as loftily as he
> Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
> Thy hand has graced him!"

Can an American Republican not forget his scorn of European kings even in the living temple of God, embowered before his imagination in the bosom of the wilderness? But the piety of the poet prevails over his politics the very next moment, and he beautifully says,

> "Nestled at his root
> Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
> Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,
> With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
> Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
> An emanation of the indwelling Life,
> A visible token of the upholding Love,
> That are the soul of this wide universe."

The hymn then expresses the awe of the singer's heart when he thinks of the great miracle that still goes on in silence round him—the perpetual work of creation, finished, yet renewed for ever! And after some congenial reflections, and the expression of his religious fear when God "sets on fire the heavens with falling thunderbolts," a fear which is very finely conceived stealing in from afar upon the hush, he thus concludes his "Forest Hymn," which—though very good—might have been of "a higher mood." Compare it with the "Lines on revisiting the river Wye," by that great poet whom Mr Bryant wisely venerates (composed, we believe, in early manhood), and it will be felt, perhaps, that Mr Irving rashly says that his friend's poems are entitled to "rank among the *highest* of their class in the best school of English Poetry." The close of the hymn, we said, is beautiful.

> "Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
> Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
> Of the mad unchained elements to teach
> Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
> In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
> And to the beautiful order of thy works
> Learn to conform the order of our lives!"

"Thanatopsis" ('tis a Greek compound, English reader), both in conception and execution, is more original; and we quote it entire, as a noble example of true poetical enthusiasm. It alone would establish the author's claim to the honours of genius.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings; while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,

Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the greyheaded man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Would that some of the best American landscape-painters would send us over some of their best pictures, that we, who we fear must never cross the Atlantic, might see with our bodily eyes shadows of the scenery of the New World! Is it superior in aught but trees to our own Highlands? *They* are not inferior in power to any other Alps. Bryant makes rare and little mention of mountains; nor in his descriptive poetry

is there often the sound of cataracts. He makes not much even of "those great rivers, great as any seas," up one of which Coleridge makes his wild Leoni sail "to live and die among the savage men;" nor does he sketch out before our gaze the green, wide, interminable savannahs. But he makes us feel with himself the profound stillness—the utter solitude, of the bright and the hoary Forests, where youth and eld—all gigantic—mingle in life, growth, decay, and death, as if alien in their own ancient reign from everything appertaining, however remotely, to the race of man. Uninvaded regions of mighty nature—yet cheerful with the songs of birds, the hum of bees, the chirp of the squirrel, and brightened with ground-flowers that "soften the severe sojourn" with the presence of the beautiful.

It is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its prime delight. He ensouls all dead insensate things, in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life, in which they breathe and smile before the eyes "that love all they look upon," and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude. Here are some lines breathing a woodland and (you will understand us) a Wordsworthian feeling: while we read them, as Burns says, "our hearts rejoice in nature's joy," and in our serene sympathy we love the poet.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

"Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below

The squirrel, with raised paws, and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."

There are other three pieces in blank verse (which Mr Bryant writes well—better, as far as we know, than any other American poet), "Monument Mountain," "A Winter Piece," and the "Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus." The "Winter Piece" we think the best; and it reminds us—though 'tis no imitation—of Cowper. Here is a splendid picture:

"Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.
But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The grassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot,
The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,

And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault:
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light—
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks
Loosened the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont."

We have quoted much that is beautiful; but do our readers find in it many "graphic descriptions of American scenery" —much "indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery," "condensed into a narrow compass, and sublimated into poetry?" It seems to us, that by leaving out a very few allusions to objects living or dead, not native with us, it might be read to any familiar lover of nature, without his imagination being moved to leave the British Isles, and fly to America. We have no right to complain that Mr Bryant has presented us with such poetry—for much of it is exquisite; but is the scenery it paints as American as the scenery of *The Task* is English—and of *The Seasons* Scottish? If it be—then there is little difference between the character of the Old World's aspect and of the New. But we feel that there is much difference—and that distinctive—while we are reading the novels of Cooper.

Be this as it may, there are sprinkled all over this volume felicitous lines, and half lines, and epithets, that, independently of the general fidelity and feeling of his descriptions, show that Bryant has learned

"To muse on nature with a poet's eye."

Not a few such are to be seen in the passages already quoted—and here are some charming instances.

"Lodged in sunny cleft
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

"Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest top,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams that in their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings."

—— "to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Borne up like ocean murmurs."

"All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the rich flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing."

"Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!"

"A thousand flowers
By the road-side, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other."
(In the sudden Wind.)

"On thy soft breath the new-fledged bird
Takes wing, half-happy, half-afraid."

"Lo! their orbs burn more bright,
And shake out softer fires."
(Jupiter and Venus.)

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if there were let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."
(To the Fringed Gentian.)

These are a few specimens; but there are scores of others that show the observant eye and the sensitive soul of the poetic lover of nature.

But there is much poetry in this volume of a kind that, to many minds, will be more affecting than anything we have yet quoted—for it relates to the sons of the soil, whose races are now so sadly thinned, and as civilisation keeps hewing

its way towards the shores of other seas, will at last be entirely extinct—the Red Men of the Woods. Fine mention is made of them in the "Ages," the largest, but by no means the best, poem in the collection.

The mind of the poet kindles, and rightly, at the prophetic visions of his country's boundless dominion, thick-peopled through cultivated regions laid open to all the light of heaven, and sheltering, in the "horrid shades forlorn," the last remnants of the aboriginal hunter and warrior tribes. There is much of sadness, but far more of joy, in the prospect of the various and boundless provisions and processes by which nature raises up the complicated structures of civilised life as her wildernesses fade before its march, and their inhabitants pine away and perish. For look at the numbers of a savage race, where a few families or tribes occupy a wilderness for their supply of game, and compare with it the thronging population of some small spot where the arts of civilised life are highly advanced. The savage race is often noble; and when we contemplate the magnificence of the mighty deserts which nature has spread out for his paths, her mountains or her forests, one might imagine that she loved her proud lonely son, roving in his unmolested solitudes. But we look at the course she has given to the world, and we see that she seems impatient of stretching out her ample domains for a few possessors. The nations of the earth advance incessantly from a rude to a cultivated state; and where the savage remains unaltered from age to age, in immutable barbarism, she sends her civilised children to dispossess him of the earth he has not known how to use, to thin his numbers, to lay waste the glory of her majestic reign, and to people and till her wildernesses. The first rude tribes that occupy a country, seem merely to have advanced one step in winning it from the wild beasts, and to hold it over for civilised man. Till he has ploughed his fields, and built his cities, and unfolded his arts, the land does not seem properly occupied by man. Then intellect awakens to its various works. Science and art arise, and the more complicated condition of life itself becomes the subject of thought. The moral nature of the species is unfolded—his manifold affections arise and spread—all the charities of life assume a higher tone—the altars and the temples of the gods are reared—war no longer burns around every dwelling.—death

hovers no more on sanguinary wings round every head—peace covers the land far and wide—and the soul undisturbed expands all its heaven-aspiring affections. The laws themselves of great states confirm their morality; and only as he is gradually formed under such institutions does man appear a moral being. How different is he who sat at his bloody feast, rioting with his comrades in the drunkenness of savage victory, and he who in the serenity of civilisation, thoughtful and mild, maintains the blameless majesty of private life!

Yet even when surveying such changes as these, the spirit will often indulge in melancholy and almost regretful dreams of the wild life that has passed away, ennobled by the colouring and moulding of imagination far beyond the truth, till in the dead it beholds a race of heroes. In such a mood the following fine lines must have been composed—nor are they false to the nature which they adorn and dignify in the dust.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

"Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—strong no longer now.
Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
Of God's own image; let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was imprest.

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path;
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
Rivers and stiller waters paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded soil below,
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!"

Perhaps the verses that follow are still finer—and we feel their pathos the more at this moment, from having just read in that most interesting new work, M'Gregor's *Northern America*, a vindication of the Indian character, as it is still seen in Canada. The remnant of the Indian tribes scattered over the Canadas, he tells us, exhibits a state of deplorable wretchedness. But a North American Indian, except when maddened or stupefied by the liquors introduced by the Europeans, is the most dignified person in the world. He is never awkward, never abashed, nor ever ill-bred or abusive. The grave, dignified, taciturn, yet, when occasion requires, elegant gentleman of nature, has never been properly respected by Europeans, and least of all by the English, who, to our disgrace, have on almost all occasions treated with contempt "the Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear." The proud heart of the Indian, deprived of his fine country, the forests of which once afforded him abundant game, and in the rivers of which he alone fished, rather than submit to the degradation of working for the robbers who now despise his race, pines in silent anguish, while he beholds the melting away of his tribe amidst the encroachments of Europeans. So far the excellent M'Gregor, in a work, the spirit of which may be estimated by such sentiments; and now for Bryant, who puts the expression of the same feelings into the lips of an

INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

"It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge towards the river side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that, towards the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods array'd,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the grey chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth—
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white man's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind—
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more;
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet."

Mr Bryant has painted some beautiful pictures of the Indian female character. In "Mountain Monument" he tells the story of a young girl pining away in passion for a youth within the forbidden though not close degrees of consanguinity, and in settled sadness and remorse throwing herself from a rock. It is a tradition, and very touchingly is it narrated. But the "Indian Girl's Lament" will inspire more

universal sympathy. Into her lips he puts language at once simple and eloquent, such as the true poet fears not to breathe from his own heart, when in mournful imagination personating a sufferer, knowing that no words expressive of tenderest, and purest, and saddest emotions, can ever be otherwise than true to nature, when passionate in the fidelity of its innocence, nor yet unconsoled in its bereavement by a belief that pictures a life of love beyond the grave.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

"An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:

I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

'Twas I the broidered moesen made,
That shod thee for that distant land;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The long dark journey of the grave,

And in the land of light, at last,
  Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

Yet oft, thine own dear Indian maid,
  Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
  And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou, by one of those still lakes
  That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
  The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet
  My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
  From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."

Many of the most delightful poems in this volume have been inspired by a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections. That love, which is the support and the solace of the heart in all the duties and distresses of this life, is sometimes painted by Mr Bryant in its purest form and brightest colours, as it beautifies and blesses the solitary wilderness. The delight that has filled his own being, from the faces of his own family, he transfuses into the hearts of the creatures of his imagination, as they wander through the woods, or sit singing in front of their forest-bowers. Remote as some of these creatures are from the haunts and habits of our common civilised life, they rise before us at once with the strange beauty of visionary phantoms, and with a human loveliness, that touch with a mingled charm our fancy and our heart. Our poetic and our human sensibilities are awakened together, and we feel towards them the emotions with which we listen to sweet voices from unknown beings smiling or singing to us in dreams. For example—

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

"Come, take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore:
I'll sing in his delighted ear,
The island-lays thou lovest to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt teach;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahité's beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,—
But thine were fairer yet!
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls—
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made for thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea."

This is the kind of love-poetry in which we delight. Such feelings affect us like flowers—pure, bright, balmy in their bliss, and yet ere long inspiring sadness, because we feel that, fragile as fair, they must soon decay. A flower of faultless and glorious beauty, just unfolded, seems as if it could not live on this earth and under these skies, if there were not some feeling for its loveliness to save it from harm. And this Ariosto must have felt, when, describing the rose which the virgin resembles, he says that sun, and air, and the dewy morning, and sky, and earth, incline towards it in favour. Such is the emotion with which our hearts regard Wordsworth's Ruth "ere she had wept, ere she had mourned, a young and happy child." It is like a halo round the head of Spenser's Una. But the beauty of woman's soul is by the poets in a thousand ways idealised—floating before us as between heaven and earth: see Coleridge's Genevieve, Campbell's Gertrude, and the Shepherd's Kilmeny. In the same spirit with which we gaze on them, pray hearken to

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

"Thy bower is finished, fairest!
Fit bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overshadow
The green savannah's side.
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet.
But I shall think it fairer
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee.
For thee the duck, on glassy stream,
The prairie-fowl shall die,
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky.
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show to human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long the bee
Murmurs and loads his yellow thighs,
For thee, my love, and me.

Or, wouldst thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oaks stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great savannah
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jessamine peeps in.
All day the redbreast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trills her song
All night with none to hear."

We turn from these sweet love-lays to a spirit-stirring composition, the "Song of Marion's Men." It is a beautiful ballad—with much of the grace of Campbell and the vigour of Allan Cunningham. The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up, at the head of a few daring

followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field, and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

"Our band is few, but true and tried—
Our leader frank and bold—
The foeman trembles in his camp
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the heedless soldiery,
Who little think us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, walking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.

'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the ravaged camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And loveliest ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming—
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the oppressor
For ever from our shore."

There is even more power in "The African Chief." The story of the ballad may be found in the *African Repository* for April 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, King of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains, for sale, to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massy rings of gold which he wore when he was captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom, drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

"Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—
He was a captive now,—
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.

The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
'My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring;
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.'

'Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain:
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.'

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crispèd hair.

'Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me.'

'I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait thee long.'
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain—
At once his eye grew wild—
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey."

That Mr Bryant's poetry may be seen in all its fine varieties, we quote two other compositions, inspired by love and delight in that benignant, bounteous, and beauteous Nature, who all over the earth repays with a heavenly happiness the grateful worship of her children. One of them, "To a Waterfowl," has been long and widely admired, and is indeed a gem of purest ray serene, of which time may never bedim the lustre. The other is new to us—and "beautiful exceedingly."

THE NEW MOON.

"When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun
'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid that flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
The hopes of early years;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that, like a rainbow, chase
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
Comes out upon the air;
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight
Glitters that pure, emerging light;
For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
And tenderest is their murmured talk,
Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in heaven."

TO A WATERFOWL.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

All who have read this article will agree with what Washington Irving has said of his friend—that his close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace; while he has the gift of shedding over them a genuine grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Perhaps we were wrong in dissenting from Mr Irving's other opinion, that his poetry is characterised by "the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which gives such novelty to the pages of Cooper." His friend's descriptive writings, he says, are essentially American. They transport us, he adds, "into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." We object now but to the last part of this elegant panegyric. There are no fierce extremes in Mr Bryant's poetry. That his writings "are imbued with the independent spirit and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country," will not, says Mr Irving, be the "least of his merits" in the eyes of Mr Rogers, to whom the volume is inscribed; and in ours it is one of the greatest; for we, too, belong to a country who, though not young—God bless her, *auld* Scotland!—hath yet an independent spirit and buoyant aspirations, which she is not loth to breathe into the bosom of one of her aged children—Christopher North.

POETRY OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

[MAY 1834.]

All poets are poets of the poor. For, is not the whole human race a poor race, subject to sin, sorrow, and death? Princes are paupers, autocrats, almsmen—and they know they are, in spite of their subjects or slaves. The world is a workhouse, and its rulers overseers. Their high mightinesses, the magistrates, are all accountable to the colic; and, even in this life, obedient to the diet of worms. Who but a fool dare lift up his voice and say, "I am rich," when palsy at the very moment may wring his mouth awry, or apoplexy smite him into a breathing clod? Strip the rich man of his purple and fine linen—and what an exposure of shrivelled skin—marrowless bones—flesh not like grass, but straw! Beauty, thought, intellect, genius, virtue—what, in this mysterious life of ours—what even are they? Shut your eyes and open them, and what a ghastly transfiguration! In their room, loathsomeness, imbecility, idiocy, insanity, vice, wretchedness, and woe; and is it not enough of itself to convince us in our worst pride, that we are all most miserably poor, to think that the round earth is not merely trenched all over with our graves, but composed of our very dust?

This is one light in which humanity may be truly viewed, if there be truth in the Two Testaments. And in no other light could it be truly viewed, if we do not believe in a Future State. Now, the ancient—the heathen world, did not believe in a Future State—though it did all it could—strove with all its mind, heart, and soul, so to believe—deified heroes—and changed them into stars. Imagination created its own mythologies, fluctuating between heaven and earth, and there was something of a saving spirit even in that superstition. How fair, and how foul were those creations of genius! Their worst sins, and their most pitiable weaknesses, did his worshippers attribute to Almighty Jove. The character of

his court—however veiled in beauty and in grandeur by a people as sensual as imaginative—partook of that assigned to the Ruler of Olympus. And Nature's self was outraged by the anthropomorphism that covered earth's most beautiful and illustrious regions with shrines dedicated to idols and oracles that sanctioned sin, while, in ambiguous responses, they shadowed forth Fate.

Such, then, was Religion. And how fared Philosophy? Till Socrates arose, what an assemblage of pestilental clouds! Sometimes the edges showed fringed with light—but the Sun of Truth had there no abiding tabernacle in the sky—the luminary was not eclipsed but withdrawn—and all life below lay in shadow. Their Poetry? It was in much divine. But oh! those dismal Tragedies—elevating but to cast down—kindling the torch of Hope but that it might be extinguished by Despair—glorifying the history of man's mortal life by ancestral splendours made more lustrous in the light of the lyre, and then showing us in dreary Hades, thin, objectless, wailing, wretched, and, in their shadowy miseries, unintelligible ghosts!

Christianity came—and what a change was wrought on man's knowledge of heaven and of earth! Wretches as we all are—it told us we are all brethren in wretchedness—and the load was at a few words lightened by Sympathy and Love. But it told us far more—that there is but one God—a truth which philosophy never of itself discovered, though it might suspect—that He cared for his creatures—"that the blue sky bends over all," and that the sun is a type of that eye that sees the sparrow fall to the ground, to the ground go temple and tower, and the citied ground itself turned topsy-turvy by earthquake.

To man was now given a new—that is, a regenerated spirit. And wicked as the world yet is—it is peopled now with Thoughts and Feelings that were not before the Advent, because inconceivable by mere human reason and by the mere human heart. Compared with his condition before that Era, man is already even here in a superior state of Being—for what some philosophers yet foolishly call Intuitions are Revelations; the Celestial Future is felt to be as sure as the Terrestrial Present; and the wide Soul of the Christian world prostrates itself in Faith before the Judgment-Seat, seen by

that spiritual sense not subject to ocular deception, as the iris may be looking at the iris. Religion—Philosophy—Poetry—now all are—and may be, truly called Divine.

The theme we have touched upon is too high to be fitly treated by us—but as it is of poetry that we wish now chiefly to speak—in relation to the great change wrought by religion on the revealed duties and destinies of man—we ask you to reflect for yourselves on the spirit by which all true poetry is now pervaded and imbued—that you may feel the mighty difference between it and that which characterised the best poetry of the civilised world of old. What had that poetry to do with the mass of mankind? Homer was the most humane of all the bards. And in the Odyssey we see sweet glimpses of lowly life. In Euripides, too, there is much love and wisdom, satisfied to feel and think, even on the high tragic stage, of humble duties and common cares, and to speak of them in language that, though it may awaken the disdain of Schlegel and Mitchell, was pleasant music to the ears of Socrates and Milton. But the great Greek poets, like the great Greek philosophers, it may be truly said, sang but of kings and heroes; and the audiences that listened to their lays—strange to say—seem never to have wondered why the Muses cared but for personages conspicuous in the broad daylight of fame, and almost wholly forgot the persons obscurely toiling in the shade of obscurity. Pastoral life, indeed, had its poetry, and we are not ignorant of Theocritus. But the Sicilian rather dallied with his subject, in fond flirtation, than enjoyed it with a passionate love. His genius beautified rusticity, without in aught doing violence to the truth of nature. But either his own heart was not sufficiently stirred of itself, or the beings and their condition with whom his poetry is conversant—and that we believe was the truth—had not that in them—for, after all, they were slaves—which must be outwardly shown in the ongoings of rural life, before its character and concerns can at once justify, demand, and inspire the poet's song. His pastorals, except in the art of composition, may not for a moment be compared with those of the Italian poets after the revival of literature; far less, surely, with those of Ramsay and Burns. The Gentle Shepherd of the Pentlands belongs to quite another race of beings; and the sire in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," with the Bible on his knees—that

was a vision familiar to all Scottish eyes—but such a one as Greek eyes never saw, nor was ever revealed by Apollo to his Muses.

Poetry, which ought to be "wide and general as the casing air," has not even yet, perhaps, been inspired by its own full and perfect spirit. Christian poets have not always carried with them their Christianity into their works; they have unawares retained too much of the Druidical worship—and sought for inspiration in the woods—even setting up idols there—or making themselves the gods of their own religion. Yet all the great poems in our language are coloured by Christianity, and the claims of all human beings to the same rights and privileges before God, are not only admitted, but illustrated; the Book of Nature is read by the light of the Bible; in *The Fairy Queen*, Una is Heavenly Truth; and the poet of *The Excursion* sits reverently by the lowliest grave, and draws from the green turf his highest inspirations, remembering the Cross.

And here we are reminded of the words with which we began—all poets are the poets of the Poor. Perhaps we expressed ourselves, in our opening paragraph, less solemnly than was fitting, and, if so, you will pardon us. But now you at least know our meaning; and will, we hope, go along with us while we say yet a few words more about that one word—the Poor. Leaving, but not forgetting, that other view of humanity, that we are all poor creatures—take the word "Poor" in its ordinary sense, and let us think together of them—as we believe we have said elsewhere—who earn bread by sweat. They exemplify the curse pronounced on our first parents—do they not likewise exemplify the blessing promised to their seed? All are equal in the sight of God—to save all sinners God died—and has God, among his other gifts, given genius to his creatures, which shall not be used by its possessors for his glory, and for the good of all whom He has created in his own image?

This is the Catholic faith; and it is held now by all the priesthood. Their creed is not now expounded and settled for them by a committee of critics. Laymen—all men who are not poets—dare not now speak of low subjects—vulgar characters—mean incidents—including therein, with the exception of a few millions, all the human race, and almost all

that concerns them on this side of the grave—and therefore, on the other; for genius has so dealt with such themes, that in the light gathering round them, as if from Heaven, have "perished the roses and the palms of kings."

It would be a pleasant office to trace the manifestations of this spirit through our poetry, especially since the dawn of the Reformation. Political causes had little or nothing to do with it, except in as far as they were themselves brought into operation by this spirit. And, at the present time, we believe, in our heart and in our conscience, that its triumph would be more complete, but for the thwarting, and distorting, and corrupting influence of political causes, to which Modern Philosophy would fain attribute an enlightenment which it does not understand, and of a character diametrically opposite to what it thinks the true virtue and happiness of man.

But we must content ourselves with a few hints—and ask you to think of Cowper. Dr Memes, in his interesting memoir, calls him, rightly, the Poet of the Cross. Had his health of mind and body—frail, and awfully uncertain—suffered him to mingle more with the poor, he had been not their greatest poet in power, but their best in spirit. As it was, all his tenderest, deepest, holiest sympathies were theirs. Of them, and their condition, he was thinking at all those times when he drew his sad but faithful pictures of the imperfection and worthlessness of all human virtue, without the infusion of grace from on high—and hence it is that his poetry, though its subjects lie for the most part somewhat or considerably above what are justly called the lower orders, may be understood and felt by them, and we do not doubt that in good time it will be familiar to the inmates of humble households, as *Young's Night Thoughts*—for many strong reasons, partly the same and partly different—long were, and we trust still are—and in Scotland *Thomson's Seasons*. Cowper, in spite of his rueful sorrows—had a large heart to the last—for at the last it was not contracted, but crushed—not narrowed, but darkened; and till reason's self was sunk in ineffable horror, he felt, during all his own agonies, for all his sinful brethren of mankind. And that surely was no selfish compassion, though more profoundly pitiful because of his sense of his own unworthiness, and his conviction that, of

all who shared with him the same lot, he was for ever the most utterly lost.

The great French Revolution, many say, made all our great English poets. It did not make Cowper, and it could not make Crabbe. England was at all times able to produce her own great poets by her own plastic power—as she did Shakespeare. Crabbe one day found himself a child on the sea-beach, playing under a boat, that lay high and dry on her gunwale a few fathoms from his father's door. The old familiar faces were to him the faces of seafaring men, or of shore-farers, their brethren; and the lad, from a brat, was a gnostic in nautical characters and concerns, as high up as skippers of merchantmen, and boatswains of men-of-war. His acquaintance with and knowledge of life widened gradually away inland, and for many years he heard but in fancy's ear the hollow sound that was ever with his boyhood and youth; and it was still pleasant to his old age. He had an out-and-out look of a parson, and he was a parson; but he had the heart—the simple heart—and the mind—acute mind—of a tar. From first to last he loved all poor men—but most ardently the men in blue; from them he carried over—transferred his affection to people in other colours—even as far as Quakers, though he was no great admirer of drab; and comprehended in his affection all ranks up to a Duke; but his heart to the last found itself most at home among men of high soul but low degree, who people our stormy shores in crowds. But he heeded not, in his kindliest moods, whether their souls were high or low, provided they had some strength—some character; and whatever that character was, he saw it as if by intuition, and saw, too, how it came to be what it was from circumstances acting on nature, so as to produce infinite varieties of the same class—the classes being numerous of that strange creature—Man. So attentive was he to circumstances, that every tale of his is a picture of a life. No two tales—and he has written hundreds—but are as different as may be; and every one of them is at once so true to nature that you believe it all happened, and a novel or romance. We know not what is, if that be not genius. It is a mistake to think that he dealt only with the darker passions. He was conversant with passions of all hues; well

he loved emotions tender and bright; and of the virtues, none so dearly as fidelity and truth—witness many a maid, and wife, and widow, living and dying for lover's or husband's sake, perfectly resigned with breaking or broken hearts. And we know not what is, if that be not religion. He pitied many sins—but some he abhorred; yet he pursued with his hate the crime, not the criminal,—and him he left to remorse, the executioner who occasionally inflicts capital punishment, but who in most cases uses the rack. And we know not what is, if that be not Moral Philosophy. He knew all kinds of misery with a learned spirit—but not an inhumane; and he has mapped them out in mysterious empiries—in lines of blood and of fire. From the turbulence, and the trouble, and the terror he had so profoundly studied, his own spirit was free, though they must have visited it, passing through without finding any abiding place even in an abyss. So he could calmly, not coldly, sing of desperate and fearful things, a looker-on of the agonies, and a partaker but of the nature out of which they grow. He read few books writ by man—but they were among the best—the works of the great native poets. His library was the Bible and the Book of Nature. We could prove that—but must not now. Moreover, in the art of poetry he is a consummate master. Teniers, Hogarth, Wilkie—each of them in his own art is a great master too; but in conception, in comprehension, and in breadth and depth of colouring, Crabbe was greater than them all three—could you conceive them all three in one;—and then, what is painting compared with poetry! So much by way of a short imperfect notice of the greatest poet of the Poor.

The admirers of Crabbe used to be the scorners of Wordsworth. Yet the Poets regarded one another with admiration—nor, do we doubt, with reverence. And do we call Wordsworth—the philosophic poet—a poet of the Poor? Ay—but not a poet *for* the poor. He is their benefactor by beautifying their character and their condition as they lie in "the light of common day," tinging that light with colours unborrowed from the sun that shines before our sensuous eyes, and seemingly drawn from some spiritual font flowing from the depth of his own moral being—more tranquil than night. The huts where poor men lie become holier even to our human hearts, because of that wondrous beauty in which, by

his meditative genius, they are enveloped. We believe, that what is so harmonious must be true—and we carry away with us in our conscience that belief, even in among all the perplexing and humbling realities with which this world is disturbed and lowered. One short sentence and no more—now—upon the poetry of Wordsworth. Soaring at his highest, he never separates himself in spirit from the humblest of his brethren of mankind. They cannot follow his flight—to their eyes he is then lost in the empyrean. But he forgets not them—when "worshipping at the temple's inner shrine," he hears "the still sad music of humanity!" The mystery of life to him is awful, from his thoughts of God's humblest children—and inviolable in their equality all the rights given by God to immortal spirits. In the Old Beggar going from door to door he sees one of God's ministers. And a low-born man, of highest wisdom, is with the great poet among the sunsets—an instructor and a monitor, who belonged of old to "a virtuous household, though exceeding poor."

England allows that there never was in time a country possessing such a peasantry as, during the life of Burns, belonged to Scotland.

> "The ancient spirit was not dead;
> Old times, she says, were breathing there;"

and yet a modern spirit was alive too, and new times had a breath of their own. Manners were simple, yet not rude, and had a hallowing hereditary influence; customs of an imaginative kind were not outworn; popular traditions gave poetry to patriotism; superstitious feelings were not extinct, but they were almost all nearly harmless, and some of them even allied themselves with religion, which it had better, if it must be imperfect, be too fearful than too cold; the faith of the people in Christianity was rock-firm; the national character, earnest as well as ardent; the parish schools had widely diffused education; habits were peaceful; morals in principle rigorous—and piety guarded the virtue of domestic life. If all this be true, with such deductions and limitations as must always be made for the frailties and delinquencies of our corrupt and fallen nature, surely no great native poet had ever a nobler field for his genius than Burns. None deny now that his

genius was of a high order. Imagination was not the chief faculty of his mind—but intellect. His sensibility was exquisite—he had a heart of passion, a soul of fire—his love of his native land was one with the love of life—and he gloried in having been born a peasant. No poet perhaps ever was so popular as Burns with the poor. He is endeared to them by their pity for his fate, and their forgiveness of his transgressions, as well as by his own fine, free, bold, gladsome, generous, and independent nature; but his poetry is not only the people's delight, but their pride—for they know that all the nations of the world regard it as picturing the character of the poor of Scotland.

That we speak of Ebenezer Elliott along with Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, and Burns, tells how highly we rate the power of his genius. He is the sole and great poet of his own order, the mechanics and artisans of England. "I am called," says he, proudly and finely, "as I expected to be, an unsuccessful imitator of the pauper poetry of Wordsworth; although, with the exception of his great work, I never read his writings until long after this poem ('The Village Patriarch') was first printed. I might be truly called an unfortunate imitator of Crabbe, that most British of poets, for he has long been bosomed with me; and if he had never lived, it is quite possible that I might never have written pauper poetry. However, my imitation fails, if it fail, not because it is servile, nor because I have failed to stamp my own individuality upon it, but because my pencil wants force, though it be dipped in sadness and familiar with sorrow. The clerical artist works with a wire brush; but he has been unjustly blamed for the stern colours in which he paints the sublimity of British wretchedness." Elliott is an imitator of Crabbe, but not an "unfortunate" one,—of Wordsworth, he is no imitator at all. But what may imitation mean in the case of so original-minded a man as Elliott? Why, no more than that the soul within him was early stirred by the varied pictures "of the sublimity of British wretchedness," painted by him whom Byron calls "Nature's sternest painter, and her best." Crabbe's poetry was felt by him to be truth—"impassioned truth"—of the weal and woe of his own life. Inspired by it, he looked about him, and saw that the character and condition of the men of the workshop were capable of poetry too, because surcharged

with suffering, nor yet undignified with virtue, nor unelevated by religion. Crabbe let him see that he, Ebenezer Elliott, though a slave living among slaves, might yet, by sending through that slavery a searching spirit, become a poet among poets. For endurance and for enjoyment he had to trust to his heart—invigorated by his conscience; but, to describe them worthily, he had to call upon his genius, and that genius answered the call, and recorded both in words of force and fire. "If my composition smell of the workshop and the dingy warehouse, I cannot help it: soot is soot; and he who lives in a chimney will do well to take the air when he can, and ruralise now and then, even in imagination."

And Ebenezer Elliott does—not only now and then—but often—ruralise; with the intense passionateness of a fine spirit escaping from smoke and slavery into the fresh air of freedom —with the tenderness of a gentle spirit communing with Nature in Sabbath-rest. Greedily he gulps the dewy breath of morn, like a man who has been long suffering from thirst drinking at a wayside well. He feasts upon the flowers—with his eyes, with his lips; he walks along the grass as if it were cooling to his feet. The slow typhus fever perpetual with townsmen is changed into a quick gladsome glow like the life of life. A strong animal pleasure possesses the limbs and frame of the strong man released from labour, yet finding no leisure to loiter in the lanes—and away with him to the woods and rocks and heaven-kissing hills. But that is not all his pleasure—though it might suffice—one would think—for a slave. Through all his senses it penetrates into his soul—and his soul gets wings and soars. Yes—it has the wings of a dove, and flees away—and is at rest! Where are the heaven-kissing hills in Hallamshire? Here, and there, and everywhere—for the sky stoops down to kiss them—and the presence of a poet scares not away, but consecrates their embraces

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

Of such kind is the love of nature that breaks out in all the compositions of this town-bred poet. Nature to him is a mistress whom he cannot visit when he will, and whom he wooes, not stealthily, but by snatches—snatches torn from time, and shortened by joy that "thinks down hours to moments." Even in her sweet companionship he seems scarcely ever altogether

forgetful of the place from which he made his escape to rush into her arms, and clasp her to his breast. He knows that his bliss must be brief, and that an iron voice, like a knell, is ringing him back to dust and ashes. So he smothers her with kisses—and tearing himself away—again with bare arms he is beating at the anvil—and feels that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. For Ebenezer Elliott—gentle reader—is a worker in iron—that is—to use his own words—"a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally *labouring* with his head and hands, and, alas, with my heart too! If you think the steel-trade, in these profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break a ton."

We have worked at manual labour for our amusement, but, it was so ordered, never for bread—for reefing and reeving can hardly be called manual labour—it comes to be as facile to the fingers as the brandishing of this present pen. We have ploughed, sowed, reaped, mowed, pitchforked, thrashed; and put heart and knee to the gavelock hoisting rocks. But not for a day's darg, and not for bread. Now here lies the effectual and vital distinction between the condition of our poet and his critic—between the condition of Ebenezer Elliott and that of all our other poets, except Robert Burns. They have all had to imagine the miseries of the hard-working poor. For though submitted in shoals to the senses, the heart has still to imagine them, ere it can comprehend them all within its sympathies—while it yearneth towards the sufferers themselves—even as if it were the heart of a parent—weeping over what it cannot cure—for evils there are to which comes but small though sacred relief, from the sight of the shedding of kindred tears. Walking, riding, or rolling along the highroad, a man called a gentleman has but a faint and imperfect idea of the fever and fatigue of an old labourer from morning to night every day but Sunday, perpetually breaking stones. Four fine-looking married men, in middle life, mowing in a meadow—their wives sitting under an old oak, looking at them, with faces shaded under decent bonnets—make a beautiful, a gallant show—and we say not that their hearts do not imbibe through their nostrils refreshment from the swathe, that falls away aside from their regularly advancing feet, sweet-smelling as if there thyme mingled with violets. But at night, after each man has shaven smooth an old Scotch

acre, to the sad affliction of a partridge's nest, and many a bike o' the brown bees—his back, broad though it be as a door, and straight as an ash-sapling, aches till the slightest motion is a twist, and every twist a twinge, and many a twinge like a knife-point piercing the sinews. For 'twas the first day of the hay-harvest—and the day before he had been but thrashing out a few thrieves of corn, something having gone wrong with the machine. "And the mower whets his scythe," is a sweet image in *L'Allegro*. Fortunate that his scythe gets blunt; for were its edge ever fine, swinkt Labour would have no rest, and would first faint, and then die. So much by way of illustration—or you may think of Ebenezer Elliott "breaking a ton."

Now, Ebenezer Elliott will not suffer you to judge and feel for him, and people like him engaged in the same or a similar trade. He undertakes to instruct you and people like you—not in his craft, for you are not bound apprentice to him by seven-years indentures—but in his condition—its vices, its virtues, its trials and temptations, its joys and its sorrows, both perhaps at present beyond your comprehension; and in more than all that—in the causes that, as he opines, oppress it with afflictions not inevitable to such lot, and cheat him when he has "broken a ton," out of half his own and his children's rightful claim to bread. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—big hot tears of wrath.

The Poet of the Town-poor is a philosopher, and attributes all their miseries to a single cause—taxation on the prime necessary of life. If that be too scanty, conveniences, comforts, luxuries, there can be none for them; and ought such to be the portion of his noble order—of the mechanics, artisans, and artificers of England? Forbid it Heaven! And Heaven does forbid it—but man thwarts Providence, and starvation does not thin, but with ghastly faces thickens the streets.

Now, we need not say that Ebenezer Elliott and Christopher North are opposed—fixed and firm as two granite pillars—on the question of the Corn Laws. But rough pillars as we both are—and even grim to look on when in shadow—we shine when the sun touches us "with his golden finger." Then we frown on one another no longer—but we smile with a strong smile, and on each pediment you can read in the

light a memorable inscription. No—we shall not *now* quarrel on this question—"Oh! 'tis the cause—my soul! it is the cause!"

Elliott worships Crabbe, because "Crabbe takes his hideous mistress in his arms, and she rewards him with her confidence, by telling him all her dreadful secrets. The severity of his style is an accident belonging not to him, but to the majesty of his unparalleled subject. Hence it is that the unhappy people of the United States of America cannot bear to read Crabbe. They think him unnatural, and he is so to them, for in their wretched country cottagers are not paupers —marriage is not synonymous with misery." There you have his whole creed. But you must hear him preach—yet unless your faith be firm in the doctrines of your own Church —stop your ears with cotton—soon as Miles Gordon the ranter 'gins blow his trumpet, or you may become a dissenter and a heretic. Eben is true as steel to his creed and faith—you may bend but not break him—and the critic who throws cold water on him, only hears a hissing of red-hot iron, that loses none of its heat, though it grey-blues its colour.

His poetry is polluted and perverted—some not unfriendly critics have said—by politics. No. It is polluted by nothing —for in it there is no pollution. Perverted it may be, and is; but what mind of mortal man is free from perversion? And who has not seen an apple-tree with distorted branches all awry, nevertheless laden with blossoms—and better, bowed down with fruit? We are willing to take such men as Ebenezer Elliott as we find them; and just now—nor do we know that it is any duty of ours to do so at any time—we shall not assume the office of moral censor, but leave it to some other Cato—feeling that "true knowledge leads to love."

Why—all the secular concerns of this life are inextricably bound up with Politics and Political Economy—and we devoutly wish they were all of the right sort—that we knew assuredly what are the right sort—and that we had power to bring them and keep them into everlasting play. Would you have a man like this to heat forge and furnace, and hammer with his own hands, and begrime his face with soot till it is almost as black as his hair, and the sweat runs from his brow like ink—and to work on short commons too—and

to refuse with no grudging but a grieved heart playthings to his pretty children, because too expensive for his means, and smile sadly to see on his wife's head too plain a cap, when his conjugal soul would have rejoiced to see top-knots and side-knots too of iris-like ribbons, which even a sober matron may not ungracefully wear, when a friend or two, that forenoon invited, sit down to a frugal but hospitable board—would you have, we ask, such a man as this, and thus acting and behaving, abjure all thought of the causes affecting his condition, and that of his millions of brethren, and keep perpetually prattling of flowers, and "babbling o' green fields," or missyfying misery till it looks like a gaudy doll staring with bead-eyes and purple cheeks upon the critic pausing before the window of a hairdresser's shop, to admire how most abominably art imitateth nature in her happiest efforts to make women of wood? Shame! Let the Sheffielder speak for himself—and his verse against your prose—pounds to shillings—for a thousand.

"But hark! what accents, of what slave, inquire
Why rude mechanics dare to wield the quill?
He bids me from the scribbler's desk retire,
Rehoof my fingers, and forget my skill
In railing foully, and in writing ill.
Oh, that my poesy were like the child
That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild!
It then might teach poor wisdom to be gay
As flowers, and birds, and rivers all at play,
And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
Harmonions. But distemper'd, if not mad,
I feed on Nature's bane, and mess with scorn.
I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,
But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarl'd
With gloating on the ills I cannot cure.
Like Arno's exiled bard, whose music snarl'd,
I gird my loins to suffer and endure,
And woo contention, for her dower is sure.
Tear not thy gauze, thou garden-seeking fly,
On thorny flowers that love the dangerous storm,
And flourish most beneath the coldest sky!
But ye who honour truth's enduring form,
Come! there are heath-flowers, and the fanged worm,
Clouds, gorse, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor!"

The country, from time immemorial, has had its bands of poets, and they have had it all their own way—too much so, perhaps—till at last one of the most pious among them all—and the most Christian too—exclaimed as a clencher, "God made the country, and man made the town." God made all things—red houses as well as green trees—and the church towers and spires of a crowded city surely meet from heaven's free smiles as gracious welcome as any of God's houses in the solitude of the mountains. Clouds, whether of coal-smoke or vapours flower-exhaled, intercept not the glad beams of the Sun of Righteousness. There is more innocence, we have often thought, and may have said, in rural dwellings—but in city or suburban more virtue. Force is estimated by resistance overcome—and how hard to keep—how high to have kept religion—that is, all that is good and best in man's being—among all the hideous hubbub of Sin-Alley—the doors of two adjacent houses — leading—the one into a quiet heaven—the other into a noisy hell!

Sheffield has been long famous for its cutlery and hardware, but show us another *town* in England that has produced—or at least educated—two such poets as James Montgomery and Ebenezer Elliott. Away floats the mild Moravian—Moravian at least in spirit, if not in profession—to the pure World before the Flood, or the coral Pelican Island, where all is peace. The stern Covenanter—Covenanter at least in spirit, if not in profession—forsakes not far the dancing din on anvil, the forge's blast, and the roar of the furnace. For that fervent heat is crowded with human and with Christian life; and when he sings of them, his "thoughts are passions that rush burning from my mind like white-hot bolts of steel." Yet, though often too stern—too fierce the strain—there are wanting not "gleams of redeeming tenderness" — music like the singing of birds in the storm-pause—whisperings like the prattle of children that cannot be kept silent in the house of mourning—nay, from smiling—from laughing in the very room where the body of their father or their mother is laid out;—in a darksome lane, from some holy nook, the sound of Psalms!

"The Splendid Village" is, perhaps, as a whole, Mr Elliott's best poem; but "The Village Patriarch"—imperfect in plan, and unequal in execution—desultory and rambling—

is more original, more impressive, and far more pleasing—though we could have wished that much were away—and have missed still more that should have been there, and might easily have been, had it so pleased the wayward poet. The whole poem hangs upon, about, and around one character—Enoch Wray—once a powerful and skilful man, with his hands at many a manner of work—but now a man of a hundred years—who has been ever so long blind—ever so long a widower—ever so long childless; but one daughter, a wife and mother, survives, and her hand finally shuts his eyes. We need not say that he is poor. Yet old, blind, poor, he is a majestic being—a seer rather than a prophet—for he re-lives the past—and in his anger with the present, scorns to look—but with now and then a glance—into the future. His cottage is not located anywhere, and we hardly know whether it be in town, suburb, village, or country; but we see him issuing from a door on a clear frosty morning, and are told that he takes the townward road.

> "Our poor blind father grasps his staff again,
> Oh! heaven protect him on his way alone!
> Of things familiar to him, what remain?
> The very road is changed; his friend, the stone,
> On which he wont to sit and rest, is gone!"

But with all the old roads of the country that yet remain he is familiar; his perplexity begins in the town—with its numerous new streets—some of them having rural names that awaken sad recollections in the old man's heart. Unreasonable but not unnatural sorrow—not unmixed with very anger—that the town, during his blindness, should have unfeelingly and unlawfully protruded itself into the country, and encamped with its hovels on the green fields, so beautiful long ago, before it pleased God to make him blind! He pays a visit to a country-born widow and her consumptive boy—a touching scene; leaving her garden, he hears, in passing by, female artisans singing hymns at their labour—and then steps in upon a brother in misfortune—an old and sightless sawyer, once a workman of his own, and "though aged but eighty years, bed-rid and blind." That *but* covers Enoch all over with hoariest time. He prays fervently by his bed—and implores high heaven to let them two humble friends, when their dust shall be divorced from sin, pain, and fear, remain

in blessed communion with powers that know not death, "warbling to heavenly airs the grateful soul." And so ends Book I., containing the simple history of one winter's day.

The opening of Book II. shows us Enoch seated in the sunshine at his cottage-door, his neglected garden exhibiting saddest symptoms of poverty.

> "Yet here, even yet, the florist's eye may view,
> Sad heirs of noble sires, once dear to thee;
> And soon faint odours, o'er the vernal dew,
> Shall tempt the wanderings of the earliest bee
> Hither, with music sweet as poetry."

The Poet takes occasion to mourn over the condition of the poor, changed so much for the worse since the Patriarch was young, and alludes to great events of his time—invasion of England by the Pretender—American War—French Revolution—Napoleon. Fine lines are interspersed through to us a somewhat heavy narrative. But the Third Book makes ample amends, and on a fine Sabbath morning we see Enoch going to church.

> "Why, then, is Enoch absent from my side?
> I miss the rustle of his silver hair;
> A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
> While Enoch journeys to the house of prayer!
> Ah! ne'er came Sabbath-day, but he was there!
> Lo! how like him, erect and strong, though grey,
> Yon village-tower, time-touch'd, to God appeals!
> But hark! the chimes of morning die away!
> Hark! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
> Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
> That God is love, that man is living dust;
> Unfelt by none, whom ties of brotherhood
> Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust
> In nought of earth that hath survived the flood,
> Save those mute charities, by which the good
> Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best."

Some very affecting incidental touches occur here and there, and there is power in the passages descriptive of the desecration of the Sabbath. After them how pleasant the picture of an old English hall!

> "Behold his home that sternly could withstand
> The storm of more than twice a hundred years!
> In such a home was Shakespeare's Hamlet plann'd,

And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambition's tears
O'er Colin's wrongs. How proudly it uprears
Its tower of cluster'd chimneys, tufted o'er
With ivy, ever green amid the grey!"

Spring is just about to venture among the melting snow, and in Book Fourth we find Enoch listening to the recitation of poetry from the works of some of our greatest living bards. He had always loved poetry—and the first poem that stirred his soul from all its depths, was Schiller's *Robbers*. He had read it about the time of the French Revolution—and, just after, lost his eyes. His wife died during his darkness; and here is a passionate picture, that, of itself, stamps Elliott a poet.

"Then hither, Pride, with tearless eyes, repair!—
Come, and learn wisdom from unmurmuring woe,
That, reft of early hope, yet scorns despair.
Still in his bosom light and beauty glow,
Though darkness took him captive long ago.
Nor is the man of five-score years alone:
A heavenly form, in pity, hovers near;
He listens to a voice of tenderest tone,
Whose accents sweet the happy cannot hear;
And, lo! he dashes from his cheek a tear,
Caught by an angel shape, with tresses pale.
He sees her, in his soul. How fix'd he stands!—
But, oh! can angels weep? Can grief prevail
O'er spirits pure?—She waves her thin white hands;
And, while her form recedes, her eye expands,
Gazing on joys which he who seeks shall find.
There is an eye that watches o'er the blind;
He *hath* a friend—'not lost, but gone before'—
Who left her image in his heart behind.
But when his hands, in darkness, trembled o'er
Her lifeless features, and he heard no more
The voice whose last tone bless'd him, frenzy came!—
Blindness on blindness! Midnight thick and deep,
Too heavy to be felt!—Then pangs, like flame,
That sear'd the brain—sorrow, that could not weep—
Fever, that would have barter'd worlds for sleep!—
He had no tears, but those that inly pour,
And scald the heart—no slumbers, but the doze
That stuns the mourner, who can hope no more!—
But he had shudderings—stupor—nameless woes!—
Horror, which only he that suffers knows.
But frenzy did not kill. His iron frame,
Though shaken, stood. The mind's night faded slow.

Then would he call upon his daughter's name,
Because it was her mother's!—And his woe
Waned into resignation, pleased to show
A face of peace, without the smile it wore.—
Nor did the widower learn again to smile,
Until his daughter to her Albert bore
Another Mary; and on yonder stile
He nursed the babe, that sweetly could beguile,
With looks unseen, 'all sadness but despair.'"

Ebenezer Elliott is a Radical. Would that all Radicals would take from him their religion! We know not—nor care—to what church he belongs; sufficient for us to know that it is the church of Christ. He elsewhere says—

"Spirits should make the desert their abode.
The meekest, purest, mightiest that e'er wore
Dust as a garment, stole from crowds unblest
To sea-like forests, or the sea-beat shore,
And utter'd, on the star-sought mountain's breast,
The holiest precepts e'er to dust address'd."

Throughout all his poetry, grief, in its agony, seeks succour from God. He never appeals lightly—for that would be irreverently—to religion. But the whole course of "The Village Patriarch" bears testimony to its efficacy in all affliction—nor is its gentle spirit inapparent through the still air of joy. Would that at all times it tempered his feelings when they are too vehemently excited by the things that are temporal; but another hour may come for reproof—if not from us, perhaps from a wiser man, "the master who taught him the art of poetry," and whom all good men love and reverence.

Enoch, as he stands in the churchyard, thinking of her who is in heaven, is a melancholy image. But his companion the poet, says to him,

"Nay, Enoch, do not weep. The day is fair,
And flings bright lightnings from his helm abroad:
Let us drink deep the pure and lucid air,
Ere darkness call thee to her damp abode.
Hark how the titling whistles o'er the road!
Holm, plume thy palms! and toss thy purple torse,
Elm! but, Wood Rose, be not a bride too soon!
Snows yet may shroud alive the golden gorse:
Thou, early green, deem not thy bane a boon;
Distrust the day that changeth like the moon.

But still our father weeps. Ah! though all hues
Are dead to him, the floral hours shall yet
Shed o'er his heart their fragrance-loving dews!
E'en now, the daisy, like a gem, is set,
Though faint and rare, in winter's coronet.
Thy sisters sleep, adventurous wind-flower pale;
And thy meek blush affronts the celandine,
The starry herald of that gentlest gale
Whose plumes are sunbeams, dipp'd in odours fine:
Well mayst thou blush; but sad blight will be thine,
If glowing day shut frore in stormy night.
Still dost thou weep, Old Man? The day is bright,
And spring is near: come, take a youngster's arm;
Come, let us wander where the flocks delight
At noon to sun them, when the sun is warm;
And visit then, beyond thy uncle's farm,
The one-arch'd bridge—thy glory, and thy pride,
Thy Parthenon, the triumph of thy skill;
Which still bestrides, and long it shall bestride,
The discontented stream from hill to hill,
Laughing to scorn the moorland torrent still."

At the opening of Book Fifth it may be said to be the spring. The description of her coming is exquisite — and fain would we go with you along with Enoch Wray and Ebenezer Elliott on an Excursion to the Mountains on a beautiful morning—(of winter it is still called—but who can now tell winter from spring?)—whence are seen

"Five rivers like the fingers of a hand,"

the "sylvan Don," the "infant Yewden," the "raving Locksley," the "darkening Rivilin," the "azure Sheaf brightening into gold," the "complaining Porter, Nature's thwarted child," the "headlong Wiming!" Why, there are seven—but the Yewden, and another, which we know not, are mere children. Our poet well describes moors. The bee enlivens his verse, and the snake embitters it—"coloured like a stone," "*with cruel and atrocious Tory eye!!!*" and saddens it, though he be himself merry and reckless, the "short-lived Grinder," "the Dey of Straps," "there coughing at his deadly trade!" But not even Christopher North can look "with cruel and atrocious Tory eye" on the story of the "Lost Lad"—Whiggish his eye never can look, so long as he retains his senses—rather far would he that it had a cast of the Radical; but without its seeking at present to express

any particular political opinions — dim and grey it haply looketh through a mist that might be mistaken for tears.

Mr Elliott was pleased, a good while ago, in a letter—the reverse of flattering—addressed to us, and written with his own hard hoof of a hand, to call us "a big blue-bottle;" but we bear no resemblance to that insect, and fear not to image ourselves a dragonfly, fierce-looking as he whirrs dartingly in all directions, but harmless as any creature that wings the air, and after careering in storm and sunshine over ferny banks, and braes, and heather-mountains, dropping down at last upon the bosom of a Highland loch, into easy death.

THE LOST LAD.

"Far to the left, where streams disparted flow,
Rude as his home of granite, dark and cold,
In ancient days, beneath the mountain's brow,
Dwelt with his son, a widower poor and old.
Two steeds he had, whose manes and forelocks bold
Comb ne'er had touch'd; and daily to the town
They dragg'd the rock, from moorland quarries torn.
Years roll'd away. The son, to manhood grown,
Married his equal; and a boy was born,
Dear to the grandsire's heart. But pride and scorn,
And avarice, fang'd the mother's small grey eyes,
That dully shone, like studs of tarnish'd lead.
She poison'd soon her husband's mind with lies;
Soon nought remain'd to cheer the old man's shed,
Save the sweet boy, that nightly shared his bed.
And worse days were at hand. The son defied
The father—seized his goods, his steeds, his cart:
The old man saw, and, unresisting, sigh'd:
But when the child, unwilling to depart,
Clung to his knees, then spoke the old man's heart
In gushing tears. "The floor," he said, "is dry:
Let the poor boy sleep with me this one night."
"Nay," said the mother; and she twitch'd awry
Her rabid lip; and dreadful was the sight,
When the dwarf'd vixen dash'd, with fiendish spite,
Her tiny fist into the old man's face,
While he, soft-hearted giant, sobb'd and wept.
But the child triumph'd! Rooted to the place,
Clasping the aged knees, his hold he kept,
And once more in his grandsire's bosom slept.
And nightly still, and every night, the boy
Slept with his grandsire, on the rush-strewn floor,

Till the old man forgot his wrongs, and joy
Revisited the cottage of the moor.
But a sad night was darkening round his door.
The snow had melted silently away,
And, at the gloaming, ceased the all-day rain;
But the child came not. Wherefore did he stay?
The old man rose, nor long look'd forth in vain;
The stream was bellowing from the hills amain,
And screams were mingled with its sullen roar:
"The boy is in the burn!" said he, dismay'd,
And rush'd forth wild with anguish. From the shore
He plunged; then, staggering, with both hands display'd,
Caught, screaming, at the boy, who shriek'd for aid,
And sank, and rais'd his hands, and rose, and scream'd!
He leap'd; he struck o'er eddying foam; he cast
His wilder'd glance o'er waves that yelp'd and gleam'd;
And wrestled with the stream, that grasp'd him fast,
Like a bird struggling with a serpent vast.
Still, as he miss'd his aim, more faintly tried
The boy to scream; still down the torrent went
The lessening cries; and soon far off, they died;
While o'er the waves, that still their boom forth sent,
Descended, coffin-black, the firmament.
Morn came: the boy return'd not: noon was nigh;
And then the mother sought the hut in haste:
There sat the wretched man, with glaring eye;
And in his arms the lifeless child, embraced,
Lay like a darkening snow-wreath on the waste.
"God curse thee, dog, what hast thou done?" she cried,
And fiercely on his horrid eyeballs gazed:
Nor hand, nor voice, nor dreadful eyes replied;
Still on the corpse he stared with head unraised;
But in his fix'd eyes light unnatural blazed,
For *Mind* had left them, to return no more.
Man of the wither'd heart-strings! is it well?—
Long in the grave hath slept the maniac hoar;
But of the "Lost Lad" still the mountains tell,
When shriek the spirits of the hooded fell,
And, many-voiced, comes down the foaming snow."

From none of the next three Books can we quote; there is abundance of good things in them, but taken together, they are not unlike one of the Poet's moors. Here a flat, black if not barren—there a pretty green patch of pasture—and there a quagmire, pretty and green too—with a pure spring in its bosom, and fringed with cresses—in Scotland called aptly *sourocks*. There you see a small old house—

whether inhabited or not, it is hard to say—for it has an uncertain look of life, and yet no smoke issues from the chimney; and that, there, is not a house at all, though it is like one, but only a grey stone, and on its top a hawk. Lo! there is snow on the ground, and what brings here Enoch Wray? Why, to visit Dame Alice Green, who has been five times a buxom widow, and though now on the wrong side of fourscore—

> "Still she hath eyes—one red and blind, one green;
> And in her upper jaw is yet a tooth,
> Which, when she laughs and yawns, may well be seen,
> With two below, and bluish stumps between."

She makes an attempt—not exactly, perhaps, on the chastity—but on the widowerhood of the Centenarian; but rather boldly than skilfully he effects a retreat,

> "And hears her laugh of rage behind him burst."

Through the whole of the succeeding Book Enoch dreams a dream. And the one again after it consists entirely of a dismal but terrible tale of murder, execution, and insanity—a tragedy too nearly affecting Enoch Wray—the murderess, as she is called, though no murderess at all, having been his own daughter-in-law. His son, Joseph, a poacher, had previously died in jail.

But of the ludicrous and the terrible we get rid, towards the close of this extraordinary poem; its pervading spirit—with flashes of scorn, and indignation, and grief between—then becomes that of a profound melancholy—nor are there wanting touches, and more than touches, of the true moral sublime. It is April—and the Man of a Hundred years is never to see May. Secret sorrow oppresses him—he sickens—and knows that he is, at last, about to die. Whence secret sorrow to one so conditioned—one for whom has been so long waiting the grave?

> "Why is our father's look so full of pain?
> What silent malady, what secret woe,
> Weighs on his gloomy heart, and dizzy brain?
> An evil, which he seeks, yet dreads, to know,
> Not yet assured, suspected long ago.
> Hath the dark angel of the night, that still
> Delights in human agony and tears,
> Appall'd his slumbers with predicted ill,
> And confirmation of his worst of fears?

The cause I tell not; but th' effect appears
In sudden alteration, such as oft
Comes on the unailing aged, when they seem
Strong as old eagles on the wing aloft."

He prepares to bid the world farewell—and it is wonderful the pathos which the Poet breathes into the parting of this shadow with all the other shadows, that will continue for a while passing to and fro along the earth's surface, after it is gone. As Enoch Wray is about to shut his eyes on time, temporal things all look touchingly beautiful, and he gives them his last, his few remaining drops of tears. Flowers had been his earliest loves, and he is sad to bid them all farewell. But there is one flower—a blessed and a holy flower—bearing the name of the mother of our Saviour! It touches his lips. Yet more for the sake of another Mary, whom he hopes soon now to see in heaven! This passage is exquisite:

"The meanest thing to which we bid adieu,
Loses its meanness in the parting hour,
When, long-neglected, worth seems born anew,
The heart, that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower.
Thus, Enoch—like a wretch prepared to fly,
And doom'd to journey far, and come no more—
Seeks old acquaintance with a boding sigh.
Lo, how he weeps for all he loved of yore,
Telling to weeds and stones quaint stories o'er!
How heavily he climbs the ancient stile,
Whence, on the hill which he no more shall climb,
Not with a brief, albeit a mournful, smile,
He seems to gaze, in reverie sublime,
Till, heard afar, and saddening all the clime,
Slow swings from yonder tower the passing bell!
There is a flower—the housewife knows it well—
A flower, which long hath graced the warm hedge side
Of Enoch's dying neighbour, Andrew Gell;
Whose spleeny sire he pummell'd for his pride,
Ere beauteous Mary Gold became a bride.
It is the flower which (pious rustics say)
The virgin-mother on her bosom wore.
It hoards no dewdrop, like the cups of May,
But, rich as sunset, when the rain is o'er,
Spreads flamy petals from a burning core;
Which, if morn weep, their sorrowing beams upfold,
To wake, and brighten, when bright noon is near.
And Enoch bends him o'er the marigold;

He loves the plant, because its name is dear.
But on the pale-green stalks no flowers appear,
Albeit the future dise is growing fast.
He feels each little bud, with pleasing pain,
And sighs, in sweet communion with the past;
But never to his lip, or burning brain,
The flower's cold softness shall he press again,
Murmuring his long-lost Mary's virgin name."

He now goes on to say good-by to friends and acquaintances living in the neighbourhood, within an easy walk, and among the rest to the village Poet—

"A kind, good man, who knows our father's worth,
And owns his skill in everything but rhyme."

With touches almost of liveliness—such as this—does Elliott relieve the mournful thoughts crowding heavily upon the old man's heart—and he scatters, too, gleams of earth's transitory beauty all round his parting feet. The Blind feels they are there.

"But *thou* deny'st not beauty, colour, light;
Full well thou know'st, that, all unseen by thee,
The Vernal Spirit, in the valleys bright,
Is scattering diamonds over blossoms white.
She, though she deign to walk, hath wings of gold,
And plumes all beauteous, while, in leafing bower,
The Chrysalis, that ne'er did wing behold,
Though born to glide in air o'er fruit and flower,
Disproves the plume, the beauty and the power,
And deems it quite impossible to fly."

Enoch, ere he shakes hands for the last time with Nature, must visit his daughter Mary—at the Mill. For her sake it was that the secret sorrow troubled him, which he feared to mention even to his own heart into which it crept. Intimations had come to him in his darkness that all was not right in her husband's house—and he feared that Albert was a bankrupt. Was she—Mary Gould, the daughter of Mary Gould—to become an inmate of the workhouse? Over his grave were there indeed after all, at last, to be shed by the chief mourner—a pauper's tears!

"But lo, tow'rds Albert's mill the Patriarch wends!
(His own hands rear'd the pile: the very wheels
Were made by him; and where the archway bends,

His name, in letters of hard stone, appeals
To time and memory.) With mute step, he steals
Along the vale, but does not hear the mill!
'Tis long since he was there. Alas, the wave
Runs all to waste, the mighty wheel is still!
Poor Enoch feels as if become a slave;
And o'er his heart the long grass of the grave
Already trembles! To his stealthy foot,
Around the door thick springs the chance-sown oat.
While prene their plumes the water-hen and coot;
Fearless and fierce, the rat and otter float,
Catching the trout in Albert's half-sunk boat;
And, pendent from each bucket fat weeds dip
Their slimy verdure in the listless stream.
'Albert is ruin'd, then!' his quivering lip
Mutters in anguish, while with paler beam
His sad eye glistens; 'tis, alas, no dream!
Heaven, save the blood of Enoch Wray from shame,
Shame undeserved, the treadmill of the soul!'"

Stunned by this blow, but not into stone, is the Village Patriarch. Albert was blameless; for he had been always "strong, laborious, frugal, just;" but all over the land,

"in April's fickle sky,
The wretched rich and not less wretched poor
Changed places miserably; and the bad
Throve, while the righteous begg'd from door to door!"

The shame of having an unprincipled or profligate son has not fallen on Enoch Wray, and there is on earth to comfort him still a Mary Gould. Therefore he yet walks erect before men's eyes, in spite of this blow falling on the burthen of a hundred years. But behold him on his knees! In the churchyard "reading with his fingers"

"Pages with silent admonition fraught."

Many of the inscriptions there his own chisel had wrought! Nay, some of them had been even the effusions of his own fervid and pious heart—for the Village Patriarch had been one of Nature's elegiac poets, unknown but within the narrow neighbourhood of its tombstones. He crawls from slab to slab—and his memory touches many an affecting record. To such a visitant they must be all affecting—

"John Stot, Charles Lamb, Giles Humble, Simon Flea,
And Richard Green, here wait for Alice—me!"

Enoch thinks perhaps for a moment of the escape he made from Alice's clutches a few weeks ago—but his fine finger—nor shall poetry ever blind it—travels over a very different memorial—more pathetic than any that was ever writ in Greek.

> "A broken mast, a bursting wave, a child
> Weeping, a woman frantic on the shore;
> Rude stone! Thou tell'st a story sad and wild.
> 'Pain, want, unkindness, all afflictions sore,
> Disease, suspense, with constancy I bore:
> My heart was broken—Letty lies with me;
> And now we know that Matthew died at sea.'"

The churchyard belongs to the church in which Enoch Wray was married—married to Mary Gould—and doubtless she was buried here—yet Enoch is busying himself with other matters, and has forgotten where she lies. For had he remembered Mary Gould, would he not have gone, first of all, up to her grave, and nowhere else have knelt? Not so thought Ebenezer Elliott, and he knew Enoch Wray far better than either you or I—he had known him all his—that is all Eben's—life, and in the poem you will find it writ.

> "But to one grave the blind man's eyes are turn'd,
> Move where he may—and yet he seeks it not.
> He communes with the poor, the lost, the mourn'd,
> The buried long, by all, but him, forgot:
> The hated? No; his bosom never burn'd
> With fire so base: the dreaded? No, he spurn'd
> Fear, as unworthy of the human breast.
> Why does he pause on his dark pilgrimage?
> Hath he forgot what love remembers best?
> Oh, stoop and find, in this familiar page,
> The mournful story, dearest to his age!
> 'Here Lucy rests, who in this vale of tears
> Dwelt thirty weeks:—Here waits the judgment-day
> Her brother James, who died, aged fifty years:
> Here slumbers sinless Anne, who lived a day:
> Children of Mary, and of Enoch Wray.'
> His finger pauses, like a trembling wand,
> Held o'er desponding hope by mercy. Lo!
> Another line, cut by another hand,
> On the cold stone, from which he riseth slow
> But it is written on his heart of woe;
> 'Mary! thou art not lost, but gone before.'

'Oh, no!—not lost. The hour that shall restore
Thy faithful husband, Mary, is at hand;
Ye soon shall meet again, to part no more;
By angels welcomed to their blissful land,
And wander there, like children, hand in hand,
To pluck the daisy of eternal May."

Enoch leaves the churchyard in trouble, to be brought back in a few days in peace; for now

"It is the evening of an April day.
Lo, for the last time, in the cheerful sun
Our father sits, stooping his tresses grey,
To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,
Young as if time had yesterday begun.
Heaven's gates are like an Angel's wing, with plumes
Of glorious green, and purply gold, on fire:
Through rifts of mountainous clouds, the light illumes
Hill-tops, and woods, that pilgrim-like retire;
And, like a giant's torch, burns Morthern spire.
Primrosy odours, violet-mingled, float
O'er blue-bells and ground ivy, on their wings
Bearing the music of the blackbird's note;
Beneath the dewy cloud the woodlark sings,
But on our father's heart no gladness flings.
Mary bends o'er him, mute. Her youngest lad
Grasps, with small hand, his grandsire's finger fast;
Well knows the old man that the boy is sad;
And the third Mary, as she hurries past,
Trembles, and looks towards the town aghast.
Enoch hears footsteps of unwelcome sound,
While at his feet the sightless mastiff lies;
And, lo, the blind dog, growling, spurns the ground!
'Two strangers are approaching,' Enoch cries;
But Mary's throbbing heart alone replies.
A stern 'Good-day, sir!' smites his cheek more pale;
A rude collision shakes him in his chair;
The Bible of his sires is mark'd for sale!
But degradation is to him despair;
The hour is come which Enoch cannot bear!
But he can *die!*—and in his humble grave,
Sweet shall his long rest be, by Mary's side;
And o'er his coffin uninscribed shall wave
The willow-tree, beneath the dark tower's pride
Set by his own sad hand, when Mary died."

Enoch Wray *is* dead; and we are left to think on the Village

Patriarch, his character, his life, and his death. Do not we always do so—kindly or cruelly—whenever we chance to hear that any Christian man or woman of our acquaintance has died? "Ah! is *he* dead?" "Can it be that *she* is cut off?" And a hundred characters of the deceased are drawn extempore, which, it is as well to know, find no lasting record—that obituary being all traced in letters of air. But we are not disposed to write Enoch Wray's epitaph, on the very day of his death—nor yet on the very day of his burial. Some time, shorter or longer, elapses—after the disappearance of the deceased—before you see a man like a schoolmaster earnestly engaged with suitable tools in engraving an imperishable record of filial, or parental, or conjugal affection, on a new handsome burial-stone, that looks as if there were none other besides itself in the churchyard—though the uprights are absolutely jostling one another till they are in danger of being upset on the flats—slabs once horizontal, but now sunk, with one side invisible, into a soil which, if not originally rich, has been excellently well manured, yet is suffered to produce but dockens, nettles, and worse than weeds (can it be fiorin?) the rank grass of wretchedness, that never fades, because it never flourishes, thatching the narrow house, but unable—though the inmates never utter a complaint—even in the driest weather, to keep out damp. That is rather a disagreeable image—and of the earth earthy; but here are some delightful images—of the heavens heavenly; and, in the midst of them, for a while let us part.

> "He hears, in heaven, his swooning daughter shriek.
> And when the woodbine's cluster'd trumpet blows;
> And when the pink's melodious hues shall speak,
> In unison of sweetness with the rose.
> Joining the song of every bird, that knows
> How sweet it is of wedded love to sing:
> And when the fells, fresh bathed in azure air,
> Wide as the summer day's all golden wing,
> Shall blush to heaven, that Nature is so fair,
> And man condemn'd to labour in despair;—
> Then, the gay gnat, that sports its little hour;
> The falcon, wheeling from the ancient wood;
> The red-breast, fluttering o'er its fragrant bower;
> The yellow-bellied lizard of the flood;
> And dewy morn, and evening—in her hood
> Of crimson, fringed with lucid shadows grand—

Shall miss the Patriarch; at his cottage door
The bee shall seek to settle on his hand,
But from the vacant bench haste to the moor,
Mourning the last of England's high-soul'd poor,
And bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray!
And for themselves!—albeit of things that last
Unalter'd most; for they shall pass away
Like Enoch, though their iron roof seem fast
Bound to the eternal future, as the past!
The Patriarch died; and they shall be no more.
Yes, and the sail-less worlds, which navigate
Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore,
Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,
Like tapers, quench'd by Him whose will is fate!
Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
Ere long, oh earth, will look in vain for thee,
And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
And, with his wings of sorrow and affright—
Veil his impassion'd brow, and heavenly tears!"

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

[JUNE 1830.]

Punishment in human government may be referred originally to two sources: the vengeance of offended Power; and the satisfaction of Justice—that is, retribution measured to transgression. Either of these feelings suggests the idea of punishment, and satisfies the minds of those who impose it. To these is soon added the use to which punishment may be employed, for deterring others from the same crime. The progress of moral civilisation adds a fourth purpose—that of moral restoration to the criminal. The illustration of these Four Principles would go through the whole history of Penal Legislation.

The character of those feelings which have given origin to punishment among men, must explain the sanguinary and ferocious character it has borne. For either of them provokes strong passion in the hearts of rude men. Offended power and indignant justice crush the offender. In those early states of mankind in which laws and government have their origin, there is nothing for men to refer to, when occasions arise, but the sentiments they find in their own hearts, whencesoever they are produced; and when any of those great violations occur which call for severer chastisement, the passionate feeling with which they consider the acted offence gives birth to the law.

If we were to look into the history of human institutions to understand how it has happened that those corporeal inflictions which seem to us so terrible—mutilations, torments, death with all possible aggravations—have entered into the scheme of government, we should have to examine the effect among men in the pristine states of life, of crimes perpetrated before their eyes, which provoke vehement indignation. When the punishment is once allowed, its continuance is accounted

for, because the minds of men frame themselves to the existing institutions, and the policy of a barbarous people remains to more enlightened ages.

In thus referring the origin of Punishment to passionate sentiments, we at once explain its excess. Because it is the property of such passionate feelings to justify to themselves their own acts. Offended justice and offended power have this in common, that they never question the extremity of their resentment. It will be clear to those who inquire into such conditions of society, that, constituted as the life of man there is, turbulent and ungoverned, their spirit of understanding dark, and everything new and indeterminate amongst them, they could refer to nothing else but in the individual case to the sentiment of the occasion; that those impetuous dictates of feeling to which they did refer performed a most important service; for that, unless they had acted fearlessly and vehemently under such impulses, there would have been a total relinquishment of all government among them—the worst state into which any society can fall. Therefore, when that state of society is come in which men deliberate with reflective humanity, and, strong in the knowledge and experience of ages, upon their own legislation, they have to separate entirely the history of Punishment, as it may exist among them, from the consideration of its principles. For in one they see the natural resources of uninstructed men; but what they seek for themselves in the other, is the highest wisdom of possible human government.

This spirit of reflecting humanity in legislation we scarcely find, except in Christian Europe; and there not till its latest ages. The diffusion of these humane sentiments has gradually abolished many modes of torturing punishment, and has taken from the punishment of Death very generally the enormities with which it used to be accompanied. But the softenings of justice are generally to be ascribed rather to the natural influence of a milder spirit, which revolted from shocking inflictions, than to much study of legislators to conform their general laws to the wisest principles. The fearful appendages —the hideous ostentations of the punishments, have dropped away; but the reconstruction of their codes upon the wisdom which the age possesses, is a work yet to be done—for most of them, yet to be begun. It seems as if great progress

indeed, both intellectual and moral, were required to enable men to detach themselves in idea from the system to which their minds have been moulded; and to reform it according to the measure of their understanding and feeling.

When this change in the spirit of the age begins, and they consider not what the laws are, but what are the principles and the rights of punishment—when they throw off all their habitual impressions, and ask for a perfect ground, or reason, for everything they dare enact—the first startling question that comes upon their thought, is, whether men have the right to put men to death? A question involving such ideas of injury and responsibility, that it takes place of all other questions on the subject, and all theories of punishment are framed with a reference to its solution. At the time when such inquiry begins, it is found that a great change has taken place in the prevalent views of punishment; and that, in place of those conceptions of direct and retributive judgment, which prevailed in the origin of laws, the common idea that now holds a place in the public opinion is the notion of its practical utility—not its justice, but its expediency. The effect upon society of deterring from the commission of crimes—the efficacy of punishment by example—will be found to have its chief place in common thought upon the subject; and it may possibly be found that there is a common disposition to rest punishment altogether upon that ground.

The consideration, therefore, of the expediency of punishment, may perhaps rationally be brought as the first to the question of the right of capital punishment; and it may be asked, is it possible that any degree of expediency, any danger to be repelled from society, can authorise to take away life? The answer of natural feeling is here direct and simple; that, unless the life is forfeited, there can be no right to take it away. And we are thus thrown at once upon the intrinsic difficulty of the subject—the forfeiture of the right of life. If there be any cases in which it is certain that men are commanded by the highest authority under which they live to take away life, upon those cases there can be no deliberation. But if that be doubtful—and we are left upon our human understanding of rights to examine the question—the difficulty is great; for to what law can we refer, but to the common law of human nature—declared by Feeling, Reason, and Conscience?

The simplest case in which we acknowledge the right to destroy life, is that of resistance against the assault upon life. A man attempting the life of a man, a nation invading a nation with arms, always appears to us to give an unquestionable right to put to death, because in these cases the aggressor breaks up the natural bond of human society; he outlaws himself; he takes his blood upon his own head. He, in fact, gives the right over his life, not to him merely whom he attacks, but to him who passes by. He then appears certainly to have forfeited his right of life.

Our conception, therefore, is not of an absolute right of life. We conceive and admit its forfeiture. Now, can we state on what ground we conceive a right of life? Only upon this—that we are members of one family. Every individual human being has, in our eyes, the same right at our hands, by the community of our nature. But he who attempts life has dissolved for himself this community of nature; he has annulled it, and can derive no right from it. It seems, therefore, a natural reasoning, that he who has violated life has forfeited his own, and made them innocent who destroy it.

Let us take another step. The delinquency of an individual against the society to which he belongs, in those acts which are against the existence of the whole body, seems to be of the same nature; to abrogate his fellowship with them; to put him on the footing of an ordinary enemy; and to justify his death—as theirs, provided the society to which he belongs be lawfully constituted; and thus the forfeiture of life, or punishment of death, may seem to have a justification in the highest treasons.

Let us take another step. It seems reasonable to suppose, that the laws, which have been always extremely sanguinary against pirates and banded robbers, have proceeded upon such a ground—upon the assumption that they had themselves dissolved their fellowship with men, and separated themselves to be the enemies of human society. Therefore the question was not, whether they had in particular cases destroyed life, but their occupation of itself was held justly to condemn them.

These are some of the plainest cases of the apparent forfeiture of the right of life. It is possible there may be some in which, by construction, it may be conceived to be forfeited.

But if there be a case in which, neither palpably to common sense, nor by any construction, it can be shown that the natural right of life is forfeited—is it possible that any opinion of the expediency of the severest punishment can justify the use of the punishment of death? It seems very difficult to conceive.

The first great class of penalties upon which this question must be asked—in our own country—are those which regard the invasion of property, where there is no personal aggression. It is plain, that in these cases of fraud and theft, there is nothing whatever of the character of offence which separates a man from his community. He violates a law; but no man will say that that is simply a forfeiture of all right. He violates a right which is of great magnitude and importance, and on which the prosperity of the state is founded. But will any man say that he has therefore waged war with the prosperity of the state? There may be difficulty in marking the point where aggression, on the one side, breaks up to the man the laws of social life, and on the other, has ceased to do so; but the numerous cases in which wealth lies open to invasion, without any injury of personal aggression, cannot be so construed. For the injury done to me, who suffer most, is not such that I can desire the man's death. The spirit of revenge, the fiercest spirit that ever entered into law, does not ask it. Yet, upon that act, for which the sufferer dare not, before God or man, ask death, the legislator himself imagines to inflict it—making his cooler deliberation of expediency more remorseless than revenge!

Here, it may be at least an evidence that life is not forfeited, when he whose passions are most inflamed would never have dreamed it to be so. The case indeed appears perfectly clear—that here, life is taken which is not forfeited. To those who believe that, without this self-forfeiture, there can be no such penalty justified as death, the argument is ended. To those who look upon expediency as constituting a necessity, it remains to show that the punishment is expedient. But the experience that has been had of it does not show this.

To us the great question is, whether the protection of property, separate from all other considerations, can justify

the punishment of death? In most of the aggressions upon property which have, by the common laws of nations, been punished by death, there has been other aggression upon the peace and security of the society, which gave to the crime its more atrocious character. But in a country in which property is so separated from the person that it can be violated alone, the question comes, whether it is lawful, for that violation, to take away life?

Property can be invaded by counterfeiting a signature. Does the necessity of protecting it give a right to take away life, in order to deter from that invasion? The only answer that can be made in the affirmative, must at least bear the qualification, "if there is no other method of preventing it, and this is effectual." What, then, if it can be said that this is the only method that has been tried, and that this is not effectual?

But it may be doubted whether, in the utmost extremity of the case, it can be justified. For, to what extent is the law bound to interfere for the protection of property? If I lock up my purse in my house, the law will protect it, though I leave my house empty; but if I leave my purse on the highway, the law will not protect it. In one case I do not make the risk—it exists in the nature of things. In the other case, I make it. When commercial houses have arranged, that the check of a holder of money shall command it, without any other authority or evidence of his intention—if that puts the money at risk, they have put it for themselves; for there is nothing in the nature of property constraining such a risk. It is an arrangement of convenience; and if the law did not protect that arrangement by any penalty, it cannot be doubted for a moment that the holders of property would devise more decisive means of ascertaining their intention. They would be able to avoid the insecurity, but not the inconvenience. It is their convenience, then, and not the property, that is now protected by the penalty of death.

Another invasion of property, of a similar kind, is that which is effected by counterfeiting the promissory engagements of particular commercial houses, which have the currency of money with the public. The fraud is on the public. This case is of much greater importance, because no

means which could be taken by those who are liable to suffer from it are sufficient to protect them; the only sufficient means being out of their power. But it is possible that the houses who derive their profit from issuing such engagements, whose interest it is to put this money into circulation, might find the means of protecting the public from fraud. And if there were no protection afforded by the law, it is unquestionable that they would long ago have found the means of imparting some more indisputable character to their money; because the perilous uncertainty of this circulation to the public would otherwise have stopped its currency. But the ready penalty of death was at hand; and the law did as much as lay in it to render so much pains unnecessary.

The protection of such a circulation by the penalty of death, seems to have followed from the protection of the coin of the realm by the same penalty. At least, if this did not lead to it in law, it may be believed that nothing less than some habitual acquaintance with the protection of a currency by death could have disposed the country so readily to acquiesce in it. But the protection of the coin by this penalty is in itself a very extraordinary part of policy; and it is derived, not from any opinion of the sanctity of property, but from the majesty of the King, against which this crime is an aggression, and therefore punishable as treason. The law was never enacted in obedience to the common sentiments of the nation; but it was one of the acts of offended greatness,—an act of the state; and the penalty was the same, if the coin were good. If it were now for the first time to be deliberated in a civilised and Christian country, in what manner the King's coin, the engagements of banks, and the deposits of individuals, should be guarded from invasion by counterfeiture,—who is there that would first stand up, and propose that the security should consist in the penalty of death? It is not supposable that, in such a state, these laws should take origin. Who is there whose own mind would suggest to him the wish, that the man who had passed on him ten counterfeit guineas or notes, or had forged his check for fifty pounds, should perish for it on the gallows? We have a punishment which no legislator would dare to advise for the crime, and no sufferer by it to desire.

The first idea that presses on our mind is, that property

must be protected. The whole establishment of the country seems so interwoven with it, that we look with dread on its insecurity; and its security seems to us a first law of necessity. There is a feeling, that by this crime—Forgery—property may be reached to such an extent,—it seems so easy, so small an act to work such great consequences, that we can think of nothing sufficient but the most dreadful protection. It is but a few years since the persuasion was common, that forgery was a crime which never had been, and never could be, pardoned!

The same idea of the facility of crime, the strong temptation to it, from the unprotected nature of the property, led the country to acquiesce in the same punishment for real invasion of exposed property; and if there were no other means of protection, and this were such, it is not probable the holders of property would ever consent to remit the law. But now they feel it to be cruel,—because they see it to be ineffectual; and men will not enforce, for the sake of compensation, a penalty exceeding by infinite degrees the measure of their grievance.

But property which stands under conventional securities seems to differ in essential respects from that which subsists and is secured in nature. He that removes a landmark—he that takes my money—that steals my plate, my cattle—cuts away the very substance I hold. But he that passes upon me a false guinea, or a forged note, or obtains from me, by a forged order, the money I hold of another, deceives me, and gets my property with my own consent. This act is fraud, and not robbery. Now, if we would understand how widely these two crimes stand apart, we may observe, that one of great magnitude, and which is never punished with death, stands between them—the breach of trust. The moral offence may be here far greater, and also the danger to property; yet the just sense of men has saved this crime from this punishment. The difference between robbery and fraud seems to consist essentially in this, that in the one the owner has no consent—in the other he has; and therefore it is presumed that, in fact, his own imprudence has made his insecurity. Further, in one there is open and defying war against the establishment of society. There is a wilful arrogating to himself of the disposal of property. The hand that violates

property chooses to live by its own law against society; and it has therefore cast itself out from the brotherhood of men. But the man who lives by fraud puts himself still within the pale of society.

But we have a deeper feeling yet; for we conceive a sanctity in property—an inviolable sacred right. It is like the right in life and limb—in marriage, or in blood. The man brings it with him from the hand of God—it is indefeasible except by his own act; and therefore the moment we perceive his own act in effecting his loss of it, we lose the idea of the violation of the right. He who robs braves this right; he who defrauds acknowledges it. Upon such impressions, men in ruder ages may have acted to extremity, and yet justly; but we dare not act upon them now, for the moment we have begun to question them, and find that they have their impulse in imagination, we know that we are in danger of being deluded, and therefore desire to act on calm reason alone. That tells us that the right of life is not necessarily forfeited by the violation of the right of property.

But let us go now to the question of expediency.

Now, if the punishment of death is to be argued upon its expediency, the first question will be, upon what does the power of such punishment rest? Upon Fear. It takes this as the highest punishment, and rests its efficacy on the fact, that the fear of men will be in proportion—that their actions will be most controlled by the strongest fear. But it is altogether contrary to experience to say, that the fear of death has the strongest control over the actions of men. On the contrary, we know that the human heart is full of passions stronger than this fear; and that so far from its being possible to rest the security of states upon the fear of death in the breasts of its members, their only imaginable security is the power which is in those breasts to triumph over it.

It is necessary to know, therefore, what it is that gives to death its real efficacious fear; and what, in a less degree of the same nature, to other bodily inflictions. We must not hesitate to say, that what lifts men above the fear of death, is—in addition to natural courage—the sense of honour—sympathy with their fellow-men—the necessities of some great cause in which they are engaged constituting a plain duty—and last of all, the habitual presence of death steeling

the heart. We know that all these circumstances together, and any one of them singly, raise men entirely above the fear of death; and that, so far from any expectation being entertained by us that their actions will necessarily be governed by the fear of death, we have the most perfect confidence, and rest our sole security upon that confidence, that, in the midst of the most appalling shapes of death, they will be able to look round calmly for other motives—to sustain and guide themselves by other principles of action.

On what, then, we ask again, do we rest the efficacy of the fear of death? Not, surely, on the timidity of men! But on the circumstances of the death bereaving them of their natural courage. If, then, we rest our legislation upon dishonourable views of the nature and character of men, we debase ourselves as them, and blind ourselves to the truth. It is not by the fear of death that punishment has its power; but by shame—by exclusion from the sympathy of men—by the infrequency of infliction, which leaves the natural sense open to natural fear—and by conscience. The history of those who have died by the hand of public justice will support this belief. The common sentiment of men, which, whatever its authority may be in grounding a law, is our only authority in the case, is perfectly unequivocal. Shame, and men's abhorrence, and the burden of his own conscience—are the weight which a culprit cannot bear; these are the terrors that sink his heart under the approach of death.

If this be true, it is in vain that the legislator seeks to load his laws with terror. The terror is not there. It is in the minds of men; of those who stand around to condemn; and of him who suffers. How, then, may he command these terrors, and bring them in to aid his law? The answer is in one word—Justice. If his punishment be measured to the crime, the legislator will have the sympathy of men on his side. There is a moral indignation which never sleeps in their hearts; and which, at the perpetration of atrocious crime, rises up to second the arm of power, and to curse the criminal from the earth. There is a moral dread which is lodged in every human heart, which crime once acted rouses up from its slumber, and which expects the stroke of Justice. But by Justice only can the lawgiver reach that overmastering fear.

It is obvious that the same circumstances which make death overwhelming when it comes, make it formidable in prospect. If it is to repress in men's hearts the motives to crime, it must be because shame and abhorrence invest it; and that Fear of Conscience is in league with natural Fear—that the distant prospect of death will have power to awe even the passions of men from the act, or to impose a curb on their perverted will; or it must be because the temptation is not strong, and the punishment certain and immediate. But that implies much. It implies, in the first place, that punishment is measured to crime according to a natural standard in men's feelings, and not according to an artificial standard in their schemes of policy. It implies, in the next place, that there is among the community a just state of moral feeling, and that every man is able to know by his own experience of men, which way shame and abhorrence will go, that they are against him utterly. It implies that the number trained in iniquity should not be great; but that the greater part of those who are supposed to be restrained from crime by positive fear of its human consequences, may be those who would be driven to new crime by great passions or strong temptations. It implies that, among those whose life is wicked, and who are tempted to crimes of the greatest enormity, there should be yet a surviving conscience, which is in consonance with the Law, and acknowledges the Justice of the more dreadful penalty which they have not yet incurred, hung over the crime which they have not yet committed.

But all this is equivalent to saying that in every way there shall be Justice; that is, the due admeasurement of punishment to crime. For the state of the moral sense of a people, which depends upon many causes which the penal legislator cannot control, depends also upon him in no small degree. Especially in this case—the highest—it depends much on him, whether that moral abhorrence which attends upon the most atrocious crimes shall be strong and clear, or not. He has it in his power to confirm it; he has it in his power greatly to shake and weaken it. For the force of moral condemnation, indignation, and abhorrence, is nothing definite and fixed; but unsteadfast, wavering, and transient. And though it is on great occasions, on the whole, just, yet it is more or less so. It is a power variable with the influences

to which it is subjected. One of the strongest determining causes of the moral judgment of a people, is the moral opinion of those authorities to which they look up in the highest resort. One of the chief of those authorities is their national law. The seal of acquittal or condemnation by the laws weighs greatly upon the minds of the people. If their own judgment be just, and the law by its condemnation ratifies this judgment, their moral judgment is strengthened; their dependence on it is confirmed; their feelings connected with it are all called into stronger and more vigorous action; their views are made through it clearer. If their judgment be just, and the law departs from it, acquitting where they condemn, and condemning where they acquit, or more severely than they do or can, then they are shaken in their moral judgment; are drawn from their reliance on it; their feelings are repressed; their views are disturbed; and they are in some degree forced to relinquish their own just judgment for a false one. Thus, the whole scheme of the law affects the moral sense of the people; most of all, in its highest punishment—because to that is annexed the most powerful emotion.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that if that penalty, which all men do by their nature contemplate with a serious awe, were reserved for the utmost crimes, the infliction of that signal punishment upon an act, which already had excited in the utmost degree their passionate abhorrence, would, along with the satisfaction which it gave their mind by the retribution upon crime, greatly confirm their abhorrence of the crime; render it more fixed and stable, more decisive and unquestionable—would leave from their passionate feeling a firm and solemn judgment. And thus the moral feeling of the whole people upon that crime would be greatly strengthened. For that is the effect of such confirmation. If the sympathy of their equals heightens their passion, and justifies it for the moment—the assent of their superiors, which is not a sympathy but a judgment, justifies it permanently.

Thus, in the awarding of punishment, especially the highest, the framer of the law has the moral sense of the people in a certain degree dependent upon him; and this is one great consideration which makes it doubtful how far, in extreme offences, the legislator ought to punish *below* the abhorrence of the people, inasmuch as he is thereby in danger to weaken

their just abhorrence. But if this be matter of doubt, it is beyond all doubt, that he must not punish *above* their just abhorrence; and that in annexing to offences of lesser enormity that heaviest penalty which natural sense would annex only to the greatest, he disturbs the moral judgment of crime throughout the nation—perplexing their condemnation between greater and lesser crimes; so that, while it, perhaps, reconciles them by use—as use will reconcile to much—to undeserved punishment, it certainly weakens their abhorrence of those worse crimes which are visited by no heavier retribution. The legislator, therefore, who, upon suggestions of policy, departs from men's natural standard of punishment, disables himself in two ways; both, as he loses some part of that mighty force with which the natural feelings of mankind would aid his policy against the worst crimes; and as he separates, in some degree permanently and altogether, the administration of the laws from the sympathy of the people.

It cannot be forgotten, in speaking of the effects of this punishment on our moral judgments, that some considerable part of the awe with which all look upon death, arises not from the life from which it separates them, but from that to which it commits them; that the thought of the dreadful eternity, which lies beyond the mortal punishment of the offender, gives a weight upon their souls to the execution of the law's sentence, which does in the most direct manner, and in the highest kind, confirm their moral feeling of his crime. It is with this deepest and most dreadful of human feelings that the lawgiver trifles, who uses the penalty of atrocious crime for the protection of the lesser interests of society. He teaches them to separate in their thoughts the punishments of this world and another. He stops their fear at the moment of death; and constrains them anxiously to struggle in their minds against the belief of that futurity for the offender, whom they have seen perish, from which they would otherwise not have dared to withhold their belief. It severs the strongest bond of their moral judgments at the very point where they ought to be most strongly united.

It is in this way that a conformity to natural Justice is necessary to that legislation which is to be rested on Fear—in order that the Moral Sense of the people, which makes by far the greatest part of that Fear, may be in its utmost strength with the Law. But it is necessary also with respect

to those who may be supposed to be restrained by fear from the commission of crimes. For every theory of government supposes that there is among men a very variable disposition to crime. It does not presume to stop all crime; but the greater part. Crime will burst through all restraints. What do we suppose, then, of those whom the law menaces with its heaviest inflictions, if they commit crimes? We suppose that some men in the midst of the tranquillity and happiness of ordinary life are seduced, or driven by strong and ungovernable passions to crime—some by the compulsion of strong necessity;—that some, neglected or more prone to evil, more indifferent to good, are upon less temptation in danger of falling into transgressions; that some live in habitual lesser violation of the law, and are therefore searing their conscience, and strengthening themselves in the defiance of authority, involving themselves more and more in the occasion and practice of crime, and continually more and more solicited to worse crime, as they widen the separation between themselves and the common order of society.

Now, from this general description, it may be possible for us to form some judgment of the effect upon these different minds of the natural Justice of the Law.

In the first place, it may be said, that, to all these, there is some degree of moral sense. In none, perhaps, is it utterly obliterated. In this way, the Justice of the Law affects them, by the response it makes to the Conscience; and because the greater the moral sense of the community, the greater theirs. In the next place, this sense of the judgment and condemnation of men will be in proportion to the degree in which they see moral judgment to exist among them—in which they themselves were sensible to it, before their own days of crime. And farther, it is evident that, of all these classes, the last are those with whom the law must find it most difficult to deal by fear.

For them it seems desirable to preserve two conditions: one, that there should be left them, if we may dare to speak so, a range of crime safe from the penalty of death; the other, that the sort of war carried on against them by the state should bear as much as possible the character of necessity, and as little as possible that of resentment and eager persecution. The two resolve themselves into this—that the extreme punishment of the law should be as much as possible

withheld. Perhaps this may seem to require farther explanation.

Those who live by crime must be continually hardening themselves against the apprehensions of punishment. Men have power to do so to a wonderful extent. Now, it is important to the state, that the penalty against which these men should be least tempted to harden themselves, should be its extremest penalty—that of death. But the moment the state begins to punish with death the offences by which they habitually live, it compels them to harden themselves against the fear; and it is found that they succeed in doing so. Of course, in hardening themselves against this worst extremity, they quite lift themselves above the thought of all lesser punishment; and thus there is produced among this class of the community the temper of hardest insensibility to the inflictions of law. And whatever force the fear of punishment might have had among them—as it is always presumed to affect even these—is greatly taken away by the very excess, beyond natural justice, by which the law sought to augment it. This, then, is one sufficient reason why there should be a range of crime safe from the punishment of death.

But there is another reason. For these men, in some degree retaining the natural judgment of crime, and partly guided by the actual state of themselves in human life, commit more willingly, and have oftener occasion to commit, the lesser offences. But if the law visits them with death, they find themselves, early in their career of progressive crime, already under the worst penalty of the law. Then, what temper of mind can be expected in them, but to become at once desperate; and, as past human recovery, and as forfeited to themselves, to associate themselves to the worst offenders of the law—to enter without fear into those worst crimes which have most temptation, and which sometimes become the safest?

It is further a consideration with regard to such men, that there should be as little as possible done by the law to exasperate them against the society with which they are at war. This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak, as there can be but little sympathy with what may be said upon it. But it is necessary to be stated. The temper of those who live in violation of law is more or less hardened, more or less fierce against society. It may be imagined that they have

but one governing sentiment—that of making the most profit to themselves by injury to others, with impunity. But that is not the truth. They are not at war with society only, but with themselves; and there are few of them who do not well know that their life is madness. They have contentions in their own minds, and are subject more or less to determining causes, which alternately impel them one way or the other It may seem prudence in a state, and a duty upon man governing men, not to add to the causes which determine them to crime—not to cast into the temper of those who are wavering amidst the suggestions of wickedness and possible hope, the desperate feeling of resentment against society, and at the same time against the moral order which society upholds, by bitter and merciless persecution. They have made themselves enemies to society, but it is in the power of society to determine what shall be the character of their hostility.

Yet further—for all those, of whatever class or character, whom the law is to control by fear from crime, it is evident that the first essential condition of the punishment is—its certainty. This has been found, and may be shown in many ways; by the unwillingness to accuse—to witness against—to condemn—to execute, when the punishment is beyond natural justice;—by the inequality of administration, which necessarily enters into a system of law not consistently planned. The same spirit which would carry the most perfect justice into the frame of laws, would carry the most perfect exactness into their execution. But violence is always a sign of deficient energy. There must have been much already wanting to just government, in the temper and wisdom of that society, which could consent to protect itself by fear beyond justice.

Thus there seem to be Three Great Causes of Inefficiency in the Laws which are framed to severity beyond the crime—their deadening the moral sense of the people—their hardening the temper of criminals—their uncertainty of execution.

But much more may be said—that the very conception of controlling men's passions and crimes by fear, is in itself false; for in all cases, and with its utmost strength, it is an inefficacious power to control human action. They have already overcome a much greater fear. It would seem as if lawgivers had stood in the front of society, to wield power against the criminal passions; as if they saw nothing in all

society but crime on the one side, and the power of punishment on the other, and felt themselves called upon to punish, and nothing else, till society was protected. A vain imagination indeed! For they forget that the great control of our propensities to transgression, is not in the law, but in that whole system of moral powers and restraints, whatever they may be, which binds society together; that if they indeed had to wage war with the passions let loose, the utmost human power would at once be swept away, and that the only power of the punishment, is that it is a part of a system, of which it is but a very small part. The order of society subsists already—ten thousand restraints are imposed throughout all its parts on the license of the will; but they are not sufficient, and in extremity the legislator interposes. He does not make the peace of society, nor ordinarily does he preserve it; but the moment he loses sight of his real situation, as the guardian of peace in extremity, which to a far greater extent is guarded without him, he loses sight of the only principle that can safely guide him, and imagines a magnitude and self-dependence in his function, which it does not possess. He conceives that he has only to go on exerting the power with which he is armed, till he has made it avail. He, therefore, blinds himself entirely to the true condition of his office; and does not understand that it is but a small portion of punishment that society can bear—that he must husband, and not lavish, his power, and that he augments by sparing it.

Let us, for a moment, conceive of punishment under human law, as merely consonant to, seconding, and fulfilling Divine and Moral Law—that all these were to every man's contemplation one and the same. Would not the condemnation of transgression be something more impressive and overcoming, when he found that to whichever he should look of the great authorities under which he lives, the same stern aspect of menacing interdiction frowned upon him? That beyond the warning of his conscience, the hand of human law was lifted up, and behind all mortal punishment a more dreadful avenging? Would not each confirm the other? The same consideration that weighs with men at one time, does not equally affect them at another. At one time a man's heart has more moral sensibility, and the inclinations of his own mind will then much govern him;—at another, he is under religious impressions,

and then terrors and promises will take hold upon his understanding, and rule his will. At another time, when his higher nature has little power, and he rests on the present, he will be swayed by the fear of men—he will acknowledge the necessity of submitting to the Code of the Law. Thus to every man's serious moral contemplations, or to his most obscure moral fluctuations of feeling, the code of his country's penal law, if it be conformable to natural human sentiment, is of important influence; and the punishments, lesser or greater, which are annexed to transgression, have their daily force in determining the moral temper and condition of a whole people.

In arguing this question, it is necessary that we consider not only the condition of those upon whom the criminal law is to act, but also the causes of that condition. What if that condition was made evil, not by themselves, but by what would seem almost to be a necessary evil inherent in every highly civilised society? If so, are we to punish merely, or, by mercy tempering justice, seek to restore? If crime springs out of ignorance and poverty, and if that ignorance and poverty have fallen upon thousands as a doom, shall we punish such criminals with death, and not sin against conscience, reason, and God?

There is one portion of our population more corrupt than the rest—which, by indigence, vice, ignorance—abject condition of every kind, is the lowest amongst us. Indeed, it may be understood, that in a great and various population like ours, causes are continually operating to cast down from every part of it numbers into its lowest and worst conditions. If the natural constitution of society be considered, it must be understood that unless such a moral order prevails through the whole, that all are rightly governed in their place, which is not the condition of human nature—there must exist in every country an infamous caste. For, the lower men are born, the more easily do they escape from the bonds which hold them to some place in ordered society—they are on the verge, and, if they let go, they drop.

For men hold their place in ordered society, not by their conduct merely—but by their rights—and he who holds those personal rights in society, which are an important part of its own entire institution, as the rights of property, may commit

many forfeitures, and yet not lose his place; but he who holds his place in his person only, more easily forfeits it. And when the difficulty of human conduct is considered, and the extreme ignorance in which, by the natural separation of the classes of society, and the extreme neglect of their condition in that extreme separation, great numbers are reared—and the vehemence of the gross temptations that assail them—it cannot be wondered at that there should be continually dropping from the bosom of society into that class which is below her lowest rank, numbers of her children. If it be considered that they are exposed to all the natural difficulties and trials of human nature, and with scarcely anything of its aids and artificial strength—that in want and abject life, they are left almost to some inherent principle of good to preserve them under temptations, against which we, with all aid, are often not able to stand—there will be sufficient reason seen why there must be, as the lowest part of a great society, a deplorable race, for whom the benefits of society scarce seem to exist.

At the head, are those who regularly subsist by depredation on property, knowing no other livelihood. Of the life, the condition, the numbers of these, the rest of society can know little, except what is brought to light by their intercourse with them at the bar of justice. For the first condition of the life of this people is its separation and obscurity. But so much may be said as belongs to the present purpose. We know of them, then, that they are numerous and powerful; that they subsist in every part of the country—in every great town, and in concentred and formidable strength in London—that they are strongly associated—that their skill, in places of their great resort, is matured and consummate; and their courage such as belongs to the spirit of the country—that they are strong in united numbers, in counsel, and execution. We understand, that among this associated people of depredators there are all descriptions: those artificers of wickedness, who hold in their hands the threads of other men's crimes; the numerous bands who are given up to a profligate trade with little thought, and those great numbers who are the dupes at first of the corruption of others, till they take their own place, and willingly extend that corruption of which they have been themselves the victims.

Next to these, and intimately united with them, are those great numbers, who still hold their place in society, and yet participate in the crimes of the others; not relinquishing the rights they hold by the order of society, but deriving their benefit from the crimes of those who do. These are perhaps among the most morally corrupt of any. They furnish certainly a very important part of that corrupt and systematic hostility, against which it is the business of the law to protect property, strengthening their hands, and continually supplying their numbers.

With all these are associated those great numbers who are known to us by their vicious life—those who derive their subsistence from their vice; and those whose indulgence of life is habitually vicious. A vast population, united to the others often in depredation—united in their habits of life, and always tending to participation in their crimes.

All may be regarded as united in one hostility to ordered society. For the laws, institutions, observances, manners, which favour the order of society, and are conceived by us as essential to our welfare, are to them unfriendly. They consider them with aversion.

Such is, in the first place, the constitution of that great class of society, amongst whom the offences against property chiefly spring up; of whom it seemed necessary to say so much, to show that those against whom the laws must act, are, independently of the small portion of their offences that can ever come under the cognisance of justice, subsisting in an absolutely depraved and corrupted state, by which they are already essentially detached from the good order of society.

But it is not possible to leave the subject without speaking also of the condition of those who, without belonging to this sort of association, commit the same offences; those who in their private connection with the property of others, are brought into continual temptation which they have not strength to resist; and yielding to corrupt inclination, become habitually criminal in their own life, long before they are tempted to join themselves to those who are avowedly abandoned. But they are on their way to join them. Such daily corruption of life drawing the man gradually lower and lower, opening before him new purposes of wickedness, and still pressing him forwards in a manner that can scarcely end, if it is not otherwise broken

off, but in associating him irretrievably with those who are avowedly abandoned.

Such, then, are the classes which wealth produces in a country to prey upon itself. The division of the ranks of society, which, with advancing prosperity, is continually proceeding, while it separates one portion of the community to affluence and refinement, separates another portion to indigence and abasement. The first great distinction which so early takes place, into the holders of property and those who are born to labour, must appear from the beginning to establish a natural warfare between the rights of one part of the community and the cravings of another. Yet moral institution is found sufficiently powerful, while it has power, to keep down this hostility, and to maintain the order of society; but take morality away, and there is no human power of avail to guard property against the boundless depredation that is let loose upon it.

If, now, it be considered what numerous and strong sources of corruption invade the morality of a people from great and sudden wealth,—what overpowering vice is engendered by the profuse means of indulging it,—how the ancient manners, the strong bond of the people's integrity, fall away in the rapid changes of the time,—how men are severally divided from the connections which held them in restraint, and thrown into a licentious independence,—how the orders of society, so powerful in mutual control while they are connected, are continually removed from one another by wider separation,—how many are cast down into hopeless want by the fluctuations of even the most prosperous times,—and, last of all, how an inflamed desire of gain usurps the minds of all, and expels the virtuous spirit of contented simplicity,—if all these things be considered, it will be apparent that there is cause enough in a great and overflowing prosperity, such as ours has been, to strike deep wounds into the heart of a people's morality; and it may appear that reason enough is shown, why that spirit of lawless depredation which the very condition of society must create, if the most powerful moral causes did not hold it subdued, should at this time prevail.

Thus there seem to be plain and sufficient reasons in the nature of things, why such a people of offenders as this should be found in existence in a great and wealthy country. And

if the nature of the enormous Metropolis of such a country be considered, it will well appear why such a disease should rage with intense activity in that great heart of the nation; for there wealth is accumulated for depredation,—there it is set out in all accessible forms of temptation,—there the shadow of obscurity is on the path of the depredator at noonday, and tenfold obscurity on his midnight haunts,—there the infected and fermenting mass of corruption is most heaped together,—there, from all quarters of the country, a loose and floating mass of population is continually pouring in,—and there the old iniquity of the place has its ancient strongholds—There the art of iniquity has its hereditary seat.

If the corruption of wealth has engendered amongst us a great vicious population,—if the restraints of morality, taken off from great numbers, let loose depredation upon property,—if the two evils, profligacy and dishonesty, are, in human nature and society, most intimately linked together, is it not apparent, that the first great question to a nation like this in considering by what means it shall provide the protection of property, is, how it shall deal with the moral corruption of its people?

It is from views such as these, of which, if our representation be imperfect and inadequate, every one, from the melancholy details of intelligence that are before the public, may easily enlarge and rectify it for himself, that it appears to us necessary to take the first step towards the examination of our Penal Law. Whatever that law may be, however it may be designed, it is on this people that its brunt will fall; and it is with the fullest consideration, therefore, of their condition, that a wise and great nation will proceed to the framing of its penal enactments.

If we go on then to the question of the law as it now stands, and ask what are the provisions it contains applicable to the case of this people of offenders—upon what principle it is prepared to deal with them—in what manner it has devised to guard property from their ever-active hostility?—It must be answered that the law deals with them—by Fear. Its terrors are what it hangs out over their heads. It trusts to daunt their aggression, by visiting their offences with vengeance.

Nor is this to be represented or conceived of as the principle of our law—with any pre-eminence. For, though ours

bears the reputation, among the nations of Europe, of a more sanguinary character, and has, perhaps, been less sparing than any other, among civilised men, of the punishment of death, yet the principle to visit offence with vengeance, and to secure society by terror, has been common to all law; and it is hard to say, that those nations who have retained to late times the wheel for the greatest malefactors, or those who have punished offences of lesser enormity with the galleys, have breathed in their public justice a more merciful spirit than our own.

But such a comparison is little to the present purpose. What is of consequence to us to understand is, that the provision of our statute-book for the offences against property of every kind, is simply vindictive punishment—that all its penalties, from least to greatest—imprisonment, stripes, disgraceful labour, infamous exposure (so lately expunged), banishment, death, have but one purpose and spirit running through them all—having for their design to repress crime by fear.

And the question is, Is this the law in which we can be contented to rest? Is this the best, the only policy which human wisdom can offer, to meet the exigencies of such a case—to repress a widespread corruption—to subdue in a corrupted population the spirit of offence?

It does certainly seem in the outset something repugnant and shocking to natural judgment, to conceive that, with one large portion of the society living under its care, the law can hold no intercourse but that of avenging punishment. It is strange and unnatural to conceive, that it is a part of the necessary order of society, that one part must be treated as the natural enemies of the other, to be held in subjection only by a continual war. With a people! And look what these people are. They are not merely those fierce offenders, whose audacious wickedness braves the laws of men, and challenges their vengeance; who sever themselves in defiance from human society, and proclaim against it a war of extermination. They are the lost—of all kinds; the ignorant, the unwary, the thoughtless, the seduced, the unhappy offspring of unhappy parents,—the forlorn, the famished, the victims of luxury,—the slaves of sin, the reprobate in vice before they ventured upon crime,—grey-headed men, lost women, and

children nursed in transgression. No doubt they have among them those whom, if human law may avenge, it must visit with vengeance,—those hardened against their kind, who trample everything into destruction for themselves. But these are not the majority. The greater number are those upon whom the burden of human sin has fallen,—those to whom vice and wickedness are the calamity under which they are born,—on whose heads the lees of corruption from a vast and corrupt society have dropped down,—those to whom, in the apportioning of the conditions of men, the condition of abject wretchedness has fallen.

Let it be thought, too, for what end we are to wield vengeance against them; for the defence of a privilege which we inherit in virtue of their exclusion from it; and their exclusion from which is the first cause of the evil under which they lie.

They are a people engendered by the moral corruption of the society. Then, if we know anything, we know that it is impossible to quell them by fear. They are too many. Terror may subdue single offenders; or it may break down a heartless and broken cause. But a people strong in mutual support and sympathy, covered from the law by their multitude, and continually springing up afresh and renovated from the same corrupt source, are invincible to fear. This must be known without evidence; but there is the weightiest evidence to this point, of which we shall speak hereafter in another paper.

Their number is one reason that makes the restraint of fear impracticable with respect to them. The depravity in which they live is another.

For what is to them the terror of punishment? Do they not live in the habitual disregard of all fear? Are they not hardened into insensibility? Have they not acquired the faculty of living upon present impulses, in blindness to the future? Is not their temper reckless and desperate? Is there anything they have to forfeit? Is not the heaviest penalty which Nature has annexed to punishment, for them abrogated, Shame? The whole temper and condition of their mind is disordered; and yet the law trusts to their reason. They have thrown away what was indeed dear to them; and the law threatens to take what is left. It scourges those

whose condition has been bodily suffering. It banishes those who have neither home nor country. It puts those to death who are sick of life.

Of a people living in moral corruption, it is to be understood that a law of terror trusts, by acts of punishment falling here and there, to stop the whole current of their lives! If it were possible to impress upon every man's mind the unalterable conviction that the next offence he commits will put him into the hands of justice, and be his last, it might be conceived to stop offences. But when the conviction upon every man's mind is, that his next offence will not be his last—what can it stop? If he can flatter himself with impunity for the next crime, that is all that is required for *all* offences to be committed. The undefined terror of the law will indeed keep within limits those who have not yet overstepped them; because they do not calculate impunity. They are now safe; and then they would be under danger. But he who has already violated the law, can feel no restraint from its terror;—he has passed through danger, and the next step is as likely to be safe as the last, perhaps more so. But let it be added, that he is corrupt. There is for him, within the pale of ordered society, no life; then he must find a life without its pale. His corruption of life is upon him a necessity to go on in violation of the law. What man is there who stops in the prosecution of his calling, because it daily endangers his limb or his life? Do we imagine it is to make a difference to the man, that the peril is not from accident ever at hand, but from the distant and uncertain interposition of law? There is, indeed, a terror of punishment, which is frightful to *our* minds, and which may envelop the young offender with fears; but that is only because he is making the step of transition from safe untroubled life, to the perturbed life of guilt. His own soul is up in arms against him; and the terror that rings in his ears is from within. But he has only to go on, and perturbation will become so familiar, that it will no longer alarm him. The disorder of his passions, the unsettled courses and agitated scenes of lawless life, the trouble of conscience which he may yet feel—anger, and suspicion, and hate, mutual with those about him, will make one eternal deafening tumult in his mind, in which the fears of human law will

be little heard and hardly distinguished. The temper of mind which the man must acquire, who is to go on resolutely in a guilty life, is, independently of all superadded terrors of human law, a temper of reckless defiance; and whether to the pains, fears, hinderances, miseries of every sort, which that defiance must overcome, be yet added the menace of the law, may appear to make little difference in the strength of desperate will that is required to entertain that temper. Heap men together in depravity—give them a common purpose—and but one way of life before them, and who is he that knows so little of men, as to imagine that they will falter from each other's purpose, because it leads them in the front of death? The whole history of confederated criminals is evidence of the terrible courage which men acquire in guilt. How do we expect that terror of the law is now to quell those whom it has never quelled? Let us not deceive ourselves. If criminals are few, the law may deliver society by their extirpation. But if they are gathered together in uncounted numbers, and supplied from an inexhaustible source,—that is, if their strength is established in the common corruption and depravity of a great body of a people,—the deliverance of society must be effected by some other aid than was ever in the hand of avenging Justice.

ANGLIMANIA.

CAST FIRST—SALMONIA.[1]

[AUGUST 1828.]

[In fulfilment of Professor Wilson's intention to republish his several articles on Angling under the general title of *Anglimania*, these compositions are here brought together in one Essay.]

This is a book on a very delightful subject, by a very distinguished man. But although it is occasionally rather a pleasant book than otherwise, it is not by any means worthy either of the subject or the man—the one being Angling, and the other Sir Humphry Davy. It formed the occupation of the Author, he tells us, during many months of severe and dangerous illness, when he was wholly incapable of attending to more useful studies, or of following more serious pursuits. Now, in our humble opinion, no man should write a book of any kind during severe and dangerous illness; for, under such circumstances, how can it escape being mortally stupid? Perhaps a man might write a tolerable sermon during a season of dangerous illness, a passable prayer, or a fair last will and testament. But a good book on Angling can be written, take our word for it, only in a state of vigorous health of mind and body—tongue pure, eyes bright, stomach strong, pulse steady, and palate tremblingly alive to the taste of Glenlivet. Sir Humphry must have been in a bad way indeed during the composition of the greater part of *Salmonia*—very comatose—his physician must have been fearful of the result—and his recovery may be placed among the modern miracles of the Healing Art.

Were Sir Humphry to write a book on Angling, in high

[1] *Salmonia: or, Days of Fly-Fishing, in a Series of Conversations; with some Account of the Habits of Fishes belonging to the genus Salmo.* By an Angler.

health and spirits, we are disposed to think it would be a good one; for, independently of his great scientific attainments, he has the reputation of being a man of taste and literature. Nay, in his early manhood, Sir Humphry was even a bit of a poet; and we have read a published poem of his, that appeared to us to lift up and set down its feet with considerable vigour and alacrity, even like one of Mr Ducrow's horses dancing on a platform to a band of music.

It is at all times agreeable to see men of eminence, men who are "conspicuous objects in a nation's eyes," descending from their proud and airy height to the level of ordinary mortals,—to see them eating, drinking, yawning, sleeping, walking, trotting, cantering, and galloping, shooting, fishing, and fox-hunting, like the *οἱ πολλοί* of the human race. By doing so, so far from degrading themselves, they elevate others; "they justify the ways of man to man;" and by connecting the pastimes and amusements of this life with its cares and duties, why, they bring all its discordant components into harmonious amalgamation. Thus a bishop, sans wig and petticoat, in a hairy cap, black jacket, corduroy breeches, and leathern leggins, creel on back, and rod in hand, sallying from his palace, impatient to reach a famous salmon-cast ere the sun leave his cloud, attended by his chaplain, brandishing a gaff and lister, appears not only a pillar of his church, but of his kind, and in such a costume is manifestly on the high-road to Canterbury, and the Kingdom-Come. Paley never was a bishop,—nor, with all his great virtues and talents, did he deserve to be one,—for he was not orthodox either in his morality or his religion. And we will never allow heterodoxy to wear the lawn sleeves, and ominously squint on bench episcopal. But Paley was a pellucid writer, and a bloody angler; he was a ten-dozen-trout-a-day man,—dressed his own flies, and threw as far and fine a line as ever dropped, gossamer-like, on deep or shallow. Lord Nelson was an angler till he lost his right arm; and—But, in our article, we must touch on topics, not exhaust them—so suffice it to say, that to the list of anglers, we are now authorised to add the name of the First Chemist of his day, and the illustrious inventor of the Safety-Lamp.

We had often heard, before *Salmonia*, of Sir Humphry's fame as an angler. Tom Purdy says "he flings a gude flee

for a gentleman." The Kerss—He of the Trows—threeps[1] "he can fish nane;" and Poor Sandy Givan, at name of the Baronet, used to shake his head like Lord Burleigh. It is true that these three great artists, having themselves reached the top of the tree, may, very possibly, look down rather too contemptuously on a philosopher like Sir Humphry sitting among the lower branches—and their opinion on a salmon-fisher must, just like a salmon itself, be taken *cum grano salis*. Still the amateur in angling, as in any other of the fine arts—painting for example—is amenable to the judgment of the artist. Tried by his peers, Sir Humphry might be pronounced a first-rater—by a jury of genuine fishermen from the Tweed, the Tay, the Awe, the Spey, the Dee, and the Findhorn, but a pretender. It is painful, indeed, to be forced to believe that almost nothing is perfectly well done by—gentlemen. Billiards? There are hundreds of markers who could give four to the best gentleman player in all England. Cricket? Beauclerk and Harbord themselves were nothing to the Marsdens. Race-riding? Poo-poo-poo—look at Chiffney, Buckle, or the worst of the Three Days, and Delme Ratcliffe himself is transmogrified into a tailor. Fiddling? Nay—Sandy Ballantyne himself—beautiful as is his bow, and fine his finger, must lower his tone to Cramer or Spagnoletti. Shooting? Lord Kennedy, Mr Osbaldeston, and Captain Ross, are all beaten by Arrowsmith. Boxing? Ury, the best gentleman sparrer that ever flung down or took up a glove, was but a boy in the hands of John Jackson. Running? Abraham Wood could have distanced all the Universities. Leaping? Ireland, at hop, step, and leap, could have given two yards to young Beattie of the Border. And to return to angling—why, Mulcocky of Killarney could have safely and easily allowed a salmon an hour to the late Lord Somerville.

All this being the case, the only remaining question respecting Sir Humphry is this—is he, among gentlemen anglers, a first-rate gentleman angler? We shrewdly suspect—not. We judge of his skill and prowess from his book; and, as a proof of the confidence we repose in our own judgment, we hereby challenge Sir Humphry (a cool five hundred) for the first seven salmon, in any river and any month, week, or day, he may choose to appoint, in Great Britain or Ireland. We object decidedly to Norway—where Sir Humphry, we

[1] *Threeps*—asserts.

perceive, has angled a little—as too far off; and the same objection applies, with even more force, to all the rivers of the New World.

If he prefer weight to number, he has but to say the word —tackle on and off at six and six. Our fish to go to scale in or out of basket—whichever is the most agreeable to the fancy of the Baronet—and if he will give 5 to 4, we engage that Kit's creel shall draw Humphry's by TWO STONE TRON.

A public challenge may perhaps appear impertinent. But it is not so—it is the perfection of politeness. For he who publishes a book on angling—say *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing*—thereby declares that he is "open" to all the world. Sir Humphry cannot be a stranger to our skill—at least not to our fame—

"Whereof all Europe rings from side to side."

He must acknowledge that we are a "foeman worthy of his steel," although his hooks are the handiwork of O'Shaughnessy of Limerick; to be vanquished by Us can, he well knows, be no dishonour; whereas to beat us (even by a grilse) would be undying *kudos*—everlasting glory—immortal fame. Were he to outangle North at Coldstream, Sir Humphry might hang up his rod in wreaths of ivy and laurel—just as Wellington his Field-marshal's baton, after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo.

We have said that we judge Sir Humphry's skill as an angler by his Book. Now, no sooner did we see his Book advertised in Mr Murray's list, than we ordered it to be sent down to Us per mail, on the very day of its publication—that we might laud it to the skies. We love all brothers of the angle, and shall praise them always both in written and oral discourse, provided we can do so by moderately stretching the strings of our conscience. Obscure scribblers on the Gentle Craft, if they show but a true feeling, shall by Us be brought forward into the light, and their place assigned them among angling authors—towards the bottom of the country dance. But when the Illustrious not only put the pieces of their rods together, but undertake to

"Teach the old idea how to fish,"

then we feel that such formidable preparation "must give us pause;" we put our spectacles astraddle on our sharpened nose, clear our throat with a few sharp short hems; place our

arms akimbo—so; and fixing our face on the philosopher, so insufferably bright with expression that it seems all oculus, like the very eye of day—we see into and through him, be he as dark and as deep as he may—and intuitively know the precise place he is destined to occupy in company with Walton and Bainbridge.

Salmonia is certainly, on the whole, stupid. The servile adoption, or rather slavish imitation, of old Izaak Walton, is, at this time of day, not to be endured in any writer having the slightest pretensions to original power—and is of itself enough deservedly to damn the volume. Sir Humphry informs us, that "the conversational manner and discursive style were chosen as *best suited to the state of health of the author*, who was incapable of considerable efforts and long-continued exertion; and he could not but have in mind a model, which has fully proved the utility and popularity of this method of treating the subject—*The Complete Angler*, by Walton and Cotton."

What does he mean by speaking of "considerable efforts and long-continued exertion?" Good gracious! are either the one or the other necessary in writing a book upon Angling? *Days of Fly-Fishing* is a light and airy title, and such a volume might have been written off-hand, just as you would talk familiarly to an old friend, or scribble an epistle, without any effort at all, or any attention. One does not expect a work on Fly-fishing to be in several folios, on which had been bestowed the unremitting and undivided labour of a long life—the pulse on the thin wrist of the author stopping just as his shrivelled fingers had written "Finis." Had Sir Humphry been as strong as a horse, his health equal to that of Hygeia herself, would he have chosen a style mainly different from "the conversational and discursive," and belaboured his volume with "considerable efforts and long-continued exertion?" Surely he would not have been so silly. If so, then would his book have been even duller and heavier than it is—which is saying a good deal—for even in its present shape we should be sorry to swim the Tweed with it in our creel. It is the weight of a good fish.

The *Complete Angler*, by Walton and Cotton, has indeed fully proved "the utility and popularity of this method of treating the subject;"—but Sir Humphry must know very well that even a good copy of an invaluable original is worth

not very much—an indifferent one, very little—a bad one, nothing. Old Izaak is often very tiresome—very prosy—but then he is a very endearing character. So, too, more or less, are all the other interlocutors. We become intimate with them—like, nay love them—and it is very pleasant to put up with the failings of such friends. Indeed, nothing endears one's friends to a good-hearted man so much as their little failings. Peculiarities beget affection. Who cares a straw for a person of perfectly irreproachable character in all the littlenesses of life? Something absurd even must there be in the face or figure, the dress or manner of a man, before you can take him to your heart. How pleasant the absence—the departure of an intimate and wearisome bosom-friend! You love him for the relief. You feel a tender contrition for having wished him at the devil. You set down every yawn of yours, ere he breathed farewell, as a separate sin to be atoned for by the aggravated cordiality of the return. You become pensive at the remembrance of your own guffaws—the quiz in absence is thought of with much of that tenderness and pity with which we regard the dead—and we vow if ever we meet again in this wicked world, to laugh at him less immoderately, to do more honour to his modest worth, to look on all his singularities in the light of originalities, and to own that, with all his qualities, he must indeed have been a character. Much of all this we experience in reading, and laying aside, and returning to the *Complete Angler*. Walton himself we always reverence, even through our smiles. Cotton we always admire, wild though we know him to be; but the queer cits, with names as queer, who prate and prose through the dialogues, we regard with kindly affection, chiefly on account of the amiable specific silliness by which each is distinguished, and which proves one and all of them, beyond possibility of error, to be good anglers, true Christians, and blameless men.

But the interlocutors in *Salmonia* are introduced without the smallest dramatic skill. Never was there such drawling discourse by the side of a murmuring stream as that indulged in by these elderly gentlemen. The characters chosen to support these conversations are, quoth Sir Humphry, Halieus, who is supposed to be an accomplished fly-fisher; Ornither, who is to be regarded as a gentleman generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of

angling; Poietes, who is to be considered as an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing; and Physicus, who is described as uninitiated as an angler, but as a person fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy. There is nothing very much amiss in this attempt at deviation from the characters in the *Complete Angler*, though manifestly a woeful want of ingenuity—originality—which last is to a book about any rural sport life and soul. Without it, such book is what Sir Humphry and the chemists understand by a *caput mortuum*. But the worst of it is, that the characters, unoriginal, are also unredeemed by any strong natural traits, unbrightened by the vivacity, we will not say of genius, but even of animal spirits, and all repeat a lesson which they seem to have painfully conned before reaching the river-side. Sir Humphry is seen for ever exerting himself, to the very utmost his feeble health would allow, to "preserve the similitude." Halieus, of course, performs all the feats of skill, and holds the rest of the party dog-cheap. Ornither is the only one of the four who ought to know an eagle when he sees it. Never was there, on all occasions, such another imaginative simpleton as Poietes; while Physicus, being drawn, as we are told, from the life, is as pedantic and as empty as most other philosophical Physicians, who have dealt more with theory than practice.

The fatal fault—the original sin of this production—is in the conception. There is no individuality of character in any one of these four unfortunate gentlemen. Unfortunate we call them, on that very account; for, however rich or reputable a gentleman may be, he cannot be pronounced fortunate, if he have no individuality of character. Not only, in such cases, are gentlemen liable to be mistaken for one another by others—a bad case—but by themselves—a much worse; a confusion arises among their personal identities, from which result many unpleasant feelings and awkward mistakes; and they all are aware how dangerous it would be for any one of them to swear to a fact as having been consistent with his own knowledge, since, on farther reflection, it would appear equally probable to have occurred to another of the squad. The student of *Salmonia* is puzzled at every page to remember who is speaking—and dislikes the endless trouble of turning back to look for his name. Read from it a dialogue to a blind man,—however cheerful and acute—

and all blind men are cheerful and acute—and good and happy too,—and you must take care never to omit the name of a single interlocutor. Not so in Plato—not so in Walton—not so in Landor—not so in North. In those divine dialogues, for example, the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, you could not change the name of one speaker for another, even for one retort courteous, or quip modest, without the misnomer being instantly detected by the dullest ear. But in *Salmonia* it would seldom matter much were the names of the speakers put into a hat, and then affixed to the different speeches, in the order in which they were drawn from the beaver.

Sir Humphry Davy must be too well-read a man in dramatic literature, not to know how essential to the production of any effect at all, is the perpetual preservation of dramatic propriety. Let the sentiments, feelings, opinions, descriptions, reflections, in a dialogue be as excellent as may be, natural and true; yet, unless they are all felt to be congenial and appropriate to the character of him who utters them, they seem stale, flat, and unprofitable; and absolutely are felt to lose much of their native worth from being so transmitted to our heart or understanding. The genius by which the truth of nature is preserved throughout all the fluctuations, and windings, and turnings, of a free and animated dialogue, in which many strongly-marked and clearly-contrasted characters are displayed, is not, in our opinion, a very rare gift; it is possessed, in a thousand distinct degrees, from Shakespeare down to the wit of the village smithy; but nature seems to have withholden it entirely from Sir Humphry Davy, while she bestowed upon him some other of her noblest faculties.

But dramatic power is not all we desiderate in these dull dialogues. One may feel some interest in characters neither well-conceived nor executed; if they do but talk away in an easy, good-humoured, lively style, and give us an impression, that though rather everyday sort of concerns, to be sure, still, nevertheless, they are jolly companions every one—prefer Glenlivet to Green Tea—love to count the chimes at midnight—are, in short, a batch of plain, honest, straightforward, downright, upright fellows, who know the translation of "dulce est desipere in loco," to wit, "weel-timed daffin," put their whole heart and soul into all their amusements and pastimes, and, at the close of a sanguinary day, drink the

"Angler's Delight" with the most religious enthusiasm. Halieus, Physicus, Poietes, and Ornither, are of a different stamp—a different coinage. They were not

"Stamp'd in Nature's mint—with ecstasy,"—

are obviously attentive, above all other earthly concerns, to the state of their bowels—which they, of course, keep open—travelling for ever with boxes of pills in their portmanteaus—perhaps a medicine-chest—lovers of regularity and good hours—every mother's son of them with his life insured for at least three thousand pounds—and all alike incapable of enjoying the wit of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

These four chums, or cronies, do not meet accidentally, or by appointment, to have a few days' fishing in one or two particular rivers; but to-day they are all angling away together near London—to-morrow in the Highlands of Scotland—and the day after to-morrow, in Austria. No attempt is made to throw an air of truth and reality over the shiftings of the scene, any more than over the conversations of the *dramatis personæ*—all are alike unnatural and unwieldy—and perhaps we cannot characterise *Salmonia* better in fewer words, than by saying that it must have been written with an artificial pen.

We care not a straw for unities of any kind. Indeed, there can be no such thing as unity of time or place, unless a whole tragedy of five acts can be performed in a single moment, and all the actors occupy the same particular part of that board on which raves Lear or Othello. Sir Humphry, therefore, was at perfect liberty, for us, to convey these four gentlemen back and forwards, in as short time as he chose, or in as long, all over the habitable and the uninhabitable globe. He was free to imagine Mr Vallancey's Tunnel to have been completed between London and Cape Wrath—relays of balloons to have been stationed, not only along the great north-road, but all the cross-cuts—Lieutenant Stevenson's steamboats flying faster than any wind that ever flew—nay, if cribbed, and cabined, and confined in his imagination within the limits of present or future science, he was free to shoot on a sunbeam, or, swifter still, on "meditation, or the thoughts of love," with all his four creations on his back, Halieus, and Physicus, and Poietes, and Ornither, to and fro

all the separate salmon-pools in the liquid element. But then, still we should have insisted on knowing—as soon as he had taken his breath, and had time to tell us—whether he and his friends travelled by tunnel, or balloon, or steam, or sunbeam, or meditation, or the thoughts of love—nor, till we knew that, could we be assured of the probability, or rather possibility, of their appearance in any given spot of any given quarter of the globe. Now, our complaint at present is of the same kind. The party are presented to our view one day at a Symposiac, near London. We are willing to believe that they were transported thither in one of the many Paddington Flies swarming in the dust of summer. Another day they are at Denholm Lodge, on the Colne, we suppose by means of a post-chaise. All at once they are in a remote moor of the Highlands of Scotland. They were bound, we shall continue to maintain to the last hour of our existence, to have told us, in a few words, how they got there. Did they come to Leith from London in the "James Watt," with our excellent friend Captain Bain? Thence went they to Aberdeen, or Inverness, by comet or by coach? We are willing to believe, if they say so, that they dropt from the moon; but they don't say so; nor have they much the appearance of lunatics. We turn over a new leaf; and, lo! there they are all sitting under a tree, beside the Fall of the Traun, in Upper Austria!

We had almost committed the prevalent sin of that quotation from Horace; but being desirous of seeing a single number of a periodical work without it, we have abstained. This absurdity is involved in Sir Humphry's fly away Jack, fly away John—come again Jack, come again John mode of managing matters, that we must suppose these four unfortunate gentlemen, Halieus, Physicus, Poietes, and Ornither, to have entered into a social compact, signed and sealed, to angle together so long as they might flourish, and on no account whatever to suffer another member to be added to the *parti quarré* of the Exclusive Angling Club. We cannot help considering and condemning this as most illiberal. There is the Scotch Six Feet Club, now Guard of Honour to the Lord High Constable of Scotland, which now consists of Seventy Members, measuring upwards of 425 feet in the tottle of the whole—Sir Walter Scott being umpire and referee in

all their gymnastics—and We, alas! excluded by Nature who forbids a ballot, by having deprived our fair proportions of half an inch! Suppose the Club, instead of including, as it now does, some threescore and ten of the finest fellows in all Scotland, had consisted but of Four Members—President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary, all glittering with medals, and preceded by the band of the Dragoon Regiment from Jock's Lodge, had celebrated monthly and annual games at the Hunter's Tryst, Inchkeith, Sir George Warrender's Park, and Innerleithen, attended by an immense crowd to, on, and from the ground, who, at each whirling and arched career of the eighteen-pound sledge-hammer, with acclamations rent the sky—their triumphs afterwards recorded in the *Observer*, *Mercury*, *Journal*, and *Scotsman*, and haply, even inlaid in letters of brass on the adamantine pages of Blackwood's everlasting Magazine.

Just as absurd as this, every whit, is the Exclusive Angling Club, whose exploits are celebrated in *Salmonia*. Poor fellows! we pity them most seriously; for many a thousand miles must they have yawned over in their piscatory expeditions through Europe. What a relief would it be to the three survivors were Poietes but only dead!

These introductory remarks to articles will one day be the death of us—but now for it.

Salmonia consists of Nine Dialogues or Days. The First Day introduces us to The Four Friends, Halieus, Poietes, Physicus, and Ornither, at a Symposiac. Heavens and earth —how unlike one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ! They have been feeding on Trout from the Wandle, and have, we hope, had a glass or two. Yet—O dear us! O dear us!—but they are a dull set! Old Physicus has started the still older question respecting the cruelty of angling. He ought to have made up his mind, one way or other, before joining the Symposiac. Halieus, after clumsily combating the charge of cruelty, breaks forth into the following light, easy, airy, graceful play, of half-serious, half-sportive argumentation so delightful after dinner when the bottle is beginning to circulate, and every one is expected to say something short and pithy, pat to the purpose, and as unlike as possible to a bit out of a printed book. Hear Halieus!

Hal.—The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature;

and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its objects the same: but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful, in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily;—and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend as it were for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine!

Sir Humphry may think this fine writing—and so may many young ladies—poetry and philosophy, and all that, combined. We think it sad commonplace stuff—very, very trashy, indeed. Many are the thousands of times the same thing has been said, almost in the same words; yet, towards the close it becomes almost pretty—which indeed any allusion whatever to thrushes and nightingales is apt to be—and we daresay Poietes, with the usual envy and jealousy of poets,

listened most impatiently to the flowery harangue; but he soon takes his revenge.

Poiet.—Pliny has, as well as I recollect, compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge;—in its mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

Hal.—One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin—its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank, and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake, in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the calm, deep, cool, and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river,—which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere,—and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to, and lost in, the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.

This is, we think, an example of unsuccessful ambition. The passage opens absurdly. Sir Humphry says, that, as well as he recollects, Pliny has compared a river to human life, in a passage which he has never read! He then says, that although he has never read that passage which is in Pliny, as well as he recollects, he has been a hundred times struck with the analogy! Lord preserve us! is there a book in verse or prose, in any language, in which human life is not likened to a river, or a river to human life? If there be, it must be a great oddity. The simile occurs upwards of ten times in Monsieur Ude's Cookery, and twenty times at least in the *Complete Confectioner* of Signor Jarrin. Sir Humphry will find it frequently in the Belfast and Aberdeen Almanacs —often in Hoyle on Whist—one hundred and twenty-three times in Boston's *Fourfold State*—and once at least in every

page of every volume of sermons entered at Stationers' Hall since the origin of that establishment or institution. The first point of resemblance, according to Sir Humphry, between a river and life, is, that they are both "small and clear in their origin." What! is life *clear* in its origin? No—Wordsworth says, finely and truly, of a stream, that it issues, "like life, from darkness!" Secondly, the river in its infancy (*vide supra*), may be compared to the human mind in youth, "in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful." It is not true, that fancy and strength of imagination are predominant, in that period of life which might answer to the earliest course of a mountain river. The fancy and the imagination, like the reason, are in greatest strength in the prime of life. The fact thus stated by us in plain words, Sir Humphry will not attempt to deny. Thirdly, it is not true that the mountain river, in its earlier course among rocks and glens, is more beautiful than useful. It is useful, just in the way and to the degree intended by the wisdom of all-providing nature. What Sir Humphry means here by "an uncultivated tree," we know no better than himself; but the dew and spray of which he speaks, and the running waters, do minister to the wild—and to many—all the creatures of the wild—as useful then as it is when flowing in the plain below, gladdening the yellow Ceres. Fourthly, his comparison of the river, when it has descended to the plain, with the human mind in maturity, is not at all made out—nay, look at it, gentle reader, and you will see, that, though he has described the river, he has not described the mind, and that there is, in fact, no comparison! That is rather an oversight. What operations or faculties of the mind answer to the "application of the river to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge?" Absolute and very clumsy nonsense. Fifthly, Sir Humphry asserts, that as a river flows on towards the sea, "it loses its force and its motion." No—not in the sense in which the mind in old age loses its force and motion. Quite the reverse. We hold, then, that for the reasons given, the passage is an example of unsuccessful ambition. We think the following picture of a hill-born stream joining the sea better—because more true to nature. You may compare it to human life or not—just as you choose—but we think you

had better not—nor yet any other description of any other stream, all such comparisons being odious.

> "Down falls the drawbridge with a thundering shock,
> And in an instant, ere the eye can know,
> Binds the stern castle to the opposing rock,
> And hangs in calmness o'er the flood below!
> A raging flood, that, born amid the hills,
> Flows dancing on, through many a nameless glen;
> Till join'd by all his tributary rills
> From lake and tarn, from marish and from fen,
> He leaves his empire with a kingly glee,
> And fiercely bids recoil the billows of the sea!"

Sixthly, Halieus, in our humble opinion, makes matters worse by "pursuing the metaphor still farther." But the truth is, the old gentleman does not pursue the metaphor at all: he takes it up without any pursuit whatever, and altogether changes its character. Poietes sits on one of the ministerial benches—Halieus with the opposition. According to Poietes, the river "is small and clear in its origin;" like life and youth. According to Halieus, "in its origin," and in its "thundering and foam," "when it carries down clay, and becomes impure," it is also like life and youth. This, we repeat—is not to pursue a metaphor, but to transmogrify or murder it. Seventhly, the whole sentence about the lake, the moment you look at it, is seen to be imperfect and confused, both in conception and expression—to say nothing of its far-fetched and pedantic inapplicability. Rivers, after they flow through or issue from lakes, are, as Sir Humphry must well know, generally fuller than before of troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. Let him try to wade the Awe, at any part of its course, and he will soon find himself in the sea. Besides, what does Sir Humphry mean by the "bubbles, noise, and foam of the mind?" He forgets that they belong to the river; and that he should have told us what corresponded to them in the mind; otherwise his metaphor is imperfect and incomplete. We repeat, then, that the whole sentence is absolute nonsense. Eighthly, the last attempt at originality of old Halieus—in which he speaks of the sources of a river, the atmosphere, and its termination, the ocean, as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its return to the infinite and eternal intelligence, is a murder committed at noonday, on a passage in Wordsworth.

"Poo—mere verbal criticism!" methinks we hear some dolt exclaim. But Sir Humphry himself knows better; and on reconsidering the passage he will feel that had he been as careless of his intellect in his chemical solutions and analyses as in these his poetical comparisons and analogies, and as lax in his logic in recording their results, the name of Davy would have been known but as that of a poor village apothecary, instead of sounding over lands and seas as that of one of the greatest discoverers in science of any age or country.

Men so dull over their wine must not be expected to prove very lively over their water. Second Day—they try trout-fishing on the Colne, which, by the way, Poietes describes very well, and very truly.

Poiet.—This is really a very charming villa-scene, I may almost say, a pastoral scene. The meadows have the verdure which even the Londoners enjoy as a peculiar feature of the English landscape. The river is clear, and has all the beauties of a trout stream of the larger size,—there rapid, and here still,—and there tumbling in foam and fury over abrupt dams upon clean gravel, as if pursuing a natural course. And that island, with its poplars and willows, and the flies making it their summer paradise, and its little fishing-house, are all in character; and if not extremely picturesque, it is at least a very pleasant scene, from its verdure and pure waters, for the lovers of our innocent amusement.

There is a good deal of angling information of a common kind in the Dialogue on Day Second; but it is intolerably tedious. Poor Poietes is much to be pitied in the following passage:—

Poiet.—I have him! Alas! he has broken me, and carried away half my bottom line. He must have been a fish of 7 or 8 lb. What a dash he made! He carried off my fly by main force.

Hal.—You should have allowed your reel to play and your line to run; you held him too tight.

Poiet.—He was too powerful a fish for my tackle; and even if I had done so, would probably have broken me by running amongst the weeds.

Hal.—Let me tell you, my friend, you should never allow a fish to run to the weeds, or to strike across the stream; you should carry him always down the stream, keeping his head high, and in the current. If in a weedy river you allow a large fish to run up stream, you are almost sure to lose him. There, I have hooked the companion of your lost fish, on the other side of the stream,—a powerful creature; he tries, you see, to make way to the weeds, but I hold him tight.

POIET.—I see you are obliged to run with him, and have carried him safely through the weeds.

HAL.—I have him now in the rapids on the shallow, and I have no fear of losing him, unless he strikes the hook out of his mouth.

POIET.—He springs again and again.

HAL.—He is off; in one of these somersets he detached the steel, and he now leaps to celebrate his escape.

Halieus then very gravely informs Poietes that a trout, when his mouth has been pricked by an artificial fly, has learned from experience to distinguish it from a natural one—so that there is no chance of catching the trout that carried away his tackle, but with the natural fly. He therefore puts live flies on his hook, "with some regret and some disgust," soon hooks a whapper—and brings him ashore. Physicus perceiving the tackle of Poietes hanging to the trout's lower jaw, exclaims—as well he might—"I am surprised! That fish evidently had discovered that the artificial fly was a dangerous bait; yet he took the natural fly which was on a hook, and when the silk-worm gut must have been visible." Now, in the course of a long angling life, one may meet with such an occurrence two or three times. For our own parts we never met with it, and we have angled these forty years—therefore Sir Humphry ought not, in a work not dealing in marvels, to have introduced this somewhat unsportsmanlike anecdote. It should have occurred, if at all, farther on; not on the very first day Physicus ever saw a fly thrown; and Halieus should not have been represented guilty of the monstrous absurdity of expecting to take with a natural fly the same trout that had just carried off the artificial one. Such expectation was contrary to all experience; and the doctrine of chances is here set at nought. Had he caught the trout without expecting it—we should have swallowed the marvel—but, by his way of telling it, it appears to be with him an every-hour occurrence—and we wonder it does not happen every other page. This trifle shows much poverty and awkwardness of invention—and must excite the derision of all out-and-out anglers.

Throughout all the dialogues, there is a great deal too much of missing and hooking, and playing and losing, and landing of fish. Fifty pages at the fewest are occupied with such exclamations as, "Look, I have him!—He is a large fish!—Now he is tired!—Now I will land him!"—without one burst

of enthusiasm, or the passion of the pastime. Poietes is made a kind of butt—and is always playing the fool. Yet Sir Humphry seems to have had no such design against him; and no doubt believes that he has painted an interesting and original genius. In the disasters perpetually befalling a novice in the art of angling, there is quite a fund of mirth, merriment, and amusement to draw from; and some such incidents might occasionally have relieved the drawling monotony of these most undiversified dialogues. But Sir Humphry has no wit—no humour—and one or two attempts at raillery and the facete are indeed deplorable.

The Party keep angling and talking away till past four o'clock, accompanied, it would appear, by a regular fisherman, whose business it is to see that no trout under two pounds is taken from the Preserve. A little after four o'clock, the gentleman of the house comes down to the river-side, and says, with his usual suavity, "I hope, gentlemen, you have been amused?" Halieus replies, "Most highly, sir. As a proof of it, there are in the fish-well eighteen good trout, and one not much short of 6 lb.; three above 4 lb. and four above 3 lb. in weight. *I hope you will order that great fish for dinner.*" Now, we beg to whisper in Sir Humphry's ear, that there is something vulgar and impertinent in that last observation. No gentleman on a visit to a friend's house would suggest any part of his victuals. Besides, here the hint, unless mine host were a fool, or had other fish to fry, was wholly unnecessary—for who in his senses would allow a 6 lb. Colne trout to lie a night uneaten in his possession? But this low-bred suggestion of Halieus is made, it would seem, for the sake of the answer. Mine host says, "We will see. He is a fine fish, and fit for a present, even for a Prince, and you shall take him to a Prince!"

This throws an air of high life over the humble fisherman, and shows Sir Humphry, like all true Whigs, to be a great Aristocrat. Once in his life he had, we presume, caught a trout large enough to be sent to the Duke of Sussex; and here he proudly immortalises the fact in the First of his *Days of Fly-fishing.* A trout 6 lb. weight carries off the tackle of a poet—a chemist catches him with a natural fly with the other gear in his jaw—proposes to his host

to have him dressed for dinner—his host demurs with a "we will see," and sends his guest with the noble monster to a king's son. Sir Humphry ought to write a Fairy Tale.

Is it or is it not natural for a trouting *parti quarré* to angle a whole day in dialogue—not in a book—but in a brook—not in printed, but beneath budding leaves? Could such unceasing clishmaclaver be tolerated from breakfast to dinner by any man who ever dropped a red spinner? Let us hear nothing of Izaak Walton. Some people may do what they choose. Is it natural or is it not, under such circumstances, so to keep gabbling? Unnatural, and idiotical, and disgusting. That a sulky syllable, now and then, might be exchanged by anglers passing each other down the banks of a trouting stream, is imaginable; but here we have four members of a Literary, Philosophical, and Angling Debating Society, in full discussion all day along the banks of the Colne!

Nothing but the most exquisite genius could reconcile one to a proceeding in itself so senseless, and so repugnant to every principle of pastime; done ill—and here it is done very ill—the members become objects of laughter, and the rod in the hands of each, a striking proof of the accuracy of Dr Johnson's celebrated definition. Having killed amongst them nearly 60 lb. weight of trout, and mine host having finished off with a "magnificent perch" of 3 lb.—for whatever any one of the party wishes to do, is forthwith done,—they walk up to the Villa. Their proceedings are thus shortly intimated.

"(*They go to dinner,*)

* * * * * * *

(*They return from the house,*)"

and angle away till it is nearly dark, becoming more and more loquacious—and, finally, one and all of them intolerably long-winded—more especially Halieus, who has evidently taken a drop too much, or rather too little, for he is in the prosy condition of half-and-half, and will not answer the simplest question under half-a-dozen pages. In the pride of superior skill, he relinquishes the rod altogether, and issues directions to the other anglers. Take a specimen of the sport:—

Hal.—Try again. You have hooked him, and you have done well not to strike when he rose. Now, hold him tight, wind up your line, and carry him down the stream. Push the boat down-stream, fisherman. Keep your fish's head up. He begins to tire,—and there is landed. A fine well-fed fish, not much less than 4 lb. Throw him into the well. Now, Poietes, try that fish rising above,—and there are two more.

Poiet.—I have him!

Hal.—Take care. He has turned you, and you have suffered him to run out your line, and he is gone into the weeds under the willow; let him fall down stream.

Poiet.—I cannot get him out.

Hal.—Then wind up. I fear he is lost, yet we will try to recover him by taking the boat up. The line is loose; he has left the link entangled in the weeds, and carried your fly with him. He must have been a large fish, or he could not have disentangled himself from so strong a gut. Try again, there are fish now rising above and below; where the water is in motion, opposite that willow, there are two fish rising.

Poiet.—I have one of them.

Hal.—Now you are doing well. Down with the boat, and drag your fish downwards. Continue to do so, as there are weeds all round you. You can master him now; keep him high, and he is your own. Put the net under him, and bring him into the boat; he is a well-fed fish, but not of the proper size for a victim; about 2 lb. Now, Physicus, try your fortune with the fish above that rises so merrily still. You have him! Now use him as Poietes did the last. Very well; I see he is a large fish,—take your time. He is landed; a fish nearly of 3 lb., and in excellent season.

Phys.—Anche Io son Pescatore—I am too a fisherman—a triumph.

Hal.—Now we have finished our fishing, and must return to the light supper of our host. It would be easy now, and between this hour and ten, to take half-a-dozen large fish in this part of the water; but for the reason I have already stated, it would be improper.

Angling being thus finished, there is now nothing to interrupt the talk. Whether the party are sitting down on the bank, or walking towards the house, we know not—each man proses away for himself, generally without any reference to the preceding speaker, just like gentlemen delivering prepared speeches in Parliament.—No attempt at variety of style, or sentiment, or subject—all blended into one stagnant tameness — while over the whole there reigns an air of pompous pedantry and pretension, betraying a shrewd suspicion in the mind of the writer of his being a Philosopher who had condescendingly stepped down from his highest throne, to initiate common men into all the mysteries of the Science.

The Dialogue seems a patchwork composed of shreds of anniversary speeches before the Royal Society, articles in

Philosophical Journals, and Lectures on Natural History to Mechanics' Institutions. However, like all earthly things, it comes to an end at last, terminating with a five-page speech by Halieus, about the different species of trout, to which nobody seems to have paid any attention. From the dead silence that prevails during this long speech, we conjecture that it was *bonâ fide* a soliloquy; that the party had previously reached the house, and that while Halieus was lecturing from the chair, Mine Host, Physicus, Ornither, and Poietes, were all stretched sound asleep, each on his separate sofa.

Angling in a Preserve, like the Colne at Denham Villa, is a more tranquil delight, undoubtedly, than angling in a river open to all the human race, like the Tweed at Innerleithen. So tranquil, indeed, that we have heard it sneered at as tame and monotonous. That, however, is a great mistake. Angling can never be tame in a Preserve full of trouts from 2 lb. to 6 lb.; for, except on rare occasions, trouts of that size are shy enough to require all the skill of the most accomplished artist. A bungler will kill few fish in the most vital, the most populous Preserve in the world. And we have pleasure in declaring, that the finest of fly-fishers are Londoners. Angling in Preserves being therefore a tranquil, but not a dull delight, should be written about tranquilly, but not dully; the spirit of the pastime must not be suffered to evaporate in description; something like enthusiasm must colour the records of the sport; there positively must be no sleeping on sofas; snoring is a sound pardonable, on this side of the grave, only in a bedroom; and, depend upon it, something must be amiss with that dialogue, however erudite, which irresistibly suggests the idea of a tufted night-cap.

We said just now, that the finest of fly-fishers are Londoners. What tackle! From rod-butt to tail-fly, all exquisitely tapered and tremblingly alive! Such gut! The thought of it makes our flesh creep, and our whiskers curl. On what mountain, 'mid what forest, neighed the Desert-Born, on whose tail, streaming like a meteor, to the troubled air, grew the single hairs, each strong as ten of stabled steed, that in their captivity form the casting line of that accomplished, that incomparable angler from the immediate vicinity of the

"Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame?"

Why, the tiniest ephemeral that ever dropped invisibly, during evening-calm, from the silken folds of the fragrant willow-blossom, upon the stream that flows, yet scarcely seems to flow, might take a lesson how still softlier to alight on the liquid element from that artificial fly which, unfelt as a pile of down from the nest of the fluttered goldfinch, falls among the small air-bells without breaking their fair radiance, as if it were but the shadow of an insect that, sporting in the air, is reflected in the water!

We should only spoil the picture by giving it so much as one other single touch. Then for the Preserve in which he angles—in all things worthy of such a master of the gentle craft! Call not one—any one—of the sweet-running waters of England tame—certainly not this at least—"a liquid lapse" between a burn and a river, even as a virgin of fifteen, in beauty bordering upon stateliness, is now looked on as a woman, and now as a child! Up in the woods there is a low water-fall—so low, that the current seems to run on a level, after heavy rain, and then the place of rocks is recognised but by faster-melting foam, and a louder murmur. "The stream is placid in its flowing," in all ordinary weather; and now, to the eyes of anglers accustomed among mountains to "hunt the waterfalls," it might seem almost sluggish—nay, stagnant. But it is not so. Watch that air-bell, and you will soon see it pass that bunch of primroses glowing on the greensward, and glowing in the water.—How slight a motion, if seemingly self-willed and continuous, suffices to produce the feeling of the beauty of life! Then the slightest airs—the faintest shadows, let fall on it an infinity of colours, gliding as it does here and there, below single trees of various foliage—now past a grove—and then into a very wood—then between banks of the bare brightness of sheep-nibbled verdure—then along the ivied ruins of some old nameless building broken into a dilapidated wall, that dips and disappears among the channel-stones. And now let us go no farther down its banks, but through the arch of that lofty oriel, gaze a few moments on the setting sunlight, that, as the orb keeps sinking, leaves deeper and deeper shadows on the silence of the ancient Abbey!

There is not a better trouting stream, a more populous

Preserve, in all merry, in all sylvan England. Pebbly shoals —gravel banks gradually deepening away into the main current—some pools filled with large slaty stones leaning on each other—others with sides and bottom all of grass—and an occasional one with weeds just appearing on the surface—black still holes beneath the roots of the old ash pollard—eddies at bendings and turnings of the river, or caused by fallen trees. Gentle angler, you know the Preserve now as well as if you were this moment resting on the ledge of the bridge, and shifting to the other shoulder a weight of trouts enough to crush out the bottom of your basket, had it been twisted by any other hands than those of old blind Michael Lorimer.

There is one kind of Preserve—and here is another. A lonely Loch lying black amid the blackness of a Highland moor—a lonely River issuing from it at once in power and majesty, which, after flashing on the lonely angler's eyes a league-long vista of waterfalls, ere long forgets the mountain shieling and the shepherd's clay-built shed—and rejoicing in keep and tower, frowning over the edge of the precipice, sweeps along the wooded deer-park of the Highland Chieftain's Hall, and without bridge, ford, or ferry in its whole course, tumbles all afoam into the sea.

There is a Loch and a River for you—and both are Preserves. A thousand mountain-torrents join them on all sides, when the black clouds burst; the Saxon stranger, nay even the Gaelic guide, may search for them half a day through the mist; you think you hear the voice of men shouting in the wilderness: but 'tis the belling of the red-deer scenting danger in the wind—And now, hush, hush—ay, in that sound the ear cannot be mistaken—'tis the Great Cataract pealing—though now 'tis summer's severest drought—like everlasting thunder in the wilderness!

Yes—Loch and River are both Preserves. The parish in which they lie, leap, run, and roar, is about thirty miles long by twenty broad, and the population at the last census will probably not amount to more than a thousand souls. Any one may angle here that chooses—without a word being said to him except by those "airy sounds that syllable men's names," making them, when alone, start and look round them, with beating hearts, and in a cold sweat and creeping skin, on the

grim rocks standing like idols, or something worse, in the lowering solitude.

You may literally kill here a cart-load of trouts—but where, pray, will you find the cart? In Ossian's days, armies of Celts used to charge each other in cars up and down yonder devil's staircase—and deep ruts are yet visible on all the bogs, moors, and mosses among these mountains—indented—so tradition tells—by the wheels of Fingal's chariotry. But now neither cart nor car for you to carry to King's house your ton of trouts. There they lie in heaps on every hillock. What useless murder! Yet not one of all the hundred dozen will ever be missed for a moment, great or small—whale or minnow-like,—by their heedless brethren, any more than would a few poor, petty, pitiful thousands of cits, death-stricken during the night, be missed in the morning among the shoals upon shoals sailing, as if driven by an instinct, along the streets of London.

But we are really rude to Sir Humphry—and, with a frank apology, will return to *Salmonia.*

On the morning of the Fourth Day, the scene changes to Loch Maree, Highlands of Scotland. Time—middle of July; and Halieus, Poietes, Ornither, and Physicus, are seen toiling "*for the last ten miles through bogs*, with no other view than that of mountains half-hid in mist, and brown waters that can hardly be called lakes; and with no other trees than a few stunted birches, that look so little alive, that they might be supposed immediately descended from the bogwood, everywhere scattered beneath our feet."

Towards the close of such a journey, Poietes very simply sayeth, "I begin to be tired. This is really a long day's journey." The last ten miles had been through bogs—so we may suppose the first ten miles were over better ground. If Poietes, a middle-aged or youngish gentleman, was tired, what words are sufficiently pathetic to express our pity for poor old Halieus, and poor old Physicus? At the close of the eighth dialogue, Halieus says, "Spare my grey hairs"—"and I do not expect, like our arch-Patriarch, Walton, to number ninety years"—thereby intimating, that he is about the age of Mr Rogers the poet, or Ourself. Now, only think of the barbarity of allowing an old grey-haired father of a large family of sons, and grandsons, and great-grandsons—a London

physician (for such he is) of nearly fourscore, to walk twenty Highland miles, over bog and brae, before breakfast?

The twenty miles could not have been performed by the party, under the circumstances, within the seven hours. Supposing them to have started at five, it is now twelve o'clock, and Halieus says by-and-by that it will take a good boat, with four oars, four or five hours to row them to their fishing-ground; which, according to that calculation, they will reach about five o'clock in the afternoon. Would it not, then, be advisable for each member of the club to turn up his little finger—so—and so—to a couple calkers of the Glenlivet? Most unquestionably. But no—not so much as a hard egg is hinted at—and with insides groaning and moaning like the half-stifled pipes of an organ, they embark on Loch Maree.

And now for a bit of a dialogue—

HAL.—I trust we shall have sport, as far as salmon and sea-trout can furnish sport. But the difficulties of our journey are almost over. See, Loch Maree is stretched at our feet, and a good boat with four oars will carry us in four or five hours to our fishing-ground: and that time will not be misspent, for this lake is not devoid of beautiful, and even grand scenery.

POIET.—The scenery begins to improve; and that cloud-breasted mountain on the left is of the best character of Scotch mountains; these woods, likewise, are respectable for this northern country. I think I see islands, also, in the distance: and the quantity of cloud always gives effect to this kind of view; and perhaps, without such assistance to the imagination, there would be nothing even approaching to the sublime in these countries; but cloud and mist, by creating obscurity and offering a substitute for greatness and distance, give something of an alpine and majestic character to this region.

ORN.—As we are now fixed in our places in the boat, you will surely put out a rod or two with a set of flies, or try the tail of the par for a large trout or salmon: our fishing will not hinder our progress.

Poietes is, we presume, Greek for poet. May we, then, venture to tender a small bit of advice to him touching his next new Poem? Do not, as you love us, write one syllable on the subject of clouds, unless you have got something better to say about them—something more *recherché* than this most prosaic passage. Look at it—our dear Poietes!—do look at it! "Cloud and mist create obscurity!" No doubt they do—good Poietes. "A quantity of cloud assists the imagination!" No doubt it does—most excellent Poietes. But had

you nothing more original, nothing more entertaining and instructive than this to communicate to Physicus, and Halieus, and Ornither, and the boatmen, when all afloat together, for the first time, on the bosom of "far Loch Maree, wild and desolate?" Such a remark, believe us, was nothing short of an insult to their understandings; and if you cannot speak of such scenery better than this, why, sport dumbie. Ornither, too, should have held his tongue. "As we are now fixed in our places in the boat, and—!" what a formal announcement of an unimportant fact! It makes them all look like so many Cockneys. You see them lifting up the tails of their jackets —feeling with their fingers if the seat be dry—then, one after the other, preserving his balance not without difficulty, especially the aged grey-haired Halieus, setting slowly down his "disk" "with an air," and then all four finally "fixed in their places," each with a face of more importance than his neighbour—an adventurous crew bound on a voyage of discovery,

"Up a great river, great as any sea."

We have been pained and surprised by the frequent display of superficial knowledge, and profound ignorance of natural history, in a work written by such a man as Sir Humphry Davy. He must positively re-read Kirby and Spence's Entomology. There was no occasion in the world for allusions to the loves of frogs and worms. He gravely declares his belief that a par is a mule between a sea-trout and a common fresh-water trout. And at the very same time he asserts that a sea-trout and a fresh-water trout is one and the same—that all trouts are lineally descended from the original sea-trout, just as all dogs are lineally descended from the original shepherd-dog. If so, how can a par be a mule? But further, does not Sir Humphry see the gross folly of supposing that the son of a sea-trout could by any possibility be a par? Why, the sea-trout being the trout of all trouts, would not fail to improve the progeny of the degenerated fresh-waters. His offspring would, infallibly, bear a strong family resemblance to himself, in form and features, and also in size. No reason can be assigned, from the analogy of nature, why a fine, bold, bouncing sea-trout, of some lb. 4 or 6, should never have been able to beget, among all his paramours of fresh-water birth, anything above a par!

Our anglers now disembark, and walk about a mile down the river Ewe to their fishing station—and go to work. Here is a specimen of Sir Humphry's powers as a writer of dialogues on angling.

But I see there is a large fish which has just risen at the tail of the pool. I think he is fresh run from the sea, for the tide is coming in. My fly and tackle are almost too fine for so large a fish, and I will put on my first fly with a very strong single gut link and a stretcher of triple gut. He has taken my fly, and I hold him—a powerful fish; he must be between 10 and 15 lb. He fights well, and tries to get up the rapid at the top of the pool. I must try my strength with him to keep him off that rock, or he will break me. I have turned him, and he is now in a good part of the pool: such a fish cannot be tired in a minute, but requires from ten to twenty times as long, depending upon his activity and strength, and the rapidity of the stream he moves against. He is now playing against the strongest rapid in the river, and will soon give in if he keeps his present place.

POIET.—You have tired him.

HAL. He seems fairly tired; I shall bring him into shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then give him a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices; and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which I daresay has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°—place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously before you put in a slice, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another, and so with the whole fish, and leave the head out, and throw in the thickest pieces first.

PHYS.—Why did you not crimp your trout?

HAL.—We will have that fried. Our poacher prevented me from attending to the preparation of that fish; but for frying he is better not crimped, as he is not large enough to give good transverse slices.

POIET.—This salmon is a good fish, and fresh, as you said, from the sea. You see the salt-water louse adheres to his sides, and he is bright and silvery, and a thick fish; I daresay his weight is not less than 14 lb., and I know of no better fish for the table than one of that size.

HAL.—Now we have caught fish for our dinner, my task is finished: Physicus and Poietes, try your skill. I have not fished over the best parts of this pool: you may catch a brace of fish here before dinner is ready.

PHY.—It is too late, and I shall go and see that all is right.

POIET.—I will take one or two casts; but give me your fly; I like always to be sure that the tackle is taking.

HAL.—Try at first the very top of the pool—though I fear you will

get nothing there; but here is a cast which, I think, the Highlander can hardly have commanded from the other side, and which is rarely without a good fish. There he rose; a large trout of 10 lb., or a salmon. Now wait a few minutes. When a fish has missed the fly he will not rise again till after a pause—particularly if he has been for some time in the fresh water. Now try him again. He has risen, but he is a dark fish that has been some time in the water, and he tries to drown the fly with a blow of his tail. I fear you will not hook him except foul, when most likely he would break you. Try the bottom of the pool, below where I caught my fish.

Poiet.—I have tried all the casts, and nothing rises.

Hal.—Come, we will change the fly for that with which I caught my trout.

Poiet.—Now I have one: he has taken the fly under water, and I cannot see him.

Hal.—Straiten your line and we shall soon see him. He is a sea-trout, but not a large one.

Poiet.—But he fights like a salmon, and must be near 5 lb.

Hal.—Under 3 lb.; but these fish are always strong and active, and sometimes give more sport than larger fish. Shorten your line or he will carry you over the stones and cut the link gut. He is there already: you have allowed him to carry out too much line; wind up as quick as you can, and keep a tight hand upon him. He is now back in a good place, and in a few minutes more will be spent. I have the net. There he is, a sea-trout of nearly 3 lb. This will be a good addition to our dinner: I will crimp him, that you may compare boiled sea-trout with broiled, and with salmon. Now, if you please, we will cool this fish at the spring, and then go to our inn.

Poiet.—If you like. I am endeavouring to find a reason for the effect of crimping and cold in preserving the curd of fish. Have you ever thought on this subject?

Hal.—Yes: I conclude that the fat of salmon between the flakes is mixed with much albumen and gelatine, and is extremely liable to decompose, and by keeping it cool the decomposition is retarded, and by the boiling salt-and-water, which is of a higher temperature than that of common boiling-water, the albumen is coagulated, and the curdiness preserved. The crimping, by preventing the irritability of the fibre from being gradually exhausted, seems to preserve it so hard and crisp, that it breaks under the teeth; and a fresh fish not crimped is generally tough. A friend of mine, an excellent angler, has made some experiments on the fat of fish; and he considers the red colour of trout, salmon, and char, as owing to a peculiar coloured oil, which may be extracted by alcohol; and this accounts for the want of it in fish that have fed ill, and after spawning. In general, the depth of the red colour, and the quantity of curd, are proportional.

Poiet.—Would not the fish be still better, or at least possess more curd, if caught in a net, and killed immediately? In the operation of tiring by the reel there must be considerable muscular exertion, and I should suppose expenditure of oily matter.

Hal.—There can be no doubt but the fish would be in a more perfect state for the table from the nets; yet a fish in high season does not lose so much fat during the short time he is on the hook as to make much difference; and I am not sure that the action of crimping after does not give a better sort of crispness to the fibre: this, however, may be fancy; we will discuss the matter again at table.

Come, reader—no yawning. 'Tis bad manners to pull over any page a mouth of that character. Brighten up a bit—give yourself a good shake—rub your eyes—out with your fists at arms' length—off with you from that insidious arm-chair so plump with all its cushions—a few turns up and down the room—yes—no harm at all in a calker—now you are as brisk as a bee again, and able for another paragraph. We perceive by your looks that you hold sleep in the greatest contempt. But do not commit the very common and fatal mistake of thinking too lightly of your enemy—for he may take you by surprise, and lay you on your back as flat as a flounder. Yet, you will surely not fall asleep *at* dinner, whatever you may be in the custom of doing *after* it—so look here——

The Innkeeper.—Gentlemen, dinner is ready.

THE DINNER.

Hal.—Now take your places. What think you of our fish?

Phys.—I never ate better; but I want the Harvey or Reading sauce.

Hal.—Pray let me entreat you to use no other sauce than the water in which he was boiled. I assure you this is the true Epicurean way of eating fresh salmon; and for the trout, use only a little vinegar and mustard—a sauce *à la Tartare*, without the onions.

Poiet.—Well, nothing can be better; and I do not think fresh net-caught fish can be superior to these.

Hal.—And these snipes are excellent. Either my journey has given me an appetite, or I think they are the best I ever tasted.

Orn.—They are good, but I have tasted better.

Hal.—Where?

Orn.—On the Continent; where the common snipe, that rests during its migration from the north to the south in the marshes of Italy and Carniola, and the double or solitary snipe, become so fat as to resemble that bird which was formerly fattened in Lincolnshire, the ruff; and they have, I think, a better flavour, from being fed on their natural food.

Hal.—At what time have you eaten them?

Orn.—I have eaten them both in spring and autumn; but the autumnal birds are the best, and are like the ortolan of Italy.

Hal.—Where does the double snipe winter?

Orn.—I believe in Africa and Asia Minor. They are rarely seen in England, except driven by an east wind in the spring, or a strong north wind in the autumn. Their natural progress is to and from Finland and Siberia, through the continent of Europe to and from the east and south. In autumn they pass more east, both because they are aided by west winds, and because the marshes in the east of Europe are wetter in that season; and in spring they return, but a larger proportion through Italy, where they are carried by the *Sirocco*, and which at that time is *extremely wet*. Come, let us have another bottle of claret: a pint per man is not too much after such a day's fatigue.

Hal.—You have made me president for these four days, and I forbid it. A half pint of wine for young men in perfect health is enough, and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence. How few people calculate upon the effects of constantly renewed fever in our luxurious system of living in England! The heart is made to act too powerfully, the blood is thrown upon the nobler parts, and with the system of wading adopted by some sportsmen, whether in shooting or fishing, is delivered either to the hemorrhoidal veins, or, what is worse, to the head. I have known several free livers who have terminated their lives by apoplexy, or have been rendered miserable by palsy, in consequence of the joint effects of cold feet and too stimulating a diet: that is to say, as much animal food as they could eat, with a pint or perhaps a bottle of wine per day. Be guided by me, my friends, and neither drink nor wade. I know there are old men who have done both, and have enjoyed perfect health; but these are *devil's decoys* to the unwary, and ten suffer for one that escapes. I could quote to you an instance from this very county, one of the strongest men I have ever known. He was not intemperate, but he lived luxuriously, and waded as a salmon-fisher for many years in this very river; but, before he was fifty, palsy deprived him of the use of his limbs, and he is still a living example of the danger of the system which you are ambitious of adopting.

Orn.—Well, I give up the wine, but I intend to wade in Hancock's boots to-morrow.

Hal.—Wear them, but do not wade in them. The feet must become cold in a stream of water constantly passing over the caoutchouc and leather, notwithstanding the thick stockings. They are good for keeping the feet warm, and I think where there is exercise, as in snipe-shooting, may be used without any bad effects. But I advise no one to stand still (which an angler must do sometimes) in the water, even with these ingenious waterproof inventions. All anglers should remember old Boerhaave's maxims of health, and act upon them: "Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the body open."

Phys.—I am sorry we did not examine more minutely the weight and size of the fish we caught, and compare the anatomy of the salmon and the sea-trout; but we were in too great a hurry to see them on the table, and our philosophy yielded to our hunger.

Hal.—We shall have plenty of opportunities for this examination;

and we can now walk down to the fishing-house and see probably half a hundred fish of different sizes that have been taken in the cruives this evening, and examine them at our leisure.

ALL.—Let us go!

Men engaged in an act of very great wickedness, have, at the rustle of a leaf, started as if it were the firmament tumbling down upon their heads—but we do not fear to say that such a catastrophe might more reasonably be feared by men engaged in an act of intense stupidity. Could the extremity of human dulness—of human dulness, perpetrated, too, during the best of all human blessings, a dinner of salmon crimped and boiled on the spot, and then eaten in their own sauce—move the heavens to fall on the heads of the offenders, then would this have been the last dinner ever devoured by Halieus, Physicus, Ornither, and Poietes.

Many—oh!—many a dull dinner have we assisted at—many a melancholy knife and fork have we heard played! But never one like this!

A FAMILY DINNER! Pot-luck, as it is called in Scotland—when the man's wife is in the sulks, the wife's man proportionably savage, the children blear-eyed from the recent blubber in the nursery—the governess afraid to lift her eyes from her plate—the aunt sourer than the vinegar cruet—and we—alas! the stranger stepping in to take pot-luck—we, poor old Christopher North, thanklessly volunteering to help the cock-y-leekie, that otherwise would continue to smoke and steam unstirred in its truly classical utensil! What looking of unutterable things! As impossible to break the silence with your tongue, as to break pond-ice ten inches thick with your knuckle. In comes the cock that made the cock-y-leekie, boiled down in his tough antiquity to a tatter. He disappears among the progeny, and you are now tied to the steak. You find there employment sufficient to justify any silence; and hope during mastication that you have not committed any crime since Christmas, of an enormity too great to be expiated by condemnation to the sulks.

A LITERARY DINNER! apparently the remains of the Seven Young Men sprinkled along both sides of the table—with here and there "a three-times skimmed sky-blue" interposed; on each side of the Lord of the Mansion, a Philosopher—on each hand of the Lady, a Poet—somewhere or other about the

board, a Theatrical Star—a Strange Fiddler—an Outlandish Traveller—and a Spanish Refugee. As Mr Wordsworth rather naughtily sayeth,

"All silent, and all damn'd!"

Still the roof does not fall although the chandelier burns dim in sympathy,

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Will not a single soul in all this wide world, as he hopes to be saved, utter so much as one solitary syllable? Oh! what would not the lady and the gentleman of the house give even for a remark on the weather from the mouth of a poet, philosopher, sage, or hero! Hermetically sealed! Lo! the author of the very five-guinea quarto that lay open, in complimentary exposure, at a plate, up-stairs, on the drawing-room table—with his round unmeaning face "breathing tranquillity"—sound asleep! With eyes fixed on the ceiling, sits at his side the profound Parent of a Treatise on the Sinking Fund. The absent gentleman, who has kept stroking his chin for the last half-hour, as if considering how he is off for soap,—would you believe it,—has just returned from abroad, and has long been justly celebrated for his conversational talents in all the coteries and courts of Europe. If that lank-and-leather-jawed gentleman, with complexion bespeaking a temperament dry and adust, and who has long been sedulously occupied in feeling the edge of his fruit-knife with the ball of his thumb, — do not commit suicide before September,—Lavater must have been as great a goose as Gall. You might not only hear a mouse stirring—a pin dropping—but either event would rouse the whole company like a peal of thunder. You may have seen Madame Tussaud's images,—Napoleon, Wellington, Scott, Canning, all sitting together, in full fig., with faces and figures in opposite directions, each looking as like himself as possible, so that you could almost believe you heard them speak. You get rather angry—you wonder that they don't speak. Even so with those living Images. But the exhibition is over—the ladies leave the room—and after another hour's silence, more profound than that of the grave, all the images simultaneously rise up and —no wonder people believe in ghosts—disappear!

A Return Dinner! Thirty people of all sorts and sizes,

jammed—glued together—shoulder to shoulder—knee to knee —all with their elbows on each other's stomachs—most faces red as fire, in spite of all those floods of perspiration;—two landed gentlemen from the Highlands — a professor—four officers, naval and military, in his Majesty's and in the Company's service—some advocates—two persons like ministers —abundance of W.S.'s of course—an accoucheur—old ladies with extraordinary things upon their heads, and grey hair dressed in a mode fashionable before the flood—a few fat mothers of promising families—some eldest daughters now nubile—a female of no particular age, with a beard—two widows, the one buxom and blooming, with man-fond eyes, the other pale and pensive, with long dark eyelashes, and lids closed as if to hide a tear;—there they all sit steaming through three courses; well does the right hand of the one know what the left hand of the other is doing; there is much suffering, mingled with much enjoyment — for though hot, they are hungry—while, all idea of speaking having been, from the commencement of the feast, unanimously abandoned, you might imagine yourself at an anniversary GAUDEAMUS of the Deaf and Dumb.

Yet nor FAMILY DINNER, nor LITERARY DINNER, nor RETURN DINNER—can in intensest stupidity one moment hope to stand the most distant comparison with this ANGLER'S DINNER, eaten on the banks of the Ewe, the emptier of Loch Maree, by these four gentlemen, poets, physicians, philosophers, and what not, from the far-off and mighty London.

At each successive and successful mouthful of the curd, was each member of the Club bound to say something wise or witty; bound in duty, in honour, and in gratitude. The perpetually-recurring excitement and assuagement of the palate, prolonged, as we must believe, during ten hours at the very least—for they had been at work walking, rowing, and angling, for forty miles, and fourteen hours, at the lowest computation, without refreshment — ought to have set all their tongues a-wagging like the clappers of so many bells. It was imperative upon them to scintillate—to coruscate—to meteorise—to make the natives positively believe that a "new sun had risen on mid-day," and that the 22d of June had that year been delayed till the 15th of July. It was imperative on them to have drunk for their own share a gallon of Glenlivet—merely

a bottle apiece,—a quantity which, if taken moderately, can, in the climate of Loch Maree, hurt not a hair on the head of any sober Christian. It was imperative upon them to have insisted on the boatmen, also four in number, whether they could or not, to empty their keg of calkers. It was incumbent upon them to have brought into a state of civilation all such of the natives of that wild district as had been gathered together in and about the inn, by the fame of the arrival of the Missionaries. The landlord, of course, should have been laid on his back among the blooming heather, long before sunset; and the pleasing toil of distribution been devolved on his wife and daughters, who, except at marriages, christenings, and funerals, eschew the creature.

Instead of a scene like this, equally rational and sentimental, and the sweet savour of which would have scented the mountain-air years after the departure of the Sassenachs, whose names would have been remembered till doomsday in many a flowing quaich,—"list, O list, if ever you did your dear Father love"—list to the brace of most portentous blockheads! *Ornither.* "Come, let us have another bottle of claret—*a pint per man* is not *too* MUCH!!!! after such a day's fatigue!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" *Halieus.* "You have made me President for four days, and *I forbid it!!!!* A HALF PINT FOR YOUNG MEN IN PERFECT HEALTH IS ENOUGH; and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! *Ornither.* "*Well, I give up the wine*—but I intend to *wade in Hancock's boots to-morrow!!!!!*"

A more mean, and melancholy, and miserable, and monstrous picture was never drawn of humanity than this! Half-a-pint of claret! Poor devils! Wading to-morrow in Hancock's boots! Cold feet! Apoplexy! Palsy! "Be guided by me—neither drink nor wade!!" "Remember old Boerhaave's maxims of health,—and act upon them—'Keep the feet warm—the head cool—and the body open!!!'" A maxim on a fishing excursion equally despicable and disgusting. Really *Salmonia* smells like a doze of Glauber salts in a tea-cup—and Sir Humphry is unpleasantly strong of the shop.

The party remain for some days at a snug inn near the foot of the Loch, but we never feel ourselves to be in the Highlands; no thunder-cloud suddenly darkens the day; no float-

ing mist-wreaths girdle the mountains; no gorcock is heard to crow; no red-deer bells; no goat bleats her kids along the cliff-terrace; no bagpipe is heard, "like subterranean music," far off among the hills, gradually growling and groaning, and shrieking and squeaking, and yelling and roaring, into the "Gathering of the Clans," till the Personification of Pride appears, with red-blown cheeks and fiery eyes, keeping marching to and fro on the green before the inn, his instrument burning with streamers, as if the sole soul of martial music were tabernacling in his chanter, and all the military glory that was ever achieved on earth the patrimony of the descendants of the Black-Watch, and more particularly of "her nainsel," Donald M'Tavish. We quote with pleasure a conversation which takes place on the last night of the week. It is one of the best bits in the book—placid, pleasant, and pious—and proves that Sir Humphry is no Sabbath-breaker, but has a high respect for all the ordinances of religion.

THE INN.

POIET.—Should it be a fine day to-morrow, I think we shall have good sport: the high tide will bring up fish, and the rain and wind of yesterday will have enlarged the river.

HAL.—To-morrow we must not fish: it is the Lord's day, and a day of rest. It ought likewise to be a day of worship and thanksgiving to the great Cause of all the benefits and blessings we enjoy in this life, for which we can never sufficiently express our gratitude.

POIET.—I cannot see what harm there can be in pursuing an amusement on a Sunday, which you yourself have called innocent, and which is apostolic: nor do I know a more appropriate way of returning thanks to the Almighty Cause of all being, than in examining and wondering at his works in that great temple of nature, whose canopy is the sky; and where all the beings and elements around us are, as it were, proclaiming the power and wisdom of Deity.

HAL.—I cannot see how the exercise of fishing can add to your devotional feelings; but independent of this, you employ a servant to carry your net and gaff,—and he, at least, has a right to rest on this one day. But even if you could perfectly satisfy yourself as to the abstract correctness of the practice, the habits of the country in which we now are, form an insurmountable obstacle to the pursuit of the amusement. By indulging in it, you would excite the indignation of the Highland peasants, and might perhaps expiate the offence by a compulsory ablution in the river.

POIET.—I give up the point: I make it a rule never to shock the prejudices of any person, even when they appear to me ridiculous; and

I shall still less do so in a case where your authority is against me; and I have no taste for undergoing persecution, when the cause is a better one. I now remember that I have often heard of the extreme severity with which the Sabbath discipline is kept in Scotland. Can you give us the reason of this?

Hal.—I am not sufficiently read in the Church History of Scotland to give the cause historically; but I think it can hardly be doubted that it is connected with the intense feelings of the early Covenanters, and their hatred with respect to all the forms and institutes of the Church of Rome, the ritual of which makes the Sunday more a day of innocent recreation than severe discipline.

Phys.—Yet the disciples of Calvin, at Geneva, who, I suppose, must have hated the Pope as much as their brethren of Scotland, do not so rigidly observe the Sunday; and I remember having been invited by a very religious and respectable Genevese to a shooting party on that day.

Hal.—I think climate and the imitative nature of man, modify this cause abroad. Geneva is a little state in a brighter climate than Scotland, almost surrounded by Catholics, and the habits of the French and Savoyards must influence the people. The Scotch, with more severity and simplicity of manners, have no such examples of bad neighbours, for the people of the north of England keep the Sunday much in the same way.

Poiet.—Nay, Halieus, call them not bad neighbours; recollect my creed, and respect at least, what, if error, was the error of the Christian world for a thousand years. The right observance of the seventh day appears to me rather a part of the Mosaic, than of the Christian dispensation. The Protestants of this country consider the Catholics bigots, because they enjoin to themselves, and perform, certain penances for their sins; and surely the Catholics may see a little more like that spirit in the interference of the Scotch in innocent amusements, on a day celebrated as a festive day, that on which our Saviour rose into immortal life, and secured the everlasting hopes of the Christian. I see no reason why this day should not be celebrated with singing, dancing, and triumphal processions, and all innocent signs of gladness and joy. I see no reason why it should be given up to severe and solitary prayers, or to solemn and dull walks; or why, as in Scotland, whistling even should be considered as a crime on Sunday, and humming a tune, however sacred, out of doors, as a reason for violent anger and persecution.

Orn.—I agree with Poietes in his views of the subject. I have suffered from the peculiar habits of the Scotch Church, and therefore may complain. Once in the north of Ireland, when a very young man, I ventured, after the time of divine service, to put together my rods, as I had been used to do in the Catholic districts of Ireland, and fish for white trout in the river at Rathmelton, in pure innocence of heart, unconscious of wrong, when I found a crowd collect round me—at first I thought from mere curiosity, but I soon discovered I was mistaken; anger was their motive, and vengeance their object. A man soon came

up exceedingly drunk, and began to abuse me by various indecent terms, such as a Sabbath-breaking Papist, &c. It was in vain I assured him I was no Papist, and no intentional Sabbath-breaker; he seized my rod, and carried it off with imprecations; and it was only with great difficulty, and by rousing by my eloquence some women who were present, and who thought I was an ill-used stranger, that I recovered my property. Another time I was walking on Arthur's Seat, with some of the most distinguished professors of Edinburgh attached to the geological opinions of the late Dr Hutton; a discussion took place upon the phenomena presented by the rocks under our feet, and to exemplify a principle, Professor Playfair broke some stones, in which I assisted the venerable and amiable philosopher. We had hardly examined the fragments, when a man from a crowd, who had been assisting at a field-preaching, came up to us and warned us off, saying, "Ye think ye are only stane-breakers; but I ken ye are Sabbath-breakers, and ye deserve to be staned wi' your ain stanes!"

Hal.—Zeal of every kind is sometimes troublesome, yet I generally suspect the persons who are very tolerant of scepticism. Those who firmly believe that a particular plan of conduct is essential to the eternal welfare of man, may be pardoned if they show even *anger*, if this conduct is not pursued. The severe observance of the Sabbath is connected with the vital creed of these rigid Presbyterians; it is not therefore extraordinary that they should enforce it even with a perseverance that goes beyond the bounds of good manners and courtesy. They may quote the example of our Saviour, who expelled the traders from the temple even by violence.

On all this we have just two small remarks, or so, to make. In the first place, the whole party, as men of education, Poietes included, were bound to have known that, in Scotland, angling on the Lord's day would be looked on with religious horror, and all such anglers as impious reprobates. This being the case, Poietes might, with equal sense of propriety, have proposed walking into a church during time of divine service, in England, in the dress in which he might have chanced to perform the character of Beelzebub at a masquerade in the Pantheon. In a subsequent conversation (which shall be our last quotation), he speaks of the people of Scotland as if he understood them thoroughly—their love of education, and its peculiar nature, and effects on their national character. Yet here he is so utterly ignorant of all about them, as absolutely to propose fishing in Scotland upon the Sabbath! This is one of the many gross and glaring contradictions and inconsistencies into which Sir Humphry is ever falling, throughout every part of his unlucky volume.

When called to task by Halieus for his most improper proposal, Poietes says, "I now remember that I have often heard of the extreme severity with which the Sabbath discipline is kept in Scotland. Can you give us the reason of this?" So he who speaks authoritatively and oracularly about Scotland, and the people of Scotland, on the great question of education, here avows himself ignorant as a child of the history of its "glorious army of martyrs and apostles!" Secondly, suppose that in Scotland the Sabbath-day were not so religiously observed as it is in hall and hut, still, what possible excuse could there have been for Poietes in looking forward to the morning of that day for good sport in the river among the salmon?—Would he not have been better employed in going to hear a Gaelic sermon? or in bringing up his Journal? or writing a letter to his wife or mistress? or lying on his back among the heather composing a sonnet? Why should he always be angling—angling—angling—and not attending a little, like other worthy and wicked people, to the interests of his immortal soul? Thirdly, Do the gentlemen of England angle on Sunday? No. You may see a Cockney—or other Cit—the round-faced, pot-bellied, happy little father of a numerous family, with knee-breeches, and buckles in his shoes, on a point or on a promontory, beetling three or four feet above the raging billows of a canal, pulling out an occasional "animal," somewhat more like a fish than a fowl, to the infinite delight of the progeny, with bags of worms and papers of paste swarming at his feet. Such a Cockney, or other Cit, you may see angling—and angling blamelessly, too—on a Sunday. But London Physicians, and Authors of Epic or Didactic Poems, and Presidents of Royal Societies, and Members for Counties, do not angle on Sundays in England; and were they to be met on the King's highway, on their progress to the river, creeled, rodded, and booted, while all honest and decent people were going to church, the first magistrate they met would commit them as audacious vagabonds to the tread-mill. "Can you give us the reason of this?"

But before we take leave of the Bart., we shall place him in an imposing attitude with his best foot foremost. We were struck with one passage, unconnected wholly with angling, and had the volume been written throughout with the same spirit, how different had been our critique!

PHYS. You are severe on Cockney fishermen, and, I suppose, would apply to *them only* the observation of Dr Johnson, which on a former occasion you would not allow to be just: "Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string; a worm at one end, and a fool at the other." And to yourself you would apply it with this change: "a fly at one end, and a philosopher at the other." Yet the pleasure of the Cockney Angler appears to me of much the same kind, and perhaps more continuous than yours; and he has the happiness of constant occupation and perpetual pursuit in as high a degree as you have; and if we were to look at the real foundations of your pleasure, we should find them like most of the foundations of human happiness—vanity or folly. I shall never forget the impression made upon me some years ago, when I was standing on the pier at Donegal, watching the flowing of the tide. I saw a lame boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, very slightly clad, that some persons were attempting to stop in his progress along the pier; but he resisted them with his crutches, and halting along, threw himself from an elevation of five or six feet, with his crutches, and a little parcel of wooden boats that he carried under his arm, on the sand of the beach. He had to scramble or halt at least 100 yards, over hard rocks, before he reached the water, and he several times fell down and cut his naked limbs on the bare stones. Being in the water he seemed in an ecstasy, and immediately put his boats in sailing order, and was perfectly inattentive to the counsel and warning of the spectators, who shouted to him that he would be drowned. His whole attention was absorbed by his boats. He had formed an idea that one should outsail the others, and when this boat was foremost he was in delight; when any one of the others got beyond it, he howled with grief; and once I saw him throw his crutch at one of the unfavoured boats. The tide came in rapidly—he lost his crutches, and would have been drowned but for the care of some of the spectators: but he was wholly inattentive to anything save his boats. He is said to be quite insane and perfectly ungovernable, and will not live in a house, nor wear any clothes, and his whole life is spent in this one business—making and managing a fleet of wooden boats, of which he is sole admiral. How near this mad youth is to a genius, a hero, or to an angler, who injures his health and risks his life by going into the water as high as his middle, in the hope of catching a fish which he sees rise, though he already has a pannier full!

There is another pretty good passage in "Ninth Day"—Scene—the Fall of the Traun, Upper Austria.

POIET.—I admire in this country not only the mode of preserving, carrying, and dressing fish, but I am delighted, generally, with the habits of life of the peasants, and with their manners. It is a country in which I should like to live; the scenery is so beautiful, the people so amiable and good-natured, and their attention to strangers so marked by courtesy and disinterestedness.

PHYS.—They appear to me very amiable and good; but all classes seem little instructed.

POIET.—There are few philosophers amongst them, certainly; but they appear very happy, and

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

We have neither seen nor heard of any instances of crime since we have been here. They fear their God, love their sovereign, are obedient to the laws, and seem perfectly contented. I know you would contrast them with the active and educated peasantry of the manufacturing districts of England; but I believe they are much happier, and I am sure they are generally better.

PHYS.—I doubt this: the sphere of enjoyment, as well as of benevolence, is enlarged by education.

POIET.—I am sorry to say I think the system carried too far in England. God forbid that any useful light should be extinguished! Let persons who wish for education receive it; but it appears to me that, in the great cities in England, it is, as it were, forced upon the population, and that sciences, which the lower classes can only very superficially acquire, are presented to them; in consequence of which they often become idle and conceited, and above their usual laborious occupations. The unripe fruit of the tree of knowledge is, I believe, always bitter or sour; and scepticism and discontent—sickness of the mind—are often the results of devouring it.

HAL.—Surely you cannot have a more religious, moral, or more improved populatiou than that of Scotland?

POIET.—Precisely so. In Scotland, education is not forced upon the people—it is sought for, and it is connected with their forms of faith, acquired in the bosoms of their families, and generally pursued with a distinct object of prudence or interest: nor is that kind of education wanting in this country.

PHYS.—Where a book is rarely seen, a newspaper never.

POIET.—Pardon me—there is not a cottage without a Prayer-Book; and I am not sorry that these innocent and happy men are not made active and tumultuous subjects of *King Press*, whom I consider as the most capricious, depraved, and unprincipled tyrant that ever existed in England. Depraved—for it is to be bought by great wealth; capricious—because it sometimes follows, and sometimes forms, the voice of the lowest mob; and unprincipled—because, when its interests are concerned, it sets at defiance private feeling and private character, and neither regards their virtue, dignity, or purity.

HAL.—My friends, you are growing warm. I know you differ essentially on this subject; but surely you will allow that the full liberty of the press, even though it sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, and though it may sometimes be improperly used by the influence of wealth, power, or private favour, is yet highly advantageous, and even essential to the existence of a free country; and useful as it may be to

the population, it is still more useful to the government, to whom, as expressing the voice of the people, though not always *vox Dei*, it may be regarded as oracular or prophetic.—But let us change our conversation, which is neither in time nor place.

We have a million more remarks to make. But, Brethren of the Angle, farewell till next month, when we meditate having A Double Number.

ANGLIMANIA.

CAST SECOND—TWADDLE ON TWEEDSIDE.

[MAY 1833.]

Farewell, O winter! gentlemanly Old Man; and hail, O Spring! most ladylike of Young Women! Frequent flirtation had there been for a month or two between Greybeard and Green Mantle, and at one time we thought it would have been a match. But mine ancient's heart failed on the very evening of the Sabbath, after publication of banns; he disappeared like "snaw aff a dyke," and 'tis rumoured that he has gone with Captain Back to the frozen regions, perhaps of the Pole. Lovely Spring, noways cast down, seemed to feel that she had made a narrow escape from hirpling Eld; and, if we do not greatly mistake the matter, she will, ere long, be leaning her ear "in many a secret place," to the soft solicitations of Summer, and yielding herself up with the usual sort of struggles to his blameless embraces. The marriage, we predict, will be celebrated on the first of June, for in Scotland 'tis reckoned unlucky to wed in May; and we, as Poet-Laureate of Cupid and Hymen, shall with our Flamingo write their Epithalamium.

Let us, for love of heaven and earth, get out of Edinburgh. Here, ever since November, have we been harbouring among houses, till we have almost hardened into stone and lime,—into the part of Wall. Our system has got smokified; and, a queer fish at all times, you might take us now for a dried haddock. Our circulation, unlike that of Maga, is low and slow; was there ever such a pulse? one in the minute. Our eyes that have been likened to eagles' are more like oysters'; the roses on our lips are lilies; and our cheeks out-ochre a sick

dandelion. We shall not say—whatever we may think—that our shanks are shrivelled; but we confess we do not relish these wrinkles in our hose; and it is not unalarming to observe that these shorts, always easy, are now wide, and assuming the appearance of petticoats. "This will never do." Let us, for love of heaven and earth, get out of Edinburgh.

Ha! we hear the phaeton. No dawn yet—but Peter is regular as clockwork—and at four—'tis striking in the lobby—the Set-out is at the door. Let us take a calker. Curse your coffee—at the best 'tis but birstled beans. But bruised barleycorn is Glenlivet. A few mouthfuls of bap—and—ham—never mind the steps—the crutch is our leaping-pole—all's right, Peter—canny on the causeway—but at the macadam let go the Tits—we give you four hours to do the distance—thirty miles and a trifle—you may pull up for a minute to wet their mouth at Torsonce—and now for—CLOVENFORD.

The mornings are chill yet—and there is nothing like a close carriage. There is something exceedingly snug in this clever contrivance of a head. No phaeton had ever a more magnificent development. He is fit to be president of the phrenologists. These windows of his are eyes—and we are the spirit that looks through them—CHRISTOPHER THE FARKEEKER.

There is surely snow. Smoothly as in a sleigh are we gliding along one way, and the trees another. If they keep on at that rate, they will be at the Tron Church before we are at Fushie Bridge. Dim is Dalkeith in the dawn; but the houses are beginning to bestir themselves, and by-and-by the old church-tower will be audibly counting his beads to the number of five, and looking out for the light from the sea. There is Arniston gate, with its elephants. One might imagine himself in India, about to beat up the quarters of some native Nabob.

We suspected as much. Ay, we have been taking a snooze—and 'tis broad morning. What is there to "prate of our whereabouts?" We have given the go-by to our excellent friend Mitchelson's beautiful woods of Middleton; and the mists are leaving Lammermoor. That hare ought ere now to have been at home on the hill—but you may bark and brastle as you choose, my worthy collie; pussie is but playing with you, and, carelessly altering her lazy limp into an easy gallop,

without putting herself to the trouble of laying back her lugs, cocks her *fud*, and while you are yet *ploutering* among the rashes, the fleet fur is far away up the sheep-nibbled green-sward; nay, by this time couched in her form among the fern above the line of the dwarf birk-tree groves. Partridges! we declare—a breeding pair—bobbing their heads along the barley-braird on a patch of cultivation on the marshy moor. That black breast—almost of mountain—glooming among the green hills, is no doubt populous with moorfowl,—and we could think we hear the gorcock crowing—but 'tis a raven. The little lambs must beware of racing too far in the sunshine from their woolly mothers—yet he is fondest of carrion—and probably there is a dead horse in the cleugh. God bless thee, small sweet silent source of the silver Gala! But of all these welling springs, each with its emerald margin, which is *the* source acknowledged by the "braw braw lads on Gala Water?" The charm of a pastoral country is its calm. In all the streamy straths you see houses,—store-farms or others—and seedtime being somewhat late in our South this season, (in the West 'twas early), these silent-going plough-teams are cheery; but how still all the hills, and bare of human life! Yet there is nothing dark or dismal—a sweet serenity is over all—and the prevailing and permanent impression is that of peace. Surely that white sea-bird will never have the heart to leave that quiet meadow for the stormy main. It ought not to waver about by itself so, but to mix with those other snowy wheelers, and be for life a dove.

Peter looks over his shoulder, and wonders to see us sitting Kit-cat in full view; for, some miles back, we had adroitly let down the head of the phaeton—and in our rich fur gown —a gift from the Emperor of all the Russias—we have the appearance of an opossum. Torsonce is an admirable inn; but the Tits are swinging along at eight knots; and sylvan Stow, with its knoll-climbing cottages, brown kirk, and pear-tree-blossoming manse, in which, after morning prayer, the worthy pastor is issuing for a stroll in his garden, is no sooner come than gone; and we cannot help forgetting it in this long line of woods. There are no leaves yet on the oaks or elms—and as for the ashes, 'twill be July at the soonest ere they are in full and fine feather; but the larches, and the birks, and the alders, are greening every sunny hour, and showing sweet

symptoms of the sappy spirit that is stirring in all the old forest-trees, and will soon be crowning them with umbrage. What buds on that horse-chestnut! each as big as our fist, and just about bursting from its balmy cerement. And are not these sycamores promising striplings—every year's shoot a yard long—and thus thirty feet high—the lowest of them—though we remember seeing them planted—as if yesterday! No nest more comfortable than a crow's. We just see her neb. Many a one have we harried; for in our schoolboy days we were monkeys at *speeling*, and have invaded even the heron's domicile, as it swung to and fro on the elm-tree top, "when winds were piping loud," and urchins on the mossy greensward below were picking up the broken branches, in intervals of upward-gazing admiration; for as that dare-devil in Shakespeare—we never remember precise words—says, we and danger were two lion whelps, littered in one day; but "we the elder and more terrible."—Hem—hem—hem!

We begin to feel an appetite for something; and scenery never looks so pleasant as under an appetite. Seen on a full stomach, nature, in some strange sympathy, seems labouring under a surfeit—too blowzy to be beautiful—with a flushed after-dinner face expressive of nothing better than an inclination to repose. Hence it is that poets so love the morning. In herself no doubt she is lovely, with or without her diamonds; but in your eyes she is a very angel, for no particle of divine air has left your spirit, and you see her in the pure light of imaginative love. So Milton felt when he breathed that immortal line—

"Under the opening eyelids of the Morn!"

In Nature he saw, as it were, a seraph waking from sleep!

Vegetation cannot have progressed much since the last milestone; nor earlier here than there can surely be the spring; yet all the earth is greener—and bluer is the sky; less sober is our cheer of heart—and we are happier because hungrier—that is the secret. Our system is juvenilised by all matin rural influences; this is our wedding-day, and Nature is our bride. We could get out of the phaeton, and on that half-sunny half-shady spot lie down with her in our arms, and hug her to our heart. O Nature! how balmy is thy breath! How fresh thy soft-swelling bosom! How couldst

thou—thou blessed creature—throw thyself away on Us, when all the world were dying for love of Thee, and crowding to kiss thy feet!

Steady down hill, Peter—tighter on Priam, Peter—softly with Rufus, Peter;—there we spin—"and the keen axle kindles as we go." Let us see. In three hours and five minutes from Moray Place to Clovenford. Nothing like a long stride—only thorough-breds, Peter, can do the business in style, after all;—blood, bone, and bottom—nothing like the descendants of the Godolphin Arab.

The wayside inns of staid Scotland will not bear comparison with those of merry England. There you see them smiling, with their trellised gables, low windows, and overhanging eaves all atwitter with swallows, a little way off the road, behind a fine tree palisaded in the front circle,—

"In winter, shelter, and in summer, shade."

The porch is bloomy; and the privet hedge running along the low wall does not shut out a culinary garden, deficient neither in flowers nor in fruits, with a bower at the end of the main gravel-walk, where, at tea or toddy, in love or friendship, you may sit, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot;" or take an occasional peep at the various arrivals. Right opposite, on entering, you see the bar,—and that pretty bar-maid, she is the landlord's daughter. "The parlour on the left, sir, if you please," says a silver voice, with a sweet southern—that is, English accent—so captivating to every Scotchman's ear—and before you have had time to read the pastoral poem on the paper that gives the parlour walls their cheerful character, the same pretty creature comes trippingly in with her snooded hair comb-surmounted, and having placed you a chair, begins to wipe the table, already dustless as the mirror in which she takes a glance at her shadow, as you take a gaze on her substance; and having heard your sovereign will and pleasure expressed with all the respectful tenderness of a subject, retires with a curtsey—and leaves you stroking your chin, in a mood of undefinable satisfaction with her, with yourself, and with all the world.

Clovenford is not exactly such a wayside inn, but the accommodation of all kinds is excellent—bed, board, and washing; and he who cannot make himself comfortable here,

as we now are doing, cannot have a calm conscience. There is nothing particular to look at out-doors; some stabling—a cottage that seems a shop, where you may buy snuff and sweeties; fields with hedges and gates, over one of which a long-nosed mare, with a foal at her foot (an early production) is now whinnying after Priam or Rufus; a good bit off, trees, among which the high-road disappears; and, at about a mile's distance, hills, some of them wooded, under the line of which, you would know without being told it, from a dim-blue sort of mysterious aerial haze, must be flowing a river; and what river can it be but the—TWEED?

Helen! do you know that you are a very bonny lass? a commonplace, perhaps inappropriate, but popular expression, and one that rarely if ever gives offence; though sometimes they may strive to look sulky, and answer you by silence. But, Helen is comely, and a most obliging creature. There is a mild modesty about Helen, that makes it pleasant to be waited on by her; and though she is never in a hurry, it is surprising what she puts through her hands. We have known her attending, by her single self, on three tables, each, of course, in a different parlour, one at each end, and one in the middle of the *transe*, and yet she never seemed missing from your elbow. Helen keeps her eyes (hazel) perpetually on the watch; and you never need to ask for an article. Pepper, mustard, or ketchup—bread, butter, or some more gravy—what you will—but wish for it, and she presents it to you with a smile—not right and rough over your shoulder, as is the use and wont of some nymphs in Arcadia, but standing near, not close, in an attitude at once affectionate and respectful—and more of the former—at least so it has sometimes seemed to us—the more elderly you are—if not absolutely old—and then she treats you with reverence. Not a word had we breathed about breakfast—yet here comes the daughter of Leda with the tray.

We read in her eyes a vivid remembrance of this very same morning, of the very same month, last spring. All the intermediate year is by us too forgotten; and it would require much metaphysical subtlety to analyse our feelings compounded of the Past and Present, so as to form a new Tense. The Then and the Now are coexistent; and slightly tinged too with a colouring of the When. We are conscious of a

was-is-and-to-be-ish emotion on looking at those four eggs, evidently new-laid, those four penny loaves in close cohesion with their auburn crusts—that plateful of wet, and that rack of dry toast—and above all, that pound of butter. Nor is jam nor jelly not causative, each in its own degree, of our composite spiritual state; nor that ham. The stroup of the teapot alone seems changed—it having met with an accident that serves to dissolve the doubtful identity of the Two-times-in-one, and to restore memory to her seat of office, which had thus been usurped by that strange faculty, Imagination.

Whoo! Now let us take a look at our tackle—Mrs Phin's. Seldom have we seen finer gut. The Gut of Gibraltar is a joke to it; gossamer coarse in comparison. This bunch of lark-winged hair-lugs has a killing look—and so have these water-mouse bodies with wings of grey mallard. But here are the heckles that will harry the river—Professors[1]—red and black — with brown mallard wings — dressed fine on number four kirby-bend—sharp as clegs—yet almost minute as midges. The trout that licks in one of these "wee wicked deevils" with his tongue, will rue the day he was spawned on the banks of gravel. No loops on any casting-line of ours —all knots; the drop-flies—for we always use three—depending four and five inches; and the casting-line itself the length of the rod to a tittle. No multiplying reel for us—in all things we love simplicity—and should we even hook A FISH, with this small machine we shall prove his master. Shoot, spring, summersault, or wallop as he will, he is a dead salmon.

But the landlord's pony's at the door, with a boy to bring him back, who is stroking the long forelock down smooth on his Roman nose, and picking out the straws till it looks quite tidy. It would not be easy to determine his colour—but, whatever it is, he is no chameleon, and keeps to it; his ears are none of the shortest, yet surely he cannot well be a mule either; and though his tail, on the contrary, be one of the shortest, yet he seems anxious to make the most of it, and has acquired a custom of switching it in a style that, if it were anything more than a mere stump, might prove awkward to his rider in miry weather. But let us not any longer

[1] The fly-hook so called, with which Professor Wilson was wont to do much execution.

criticise the worthy animal, for, after all, he is a choice article.

No—no—not in the least—not hurt in the least—yet, devil take it, landlord, you ought to be a little more particular about your stirrup-leathers. 'Tis fortunate we fell off before we had got on; for we had intended to start at full gallop—and as on making play we uniformly stand in the stirrups, had that strap broken as we were crossing the bridge, we should have spoiled the pool below for this day's angling. Peter—you are an ingenious and dexterous old fellow—but how will you contrive to manage your breeches till his return, without braces?

'Tis about a long Scotch mile from Clovenford to the hill-top from which you get the first glimpse of the Tweed—at Ashiestiel. Ashiestiel! There it stands, half-embowered, above the bowers that here, more than anywhere else, to our eyes do indeed beautify the Tweed. It holds in kind command all the banks and braes about—with their single trees dropt here and there "in nature's careless haste," and rich with many a stately grove overhanging the river's gleam, or within hearing of its murmurs. But the green hills behind the house are now sloping away up to the far mists that seem to be hiding mountains; and the scene, though sweet, is not without grandeur—at this dim hour a melancholy grandeur. A few hundred yards farther on, and closed at either end with wooded hills, and cheerful along its wide flat with ploughed fields and ancient pastures—rich holm lands—with a few cottages — each standing single — and of different characters—from the mere hut to the farmhouse—and one by the water's edge seems to be the miller's—a long reach of vale, in its own serenity, is itself all one home—and of yore it was the home of—The Magician. Here we first saw—Walter Scott. 'Twas in the summer he was writing *Marmion*. He rode with a party of us over the hills to Newark Tower on the Yarrow—and we had some roughish galloping after the grey-hounds. The Minstrel, we remember, was in at the death of the sole hare killed, and held her up, on the hill-side, to us below, with an air of triumph. A young Oxonian tried in vain, on the way home, to win him to speak about poetry; but had to put up with a snatch of some old song or Border ballad, chanted with a kindling eye and impassioned voice,

but having no connection either with the scene around us, or with anything that had been passing in conversation. It seemed to us—that though far from being *absent*, in the ordinary sense of that word—his mind went and came to and fro the visionary world of the olden time, familiar with it as with this real surrounding life. In the evening, he chanted from the quarto sheets the two first cantos of *Marmion*—and with look, voice, and action, as appropriate to the spirit-stirring poetry of war, as Wordsworth's to the soul-composing poetry of peace.

Well, we shall jog up to the head of our favourite stream—not half a mile above Ashiestiel—and keep all day to a few faithful pools that never yet have deceived us—for what's the use of whipping much water, if you know the best, and are scientifically master of the "silent trade?" There, my lad, your master is going to Galashiels—so away with your curly head—but do not burst the pony. And be sure you let Peter again have his braces—for without them he is really not fit to appear in the kitchen among ladies.

Angling, in boyhood, youth, and manhood's prime, was with us a passion. Now it is an affection. The first glimpse of the water, caught at a distance, used to set our hearts a-beating, and—

"Without stop or stay down the rocky way"—

we rushed to the pastime. If we saw a villain with a creel on his back, wading waist-deep, and from the middle of the stream commanding every cranny in among the tree-roots on both sides—in spite of copse or timber—we cursed and could almost have killed him; and how we guffawed when such a reprobate, at a chance time losing his footing among the coggly and sliddery stones, with many staggers, fell sprawling first back and then forwards, and finally, half-choked and grievously incommoded by the belt of his emptied basket coiling round his thrapple, while the dead trouts were seen floating about with their yellow bellies, went hatless down the current, and came sneaking out at the ford like a half-drowned rat—pity that the vagabond had not gone over the waterfall—a better death than his father's, who, it was well known, was hanged for sheep-stealing at Carlisle.

Now we can look carelessly at a whole regiment of leathern-

aprons, all at once in single file poaching the Tweed the whole way from Peebles to Innerleithen. Nothing that may happen in this world now would make us lose our temper. With the utmost equanimity we can now look up to our tail-fly—both bobbers—and several yards of line, inextricably hanked, high up a tree; or on the whole concern by a sudden jerk converted into an extraordinary hair-ball, such as one reads of being found in the stomachs of cows. The sudden breaking of our top just at the joint, which is left full of rotten wood—no knife in our pocket and no spare top in our butt—a calamity which has caused frequent suicides—from us elicits but a philosophical smile at the Vanity of Human Wishes.

There's as pretty a piece of workmanship as poor Phin[1] ever put out of hand—light as cork, and true as steel—and such a run! Now, let us choose an irresistible leash of insects—and we lay a sovereign to a sixpence that we are fast in silver-scales before half-a-dozen throws.—Where the deuce is our book? Not in this pocket—nor this—nor this—nor this. Confound it—that is very odd—it can't surely be in our breeches—no—no—not there—curse it—that is very queer—nor in the crown of our hat—no—dang it—that is enough to try the patience of a saint! Where the devil can it be? Not in our basket—no———and Tommy! can we, like an infernal idiot, have left our book on the breakfast-table at Clovenford?

O the born idiots of the Inn! not to see our book lying on the breakfast-table. The blind blockheads must have taken it for the family Bible. And Helen, too! not to see and send it after us by Peter on Priam! Never again, were we to drag

[1] Elsewhere Phin's shop is thus described by the Professor:—With PHIN'S SHOP the man who is not familiar, let him call himself not an angler—and him will Fish and Trout laugh to scorn in river and lake, in Tweed and in Loch Awe. Look up, before you enter, and see how under the power of that magical rod the house-fronted street is changed into a rock-walled stream! Below the North Bridge the tide is heard to murmur, and under the middle arch you see the salmon flinging himself up the waterfall. The taper arch of Hiecory, from which a wooden grilse depends, ruralises the whole city from the Register House to the College. But our crutch is heard on the spiral staircase, and from behind the glass-cases on the counter, with a friendly welcome, Mr and Mrs Phin salute their well-known old angler. No rod are we going to buy—for we have already half-a-dozen of his make, some of them yet guiltless of cold blood; but it is a luxury to shake an angle of Mr Phin's out of the window. Fair-set from butt to the topmost ring! Supple as the manners of a courtier, unwarped as the principles of an honest man! Ready in its lightness to quiver at the

on a miserable existence like Methusaleh's, will we have the wretched folly to come out to Clovenford! From this blasted hour we swear to give up angling for ever—and we have a mind to break into twenty thousand pieces this great, big, thick, coarse, clumsy, useless and lumbering rod!

We beseech us to look at *that—the take—the take is on*—by all that is prolific, the surface of the water is crawling with noses and back-fins—scores of pounders are plumping about in all directions—and oh, Gemini! the ripple over-by yonder, in the shallow water of that little greensward-bottomed bay, betrays a monster. Such a day, and such an hour, and such a minute for certain slaughter—for bloody sport—never saw we with our eyes—though we have for fifty years and more been an angler. People in pulpits preach patience—block-heads in black and with bands—smooth and smug smiling sinners who never knew disappointment nor despair—nor have the souls of the poor prigs capacity to conceive such a trial as this. There they go—heads and tails—leap-leap-leaping—but no splash—for the largest dip noiselessly as the least—and we hear only a murmur.—Oh lord!

Why are not people planting potatoes somewhere in sight? Nobody dibbling in this garden. Door of the house locked—but we might walk into the byre. The fools have gone to the fair. We are deafened by eternal talk about education in Scotland—why then is there not here a school—that we might get a boy to run to Clovenford for our book? It seems especially absurd for the county to have put itself to great expense in making a turnpike road through such an uninhabited district as this. Not a soul to be seen far as the eye can reach

touch of the minnow's tongue, safe in its strength at the leap and plunge of the salmon, maddening along the rapid Spey. And with what neat fingers, nice eye, cultivated taste, and sound judgment, doth his wife Margaret whip a fly! Often, with the same trio, have we angled a whole day, till our back bent beneath the creel, and returned them to our book, still fit for slaughter. No unpremeditated oath need ever escape the angler's lips in the solitude, who uses thy tackle; for once hooked, the Tyrant of the Flood is as much his property when sinking down ten fathom into a pool, or careering like a mad bull along the foamy surface, as if lying agasp on the bank, or crammed into wicker-prison, himself a creelful. Having purchased a hank of gut, as an excuse for looking in, and taken a lesson of fly-dressing, industry, and contentment, we nod the worthy pair a smiling good-by, and determine on taking the steam-boat from Glasgow to Inverary, and right away to Loch Awe and Hayfield, before the Twelfth of August.—"The Four Shops," *Blackwood's Magazine*, Aug. 1826.

—nothing in the live way but sheep and rooks—and they do bleat and caw, it must be confessed, to an odious degree, and in a most disgusting manner. As to going back all the way, two Scotch—but many English miles—to Clovenford for our book—and then coming back to begin fishing about the middle of the day—when it is well known that it often unaccountably happens you may then as well angle in the Tweed for oysters—that would be madness; yet staying here without tackle is folly; and in such a dilemma, what the devil—we say again—is to be done?—*That was a horrid suggestion of the enemy!*

Heaven bless thy bright face, thou golden-headed girl! whence comest thou into this nook of earth—yes—from Fairyland. What? Herding cows? Well—well—child! don't be frightened—you have overheard us talking to ourselves—and perhaps think us "the strange Gentleman;" but it was a mere soliloquy—so see—here's half-a-crown—run you to Clovenford and ask Helen for our book—our tackle-book—and you shall have another on your return—provided you are back within the hour. Never mind about the cows. We will look after them—CHRISTOPHER NORTH IN THE CHARACTER OF COWHERD—what a subject for our dear Wullie Allan! Yet, did not Apollo for nine years guard the flocks of Admetus?

Why, 'tis but nine now. Time enough from ten to six to crowd our creel, till the lid fly open. Many a man would have been much discomposed on such an occasion as this; but thanks to a fine natural temper, and to a philosophic and religious education, we have kept ourselves cool as a cucumber. This forgetfulness of ours is likely to prove a lucky accident after all, for hitherto there has been hardly a breath stirring, and we did not much like that glimmer on the water. True, a few fins were visible—but they were merely playing, and we question if a single snout would have taken the fly. But now the air is beginning to circulate, and to go rustling up among the thick-budded, and here and there almost leafy trees, in little delightful whirlwinds. The sun is sobered in the mild sky by the gentle obscuration of small soft rainy or rather dewy-looking clouds; one feels the inexpressible difference between heat and warmth, in this genial temperature; and what could have been the matter with our eyes that they were blind, or with our soul that it was insensible,

to that prodigal profusion of primroses imbedding the banks and braes with beauty, in good time to be succeeded by the yet brighter broom!

> "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
> And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
> While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
> Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

There is no possibility, surely, of her not bringing the Book? No—no. She will bring it; for the creature, as she stood a-tiptoe ere away she flew, was an impersonation of that divine line in Collins,

> "And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!"

We begin not to care whether she bring the Book or not. Reconcilement sweet is breathed over our vacant leisure by the balm of these budding woods—these "hanging shaws,"—is warbled over it by the mingling melodies—how various, yet all accordant—we surely may call it harmony—of an unseen wonderful multitude of amorous birds. We shut our eyes for a moment, and scarcely can support the music—'tis so thick with joy.

> "For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

We hope, from the bottom of our souls, that she will not bring the Book. We trust we have lost it—that it bobbed out of our pocket over that pretty dear little bridge. Should she unfortunately find it, it may lure us away from our vernal meditations, and much profound poetry be lost to the world. The Advent of Spring!

> Oh! gracious Power! for thy beloved approach
> The expecting Earth lay wrapt in kindling smiles
> Struggling with tears, and often overcome.
> A blessing sent before thee from the heavens,
> A balmy spirit breathing tenderness,
> Prepared thy way, and all created things
> Felt that the Angel of Delight was near.
> Thou cam'st at last, and such a heavenly smile
> Shone round thee, as beseem'd the eldest-born
> Of Nature's guardian spirits. The great Sun,
> Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
> Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
> Was by the low winds chanted in the sky;
> And when thy feet descended on the Earth,
> Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers

By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blest deliverer! Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow! but it lives
Amid your tendrils, bright'ning every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
Were ye asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?
There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the Spring
Where'er she flies, or else in deathlike sleep
Abide her annual reign, when forth they come
With freshen'd plumage and enraptured song,
As ye do now, unwearied choristers,
Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not,
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
Than the young lambs, that from the valley-side
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things!
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.
The strife of working intellect, the stir
Of hopes ambitious; the disturbing sound
Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry,
That ardent spirits burn for in their pride,
Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul
Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Mortal man in this world must either make a merit of necessity, and so succumb to his lot, however severe the suffering or bitter the disappointment—or he must reconcile himself to it, as we have done now, by calling to his aid the power of Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion. Shall we take a swim? The cow-herdess might surprise us in the pool, and swarf with fear at sight of the water-kelpie.

"A dream of old, born of that sudden smile
Of watery sunshine, comes across our brain."

Twenty years ago, at two o'clock of a summer morning we left the school-house at Dalmally, where we were lodging, and walked up Glenorchy—fourteen miles long—to Inveruren. On the banks of that fishy loch we stood, eyeing the sunshine beautifully warming the breezy dark moss-water. We unscrewed the brass head of our walking-cane, to convert it into a rod; when, lo! the hollow was full of emptiness! We

had disembowelled it the evening before, and left all the pieces on the chest of drawers in our bedroom! This was as bad as being without our Book. The dizziness in our head was as if the earth had dwindled down to the size of the mere spot on which we stood, but still kept moving as before at the same rate, on its own axis, and round the sun. On recovering our stationary equilibrium, we put our pocket-pistol to our head, and blew out its brains into our mouth—in the liquid character of Glenlivet. Then down the glen we bounded like a deer belling in his season, and by half-past seven were in the school-house. We said nothing—not that we were either sullen or sulky; but stern resolution compressed our lips, which opened but to swallow a few small loaves and fishes—and having performed twenty-eight miles, we started again for the Loch. At eleven—for we took our swing easily and steadily—our five flies were on the water. By sunset we had killed twenty dozen—none above a pound—and by far the greater number about a quarter—but the *tout-ensemble* was imposing—and the weight could not have been short of five stone. We filled both creels (one used for salmon), bag, and pillow-slip, and all the pockets about our person—and at first peep of the evening star went our ways again down the glen towards Dalmally. We reached the school-house "ae wee short hour ayont the twal," having been on our legs almost all the four-and-twenty hours, and for eight up to the waist in water—distance walked, fifty-six miles—trouts killed, twenty dozen and odds—and weight carried

> "At the close of the day when the hamlet was still,
> And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness proved,"

certainly seventy pounds for fourteen miles; and if the tale be not true, may May-day miss Maga.

And, now, alas! we could not hobble for our book from the holms of Ashiestiel to Clovenford!

> "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Not that we look much amiss—in our own eyes—yet; and here is a mirror. 'Tis a *lown* place this,—nearly encircled with trees,—and the river winds about so, and parts into such sweet perplexing streamlets, that we might almost suppose we were on a little island. Ay, here is a glass, magical as

that in which the Italian wizard showed Lord Surrey his faithful Geraldine. No,—'tis no female form—'tis not the ladye of his love—but Christopher himself in all his glory—rod in one hand, and crutch in the other—crutch being fitted up as a landing-net. What a pleasing reflection! Wordsworth, like a true seer, by anticipation painted the picture:—

> "In a deep pool, by happy choice we saw
> A twofold image: on a grassy bank
> A SNOW-WHITE RAM: and in the crystal flood
> Another and the same! Most beautiful,
> On the green turf, with his imperial front
> Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
> The breathing creature stood; as beautiful
> Beneath him showed his shadowy counterpart.
> Each had his glowing mountain, each his sky,
> And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
> Antipodes unconscious of each other;
> Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
> Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.
> Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
> Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
> And yet a breath can do it!"

The similitude is perfect, all but the horns.

'Twas long believed by the whole old women of the noisy world that Wordsworth was no poet—and by a part of them that the moon was made of green cheese. But the dwellers in the world that is "silent and divine," all knew that the Bard was from heaven on a mission; and to the eyes of all whose "visual nerve has been purged with rue and euphrasy," he has for ever beautified the "light of common day," rendered the "beauty still more beauteous," and given "glimpses of something far more deeply interfused," which we may see in all its native glory in a higher state of Being.

But here comes Iris, with our Book in her bosom. She espies us, and holding it up above "her beautiful and shining golden head," it seems to our ears as if the kind creature were singing a song.

Now, Mary—we knew your name was Mary, the moment we saw you—Mary Riddle—we ken you sing—sae gie's a sang, my bonny bit wee winsome lassie—while we are rummaging our Book. But what's the matter? What's the matter? "O sir, you've no been leukin after the kye—for,

mercy me! there's three o' the twa-year-auld Hielant nowt gotten into the garden. O Sir! you're a bad herd!"

Mary Riddle has soon cleared the garden of kye and nowt, and begging pardon for "ha'in sae far forgotten hersel as to speak sae rudely to sae kind an auld gentleman," offers "to do her best at a sang." "She sings"—she says—"to auld tunes, or natural tunes o' her ain like, the maist feck o' Gilfillan's sangs—him that leeves in Leith, and that's reckoned a bonny writer a' ower this pairt o' the kintra." We are glad to hear from Mary Riddle that our ingenious friend Gilfillan's songs are so popular among the pastoral dwellers on the banks of the Tweed, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, and ask for "Mary's Bower."

MARY'S BOWER.

SET TO AN ORIGINAL MELODY BY PETER MACLEOD, AND SUNG BY MARY RIDDLE, ON THE HOLMS OF ASHIESTIEL, TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, APRIL 23, 1833.

"The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
The lav'rock in the sky;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
An' a' aboon is joy!
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
Though a' without be gay;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
His ship has crossed the main;
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower,
He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,
A wasting form is there;
The glance has left that ee sae blue,
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,
The lav'rock quits the sky;
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,
For coming winter's nigh.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
The tempests loudly rave;
The flowers that bloomed round Mary's bower
Now wither on her grave!"

Sung like a lintie! And you tell us, Mary, you are eleven years old come Midsummer—that your parents are both dead—and that you do not remember having seen their faces—and that you have neither brother or sisters—nor any blood relations, except some "distant coosins that dinna leeve in this pairt"—and that you are "as happy as the day is lang"—for that "the puirest creatur is aye safe in the hand o' God." "Now you maun gie us anither bit sangie—but let it be a cheerfu' lilt." "What say ye, sir, to 'Janet an' Me?'"

JANET AN' ME.

TUNE—"*I'd rather hae a piece than a kiss o' my Joe.*"

SUNG BY DITTO—TO DITTO—AT DITTO—ON DITTO.

"O, wha are sae happy as me an' my Janet?
O, wha are sae happy as Janet an' me?
We're baith turning auld, an' our walth is soon tauld,
But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my toil,
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at the Beuk she is mending the cleadin,
She 's darnin the stockings when I sole the shoon;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're weary,
An' syne we sup sowens when anee we are done.
She's bakin a seone while I'm smokin my cutty,
When I'm i' the stable she's milkin the kye;
I envy not kings, when the gloamin-time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet an' I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay biggin,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa;
We've twa wabs o' linen o' Janet's ain spinnin,
As thick as dog-lugs, an' as white as the snaw!
We've a kebbuck or twa, an' some meal i' the girnel,
Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the door;
An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in'yon auld painted kist,
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and troubles,
Aftentimes pouches toom, an' hearts fu' o' care;
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share!

I've an auld rousty sword, that was left by my faither,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae;
We hae friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae.

The laird may hae gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his ee;
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
But are they mair happy than Janet an' me?
A' ye, wha ne'er kent the straught road to be happy,
Wha arena content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwallin of whilk I've been tellin,
Ye'se learn't, by lookin at Janet an' me!"

Allan Ramsay—Robert Fergusson—Robert Burns—James Hogg—Allan Cunningham—Robert Tannahill—Robert Gilfillan—when did the air of merry England ring with the warblings of such skylarks as these? Born were they all "in huts where poor men lie"—and then in the olden time, to how many gifted sons of genius

"Did Nature give her music pipes,
And her sweet trumping strains?"

Charles Lamb ought really not to abuse Scotland in the pleasant way he so often does in the sylvan shades of Enfield; for Scotland loves Charles Lamb; but he is wayward and wilful in his wisdom, and conceits that many a Cockney is a better man even than Christopher North. But what will not Christopher forgive to genius and goodness? Even Lamb bleating libels on his native land. Nay, he learns lessons of humanity, even from the mild malice of Elia, and breathes a blessing on him and his household in their Bower of Rest.

Why—Mary—we do sometimes attempt such a thing—and we cannot refuse thee—so here goes Gilfillan's "Jean Pringle."

PITY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE.

TUNE—"*I hae a wife o' my ain.*"

SUNG ON TWEEDSIDE BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH TO MARY RIDDLE, APRIL 23, 1833.

"Pity the lads that are free,
Pity the chiels that are single;
For gudesake! tak pity on me,
I'm teased nicht an' day wi' Jean Pringle.

For lasses I carena a preen,
My heart's my ain an' I'm cheery,
An', were't nae for that cutty Jean,
I'd sleep as sound as a peerie!

What's beauty!—it a' lies in taste!
For nane o't wad I gie a bodle!
But hers, hauntin me like a ghaist,
Is whiles like to turn my noddle!
She's wooers—but what's that to me?
They're walcome to dance a' about her;
Yet I like na her smilin sae slee
To lang Sandy Lingles the souter!

Yestreen I cam in frae the plew,
The lasses were a' busy spinnin;
I stoitered as if I'd been fou,
For Jeanie a sang was beginnin.
I hae heard fifty maids sing,
Whiles ane, an' whiles a'thegither;
But nane did the starting tears bring
Till she sung the 'Braes of Balquhither.'

Last Sunday, when gaun to the kirk,
I met wi' my auld aunty Beenie;
I looked as stupid's a stirk,
When simply she said—'How is Jeanie?'
An' at e'en, when I, wi' the rest,
Was carritched baith Larger an' Single,
When speered—Wham we suld like best?
I stammered out—'Young Jeanie Pringle!'

Last ouk I gaed in to the fair,
To ware out my Hallowmas guinea;
When wha suld I fa' in wi' there,
A' dinkit out finely—but Jeanie;
I couldna gang by her for shame,
I couldna but speak, else be saucy,
Sae I had to oxter her hame,
An' buy a silk snood to the lassie.

It's no but she's baith gude and fair,
It's no but she's winsome an' bonny;
Her een glancing 'neath gowden hair,
Are brichter, I daursay, than ony.
But pawky een's naething to me,
Of gowd locks I want na the straikin;
Folk speak about love—but they'll see,
For ance, by my faith! they're mistaken.

I promised the lasses a spree,
I promised the lads a paradin,
I canna weel hae't—let me see—
Unless I get up a bit waddin.
I think I'se send ower for the clark,
He micht cry us out the neist Sunday;
It's winter—we're nae thrang at wark,
Sae I think I'll just marry 'gin Monday!"

Mary Riddle—you shall have sent to you from Edinburgh, bound in red—with a green silk ribbon in it, to mark the chapter where you left off—a Bible. We know you have one of your own—but 'tis much worn—the brown binding is tattered and worm-eaten, the pages very yellow, and some words at many places so indistinct that even your eyes cannot easily make them out in the gloaming, or by the flickering peat-light. We need not bid you read the Bible often now—but continue to do so when you grow up—and should days pass by without your looking into it, remember the old man whose name you will see written along with your own on one of the blank pages, and who will then be in his grave. Think you hear his voice saying, "Mary Riddle, have you forgotten our advice below the trees at Tweedside?" Nay—Mary—we wished not to set you a-weeping, and along with the Bible will come some yards of dimity for a gown for the braes, and some of a better sort, plain, but pretty, for your dress on the Sabbath. And perhaps a trifle or two beside—such as some pink ribbons, and a silk handkerchief or two—which, with care, may last till you are a maiden with a sweetheart. But part we must not, till you even give us another song. So wipe your eyes—ay, the sleeve of your gown will do—and as there is nothing like being happy—hear the birds—let's have again something gay of Gilfillan's,—say "Young Willie, the Ploughman."

YOUNG WILLIE, THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"*Bonny Dundee.*"

SUNG BY MARY RIDDLE, ON TWEEDSIDE, TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, APRIL 23, 1833.

"Young Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller,
An' yet the blithe callant's as crouse as a king;
He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her,
Tak tent an' ye'se hear what the laddie does sing:—

'O! Jenny, to tell that I loe you 'fore ony,
Wad need finer words than I've gátten to tell!
Nor need I say to ye, Ye're winsome and bonny,—
I'm thinkin ye ken that fu' brawly yoursel!

I've courted ye lang—do ye hear what I'm tellin?—
I've courted you, thinkin ye yet wad be mine;
And if we suld marry wi' only ae shillin,
At the warst, only *ae shillin*, Jenny, we'se tine.
But love disna aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,
Nor happiness dwall whaur the coffers are fu';
As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,
That want ne'er sall meet us, nor mis'ry pursue.

The chiels that are christened to riches an' grandeur,
Ken nocht o' the pleasure that hard labour brings;
What in idleness comes, they in idleness squander,
While the lab'rin man toils a' the lang day and sings!
Then why suld we envy the great an' the noble?
The *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours what we hae!
A boast that repays us for sair wark an' trouble;
"I've earned it!" is mair than a monarch can say.

The green buds now peep through the auld runkled timmer,
The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale mornin dew,
An' nature is glad at the comin o' simmer,
As glad as I'm aye at the smilin o' you!
The flowers are a' springin, the birds are a' singin,
And beauty and pleasure are wooin the plain;
Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it,
The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again!'"

"Good Mary Riddle—good be wi' you;"—away she trips—and we feel the pathos of these two lines of Wordsworth—

"Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy child."

There we have him—at the Tail-Fly. My eye! but he's a bouncer. Why, he springs like a whitling. Hooked by the dorsal fin. Then 'tis a ten-minutes' job—and where shall we land him—for the bank is lined with trees—celebrated by the name of "The Grenadiers"—and he knows better than to stem the current? Shall we *in?* A fifteen-feet rod is nothing to our right arm—(*biceps* fourteen inches), and under our left *oxter* the crutch. The landing-net won't be much the worse for a rub on the gravel. So here't goes. Pretty chill—for there is yet in the river some "snaw-broo." Na! na! You

think of stealing a march on us by a double, do you? But Christopher's wide awake, and has wound up a dozen yards in a jiffey, so he has you hard in hand; and if you do not "tak tent" of what you're about, he will run you right ashore, high and dry, on the silver sand, where you will wallop about till you seem basted for the frying-pan. Avast! or you will upset us by running between our legs—fair play's a jewel. Off at a right angle like a shot. What! You have made up your mind to dash in among the intertwistment of those muddy old roots? But you should have tried that earlier in your career; for there — there, my darling —we give you the *butt* till your hog-back is seen above the water, and you look like a hulk that has dropt anchor. Why don't you keep moving? Ay—we thought 'twould be so—floundering down the stream you go, like a child drowning—and you must know now that your days are numbered. Poor fellow! he has lost heart, and we almost pity him—we have about as much pity for him as would "fill a wren's eye"—so this way again, if you please—ay, that's the way—swimming against the stream's not so difficult as you thought—near the edge in smooth water—come away, my jewel—the transparent fluid's not much more than your own depth now—why, wriggling so, you seem more like a serpent than a trout—but now you have lain down to take a nap—and we shall lift you up so gently in our landing-net, which in another capacity has settled the hash of many a larger lubber, that you will slip away through your slumbers into the unsubstantial flowing of the piscatory paradise provided for all fishes that have led a tolerably honest life in the troubled waters of this sublunary world.

You seldom kill such a trout as that in the Tweed with the fly. The truth is, he had no intention of taking it. But 'tis perilous at times rashly to rub shoulders with a professor. The minnow is your bait for monsters. But we are not a great master of minnow—and we abhor worm. There is cruelty in worm, and also in minnow—and we are not cruel. As for this two-pounder (he is not nearly three), what has he suffered? A struggle—"a sleep—and a forgetting"—to end—but of that he could have no prefigured idea—in a fry. We have endured more anguish, mental and bodily, in one minute, than all he ever did during his whole life—the last

quarter of an hour included; and we have our doubts whether even then his state was not that of enviable enjoyment. It was at least far from being one of *ennui;* all his energies were called into active play; the alternations of fear and hope, in all cases where, as in this, hope is the prevailing passion, yield more pleasure than pain; and many millions of men, struggling against the stream as desperately as he did, and yielding to it more reluctantly, whether with happier or as disastrous issue, would laugh in your face were you to call them miserable, and set you down in their turmoil for a prodigious ninny.

Out of this long pool we have many a day creeled two dozen—and there would seem to be a law prohibiting any trout from gaining a settlement in the parish under ten inches. There are no paupers—except, indeed, upon the principle that all paupers are well fed—but we believe few of the population are out of employment. Here is an Alderman. And here the Dean of Guild. By-and-by we shall have basketed the whole Corporation. Yet you cannot call them fat. Red about the gills they are; but that in a fish is a proof of temperance — that they drink nothing but water. Small heads — round shoulders — thick waists — tapering tails—so elegant—that, but for brown back and yellow belly, you might think them small salmon.

"A brace of trouts!" You might as well speak of a brace of herrings. Yet there are noble trout in your English rivers. We do not mean in the North of England—for that, to all intents and purposes, is Scotland—but all over England. But in still-water preserves, what with gross feeding, and what with gross indolence, they lose all vigour, and make about as much play as logs of wood of the same dimensions. We remember once borrowing a pin and a bit of pack-thread from an old woman who was sweeping the gravel walks in the beautiful grounds of Hagley; and having stolen a worm, we pitched it on the crooked brass before the nose of a fine-looking fellow, who was slowly sailing about near the edge of a sort of shallow artificial lakelet. He took it as kindly as Don Key would have taken a mouthful of calipash; and began to shift his quarters towards some weeds, which we presume were meant for an island. With the feeblest inclination of our wrist possible, we deflected him from his first

intention; but found it no easy matter either to persuade or convince him that he was pin'd; and when he did begin to suspect that something was amiss with his mouth, even then he waddled away more like a broken-wing'd duck than a trout in the "policy" of a British nobleman. In the Tweed —even when low—he would have been beaten to mummy against the stones in five minutes; but only think of him in a — spate! Yet his colour was pretty good — nor were his proportions to be sneezed at; he was manifestly of a good strain of spawn—but that lazy life had melted the very soul within him, and he was as tedious as a toad. The packthread could hardly have spun a cockchafer; and yet it brought him to shore without stretching; there he lay, gasping in his fatness, *half a brace;* and looking at him, not without pity, we thought, not without contempt, of the Cockneys.

But of your true London anglers, we have always held and said that they are at the top of the tree. They have trained themselves up to the utmost fineness and delicacy of execution, and in shyest water, where no brother of the angle in all Scotland could move a fin, they will kill fish. Their tackle, of course, is of the most exquisite and scientific kind —their entire set-out at the river's edge perfect. We should not presume to throw a fly with the least celebrated proficient of the Walton Club. That we have been elected an Honorary Member of that Society, true it is that we are most proud; but ashamed are we to think, that, from an inevitable confusion and misunderstanding at the time we received the Secretary's letter, communicating to us the pleasant intelligence, it remains, as too many others do from the most respected quarters, without acknowledgment; and perhaps our name is no longer on the list. Should it be so, we shall lament it as a misfortune all our life; but hope it may not be too late yet to make amends for our seeming ingratitude, and remain or become one of that band of brothers.

Were anybody to ask us which is the best trouting river in Scotland, we should say the Tweed. Many anglers—as good and better than us—would say the Clyde. We so dearly love the Tweed, that we may pronounce judgment under a bias. Both rivers are full of fins. We have known two hundred dozen net-drawn in about a hundred yards of the Clyde in one

night, nor was the angling on the very same ground one whit the worse a week after—which was strange, for the trout-population are not of wandering habits, and they sleep where they feed. Therefore either those prodigious draughts had not *thinned* their numbers, or if they had, that one long pool had been speedily repeopled by emigration from many other parts of the river. We have *burned* the Tweed; and when looking for salmon with the lister, we have often seen such immense multitudes of trouts, that were we to describe them, we should be suspected of romancing; yet we are confident we speak within bounds, when we say that we have seen *several thousands* all gathered together in deep water—for what purpose it is not easy to conjecture—as it were in one knot—as numerous as any shoal of minnows—we had almost said as powheads in a ditch. There they were floating—hanging almost motionless—with their heads towards a common centre—in a circular mass several feet deep, and at least two yards in diameter of surface. Could they all belong to that one pool? Or were they deputations of the silent people from all the pools, celebrating some great national commemoration? We are inclined to believe that they were all inhabitants, perhaps natives, of that one long stretch of rarest breeding and richest feeding ground, the most prolific and opulent perhaps of all the Elibank woods. Nor, after all, does this prodigious populousness of the modern trout nations in the Tweed, exceed what might have been expected by any man who has stood in almost any one of its streams, during a shower of March Browns. A few minutes before, you had no reason from what you saw to conclude that there were any more trouts in the Tweed than on the high-road along the banks. All at once the whole river is alive—and they are leaping between your legs. We are losing the best of the day in thus sitting on a knowe and soliloquising; but we see two anglers flogging the floods below, so shall remain a while longer on our hurdies, like a collie.

In the appendix to Edward Jesse's delightful *Gleanings in Natural History*, which we had the sense to put in our pocket this morning, we find here a facetious and clever paper, entitled, "Maxims and Hints for an Angler, by a Bungler." We suspect he is in his way a Dab—a Deacon in the Art. Many of his maxims show what a very different

kind of affair angling is in England and Scotland. The first question to be settled, he says, is, "Are there any fish in the river to which you are going?" Now a river in Scotland without any fish would indeed be a phenomenon which could be accounted for only on the ground of its being without any water. Yet there are many lochs in Scotland without fish—witness the Moor of Leckan, in Argyllshire. That wide moor is full of lochs—some of them with trout, and fine trout too—some finless; and nothing can be more puzzling than to know how long a prudent but ignorant man should continue at work on one of those lochs, without having got a rise. Perhaps had he waited one minute longer, he might have filled his basket with spangled spankers; perhaps caught nothing beyond a frog, had he persisted till doomsday. We spent a whole day in going from loch to loch with a drunken and doited mole-catcher, who had the character of being in the art a perfect Cotton; but on taking a look at each particular loch (tarn), he was still at an equal loss to say whether it had fish, or simply frogs.

The ingenious "Bungler," in his second maxim, advises his friends to "get some person who knows the water, to show you whereabouts the fish usually lie; and when he shows them to you, do not show yourself to them." In many angling places round about London, and elsewhere in the South, such a person is useful to the uninitiated; but what should we think of the wight who employed worthy Watty Ritchie of Peebles, for example, to show him where the fish usually lie in the Tweed? Nay, to show him the very fish themselves, as plain as if they were on a plate or in a pan. Pools there are of peculiar opulence, but the population is pretty equally distributed here; and any man with half an eye in his head can see for himself which are the most promising, and in what particular part the fish are likely to lie. As for seeing the animals themselves, if there be a "blue breeze," you might with magnifiers "pore on the brook that bubbles by," from "morn till dewy eve," without seeing anything more animated than stones and gravel. As for the fish seeing you, there is no sense to be sure in stamping along the banks within an inch of the brink; but at a moderate distance, and in a right position with respect to the sun, there is no risk of your being seen; nor, were you seen, would a

Tweed trout care a pin about you, unless you had a very uncommon appearance indeed, and were something truly terrific.

From another maxim, it would appear that the fish in some rivers about London lead a life of perpetual unhappiness and anxiety. "Do not imagine that because a fish does not instantly dart off on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always on such occasions ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent." This lively maxim gives us melancholy insight into most English angling. We see clear, still water, and at the bottom a trout. He is "alone in his glory," and the glutton is at dinner—on what—it is not said; but probably on slugs. All the while he is nuzzling in the mud, his mind is abstracted by being, in self-defence, under the necessity of keeping an eye on the "gentleman in black;" and both parties—he who is always over head and ears in water, and he who is but occasionally so—are attempting to take every advantage of each other, by means of a system of mutual espionage, which ought not to be tolerated in a free country. How any fish, liable at all times of the day, in anything like fine weather, to such unprovoked persecution, can get fat, surpasses our comprehension, and would seem to argue much obtuseness of feeling; but we find that his perceptive, emotive, and locomotive powers, are all of the highest order; and that his perspicacity in seeing danger, and his alacrity in escaping it, are such as, on the principles of the inductive philosophy, could only have been acquired by a perpetual course of such active exercise as must, in the ordinary course of nature, have kept him in a state of lankness, equal to that of Pharaoh's lean kine, or Mr Elwes's greyhounds.

"If," says our excellent "Bungler," "during your walks by the river-side, you have remarked any good fish, it is fair to presume that other persons have marked them also; suppose the case of *two well-known fish*, one of them (which I will call A), lying above a certain bridge, the other (which I will call B), lying below the bridge; suppose farther, that you have just caught B, and that some curious and cunning friend should say to you, in a careless way, 'Where did you take that fine fish?' A *finished fisherman* would advise you to tell

your inquiring friend that you had taken your fish just *above* the bridge, describing, as the scene of action, the spot which, in truth, you knew to be still occupied by the other fish A. Your friend would then fish no more for A, supposing that to be the fish which you have caught; and whilst he innocently resumes his operations below the bridge, where he falsely imagines B still to be, A is left quietly for you, if you can catch him."

Here the whole meanness, wretchedness, misery, wickedness, vice, guilt, and sin of the system are brought out in one maxim. Hiring a spy to show you a fish at his dinner, that you may steal upon him in shadow and murder him at his maggot, by luring him to prey on poisoned food, is conduct that admits only of this extenuation, that the fish is himself such a suspicious and dangerous character, that ten to one he contrives not merely to elude your piscicidal arts, but to outwit you at your own game, by homicidally causing you by a false step to get yourself drowned in the river;—but to murder one out of two well-known fish (videlicet B, him who used to lie below the bridge), and then, that nobody but yourself shall murder the remaining half-brace of the two well-known fish (videlicet A, him who is still lying above the bridge), to play to your friend the part, not only of a finished fisherman, but of a finished liar—exhibits, we must say, to our uncorrupted mind, such a picture of complicated villany, that we do not hesitate for a moment indignantly to declare, that the fiend in human shape, who could not only perpetrate such enormities, but instigate and instruct the angling youth of England to imitate, and perhaps surpass them (no—that is impossible in nature), deserves—if not no longer to be permitted to exist on the surface of our globe—certainly to be cut off, by ban of excommunication, from Fire and Water.

Yet is the ineffable enormity of the sin sunk in the inconceivable silliness of the system. Two well-known fish! One above and the other below the bridge, and all the angling vicinage occupied during a whole season in attempting to entrap the two first capital letters of the alphabet, A and B!

But what comes here? We call that poaching, cross-fishing with the double rod. Our good friend the "Bungler," in maxim xviii., says the learned are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of "whipping with two flies." Now, here

come a couple of unconscionable Edinburgh cockneys whipping with forty. Human nature cannot stand that—incipient convulsions are in our midriff. The conceited coofs had heard of the double rod from Maule or Goldie, or some other top-sawyers, and they too must try it! From opposite stances they regard each other with mutual and equal anxiety, as to the movements and measures most likely to be next carried into immediate effect by the perplexed brethren of the braes. The imitative being a strong instinctive principle in human nature (also in more mere animals than is generally thought—for there are others almost as much so as the monkey and the penguin), do take notice—we beseech us—how, the moment one begins to attempt to wind up, the other is working at his reel too, like a Jew at a barrel-organ. No line could stand that, were the machinery brought into actual play; but great impediments have been encountered—nor does it seem probable, judging from the posture of affairs, that for some time they will be overcome by the gentlemen of the opposition. They are shouting across one of the widest pools keen complaints of some fishing-tackle-monger in London—for our choicest Edinburgh cockneys get everything "from town." "Of course," they have been diddled; and the machinery is at a standstill. Perhaps 'tis better so, than that both lines should have been broken on the wheel. Meanwhile all the forty flies are flying in the air—and even at this distance, we see they are a strange set. Not a few are larger than humming-birds—many are manifestly sea-trout-flies, gay but not gaudy—and (oh! grant gracious heaven that we do not split!) what possible contrivances can those others be that are dangling among the insects? Artificial minnows! by Dædalus!

That is merciful. But those—yes, they are—those are real worms, and very large worms too — so much so, that we thought they were eels. Cross-fishing with the double-rod by a couple of Edinburgh cockneys, evidently belonging to no particular profession—the line laden with salmon-flies, artificial minnows, and natural worms! We experience considerable curiosity to observe the effect of a sudden descent of all that furniture into the liquid element. There! now we call that making a splash. Fish are easily alarmed; but they soon recover from an ordinary fright, and do not remain all day beneath a bank, because they had the misfortune of catching

a gruesome glimpse of your countenance pretty early in the morning. Out of sight out of mind—you seldom for more than a few minutes disturb their tranquillity by merely looking at them; but the effect of a splash of this sort is more lasting; for on venturing from their various places of retreat to inspect warily the cause of their uneasiness, they are "perplexed in the extreme," and of "their wondering find no end,"—above all at the artificial minnows. What they can be, the wisest trout cannot hazard a conjecture, but doubts not that they must be very dangerous; salmon flies, it is true, they have all frequently seen before, but not behaving as they now do, and they too are shrewdly suspected of being novelties that bode mischief to the people; while as for the worms—foul enormous lobs—they would be permitted to putrify in a general famine. But what's the matter now? The pea-green cockney has broken his top, and he in the fiery tartan has got entangled in a tree. Angry words are beginning to be bandied—exaggerated accusations of aggravated crimes—the mutual rage has been exacerbated by its first gesticulations having been misinterpreted from such an inconvenient distance—and now—oh, fie! the gentlemen are brandishing at one another the butends of their rods—all the cross tackle having disappeared—and—(loud cries of shame! shame! oh! oh!) they are throwing stones at one another across the Tweed—a regular *bicker!*

We have for many years acted on the principle of non-interference. Let private individuals or public nations fight as they choose, either at close quarters, or across channels—so long as they don't meddle with us, we don't meddle with them—we care nothing for the balance of power. But that big blockhead in the tartan shies a strong stone; and 'tis as perilous to be here in this unprotected position, as in the trenches before Antwerp. Shall we fly or show fight? We used to excel equally in *hipping, hoching, and flinging* (we speak not now of wrestling); and surely if his flint reach us, ours will reach him—and as poor Pea-green appeared to us to be shamefully used by Tartan, we shall assist him against the Celt born of Irish parents in the Canongate. There—we call that battering in breach. Christopher continues hipping, hoching, and flinging stones at his enemy across the Tweed, invisible all the while as Apollo or the Plague, when, beneath

his arrows, dogs, mules, and men of the Grecian army, fell festering at their ships.

Coleridge says that the dullest wight is sometimes a Shakespeare in his sleep. We say that every wight is at all times, more or less, a Shakespeare, broad awake. Mark, more or less; and a Shakespeare, not to a high, but a respectable degree, is —— Christopher North. Saw you never a Bird—an old Eagle—gambolling in the air like a madman—heaven knows why; when all at once steadying himself on the wing, "a thing most majestical," slowly away he saileth in among the blue mist of the mountains, or some old forest's profounder gloom?

> "O sylvan Tweed! Thou wanderer through the woods,"

not for the sake alone of such pastime,

> "Though dear to us the angler's silent trade,
> Through peaceful scenes in peacefulness pursued,"

come we now, in the creeping hours of age, to wander, rod in hand, along thy houseless solitudes, and by thy cottaged banks and braes, where children are playing among the primroses, and in the fields below are seen all the cheerful ongoings of half-agricultural, half-pastoral life! Sweet relief from carking care to world-wearied man! But oh! how more than sweet the sense of yet unabated gladness in the serenities of nature, of gratitude for all her goodness, as tender and far more profound than ever touched our spirit in sensitive but thoughtless youth! Then all was joy, or all was grief—bliss keen as anguish—hope bright as faith—fear dark as despair. Now all spiritual affections are more mildly mingled; the mind's experiences and its intuitions coalesce; and human life is seen lying—in a less troubled—in a more solemn—in a holier light!

ANGLIMANIA.

CAST THIRD—STODDART ON ANGLING.

[JULY 1835.]

We have been gradually ageing since the comet, but not till last spring were we persuaded—that we were positively old. Our glass it was not that told us the unpainful truth; for it has stood for a good many years with its face to the wall—a position it took up of its own accord that it might not at some sullen hour throw any disagreeable reflections on its gracious master. In early manhood we accustomed ourselves to shave in the dark, so we have not seen our *os sublime* since the King's visit to Scotland, except an occasional glimpse of our fine features, snatched stealthily, along with that of our still stately figure, as we have been passing in some festal hall before the mirror, that in its magnificent gilt frame seemed to reveal to our imagination Ourselves gliding along with a multitude of other changing shadows. We confess that sometimes when, standing on a primrose bank, we prepared to plunge into the liquid element, we have Narcissus-like bent over the fair image below, not without admiration of its fit proportions; but we have always hastened to break the charm that held us wrapt in a too delightful egoism, by plunging a somerset into the pool, sometimes perhaps in the vain hope of embracing a Naiad.

How then have we come to know that at last we are positively old? Have they who look out of the windows been darkened? Heaven be praised! we can still see a faint smile on our Mary's face while, seated at her own table, remote from ours, she lifts it up from tower or tree, seeming the one to crumble, the other to grow, at the delicate touch of her magic pencil, and we hear her voice distinctly as ever—though, not to disturb us, she speaks in a whisper to her doves pecking at

the window to remind their mistress that they live not on sunshine.

How, then—we ask ourselves once more—have we come to know that at last we are positively old? That passion, which once was a fever at our heart, is dead within us—*we care not for angling*—and without emotion we can look at the rod, exclaiming, "we see, not feel, how beautiful thou art"—arching in the sunshine from Mrs Phin's shop-window on a showery forenoon of spring!

We lived last summer all by ourselves in a house that would have held a hundred—far away among the hills—and as every glen and glenikin had its river, or its stream, or its burn, or its rill[1]—the world who had heard of our retirement, though not of the precise place the hermit had chosen to consecrate and immortalise by a temporary sojourn, imagined in its wisdom that Christopher mounted his Sporting Jacket and his Pannier every morning, and never ceased angling till the sun sought the sea, and the rocks the wood. We never once threw a fly! Not that skill had parted from our right hand—or yet from our left—and we are ambidexter; but that all passion for the pastime utterly left our heart. We never once untied our book, though it contains tackle that would tempt the most timorous trout to be taken even during the stifling sultriness that sulphureously precedes a thunderstorm. As for our pannier, it was inhabited by a leash of leverets, who used to scamper about in it till they grew into positive—absolute hares—and then we let them cock their fuds away into the woods. Our Rod—a classical scholar sees in it the Roman Fasces—like "the Times, was out of joint." During the whole season we forgot our own gut as clean as if it had been the Gut of Gibraltar. Fuimus Troes.

Nay—nay—you must not look so sad, my boys—for old Christopher sympathises still with the passion in your breast that burns no longer in his own—and a happiness he knew not of before now tranquillises his whole being, as he sinks away into dreams and visions filled with the murmur of waters, nor are such trances broken by the thunder of the cataract. Ah no! my boys! not broken — deepened into

[1] Thirlstane Castle, the seat of Lord Napier, amid the wilds of Selkirkshire, was occupied in 1834 by Professor Wilson and his family.

awfulness by the sound that intensifies the silence, as if it were life itself in the solitude prevailing over the mystery of death!

Why—we bade you not look so sad, my boys—yet here have we been maundering away in our dotage (no—no—no—from all parts of the house) so malagrugrously, that out of pure politeness your faces are as blank as so many lottery tickets. Ah! my dear boys! we close our eyes that we may see an Apparition. A loveliest lady all arrayed in green—and on her head—such is one of her many graceful fancies—with expanded wings—seeming to winnow the air as she moves along—a Bird of Paradise. You are thinking now of the Queen of Fairyland—or haply of her who is sometimes seen by poet's eye among the sylvan sprinklings round about the edges of forest gloom—the Lady of the Wood. No Christian creatures they, though beautiful—admire we must, but we may not love them—and fear whispers, they are unhallowed, as affection would meet the preternatural's embrace. But thou in thy humanity art purer far than any Fay—as thou stoopest thy stately head—half to hide thy blushes, half to let thy lips meet ours—oh! that kiss! that kiss! Below her shoulders—on her delicate back, my boys, the heavenly hollow of her back—hangs a pannier by a belt buckled below and between her breast. And see, hindering the lid, the snout and tail of a—Fish. In her downy dexter fist a salmon-rod eighteen feet long—which now waving with arms of snow, she commands the river from bank to brae, and ten fathom off from the greensward that hides her small feet in primroses, lets drop the gorgeous mime among the very foambells formed by the nostrils of a grilse, that never more shall behold the sea! Ah! Alice Aglionby, the Angler of Eden! forty springs have come and gone seeking thee in vain among the rocks of the Barons' Wood—methinks the Nunnery yet looks sad for thy unforgotten sake—more dismal since that day has been the earth-deadened voice of Croglin in his subterranean dungeon, lamenting her who stepped into the seeming sunshine, and ere the clouds had shadowed it, was a corse on earth—a spirit in heaven.

We shall never angle more—but many a book on angling shall we read and review—not for the Magazine, mind ye—not for the Magazine—for we write little or nothing in it now

—our delight being to prose away by word of mouth, for hours together, on all manner of easy subjects, with a pen all the while in our hand—pretending that we are still a literary man and a voluminous author—and that we think nothing of writing a fifty-pound sheet between breakfast and dinner—whereas the public would pity us if she saw us at a pinch—"doing something for this number"—at the rate of a semicolon an hour—a full stop at the close of the Longest Day. Yet verily we believe that we shall be able to review, even for the Magazine, books on Angling to the last. No long trains of ratiocination are required; and we have got an Automaton Amanuensis from Germany that relieves us from all manual labour, and assuredly, while writing an article to our dictation, he almost looks as if he were alive.

The last anglimaniacal volume we descanted on was Stephen Oliver's *Scenes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing in the North of England;* and we now turn to Thomas Tod Stoddart's *Art of Angling as practised in Scotland.* George Agar Hansard's useful manual, *Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales*, we shall reserve for another and no very distant day; and we have long purposed a confabulation with those cunning craftsmen, Gregory Greendrake and Geoffry Greydrake, Esq., whose *Angling Excursions in the Counties of Wicklow, Meath, Westmeath, Longford, and Cavan*, take us over much new ground, and over much old ground, which we have not trod for many a day, nor ever again will do in the flesh. Captain Medwyn is an accomplished gentleman, but no angler, and his *Fly-Fishing in Wales*, though it contains much agreeable reading—unless he send a presentation copy—will never find its way into the library of the Walton Club. *Wild Sports in the West of Ireland* (is that the title?) is in all respects better; but neither does the author of these volumes—we take it upon ourselves to assert—angle like a mole-catcher. Some of the narratives about other sorts of queer fish than those which rise at a fly are highly spirited—and, far more than the *Stories of Waterloo*, gave earnest of those talents for invention and description, which are everywhere conspicuous in *A Life*—three volumes, which we read at a hand-gallop in as many hours, and have seldom been more interested by any work of fiction; for extraordinary as the incidents are, and the characters rather uncommon, the whole "is a good bit of truth." Is the

writer of *The Bashful Irishman* an angler? He writes like a man who could give the butt. It was, in our opinion, the most amusing book of the season—the character of the hero is so admirably self-supported, that we more than once began to get angry with the author, as if he were treating too lightly rather serious matters; but therein is shown his skill and his power—for the autobiographer, unconscious of his own characteristics, does not confess his misdeeds, but avows and records them with a naïveté that comes absolutely to be engaging, and we are sure that no one ever read the memoirs to the end without being glad—we had almost said grateful—that the Bashful Irishman escaped the gallows. Somebody told us that the author is the same gentleman who, a good many years ago, wrote *Warreniana*—very clever imitations of the styles of many of our living authors. He has both wit and humour—his vivacity is of the right sort—unaffected and fearless—and we hope his pen will not be idle, for he has not talent merely, but genius.

So has Tom Stoddart. *The Lunacy or Death-wake, a Necromaunt, in Five Chimeras*, an ingeniously absurd poem with an ingeniously absurd title—written in strange namby-pamby sort of style between the weakest of Shelley and the strongest of Barry Cornwall, had yet here and there feeling and fancy, and could not have been kept down, generally, to such a pitch of poorness, without a wilful determination to be as silly as possible, and a curiosity, perhaps laudable, to ascertain how far a young poet might go without being confined in the man. We have seen occasional verses of Mr Stoddart's of much beauty, though stained with peculiarities which look like affectations; and there is a poem of his in Mr Watt's last *Souvenir*—"The Mythologist"—which though nearly unintelligible as a whole to us, and we venture to say, entirely so to himself, has some stanzas quite Coleridgean, full of the imagery of old Egypt. We have good hopes of him as a poet—if he will only be a little more rational, and after his long and intense study of all the Poetasters, will but read one or two of the Poets of England.

Mr Stoddart is devoted to the Gentle Art. We were going to say that his life is divided between Poetry and Angling; but we say better, that it is a compound of both—for he was born when the sun entered Pisces. He has been known

during the time he was playing a salmon to compose a series of sonnets—nor to those who know his genius does the feat appear at all wonderful, as he tells us that he has occasionally been thus occupied on the shores of St Mary's Loch for several hours without any intermission or refreshment. His poetical reveries, however, when he has been angling for fishes, have sometimes been broken in upon in a singular manner by birds. He says, "it is well known to anglers, that the more familiar sorts are frequently captured with the fly." If this happen frequently to anglers who are not fishing for birds, there can be no doubt that an expert birdfisher, by taking his station on a bridge, might, in some rivers, in a few hours fill a tolerably large pannier with swallows. Ourselves once caught an owl. But not with the fly, nor the worm, nor yet with the minnow—with the live mouse. Soon as he felt himself hooked, he sailed away to Josey's Barn,[1]—in at a bole—and on to a balk; but after a desperate struggle, and with the aid of a terrier, we captured him on the hay-mow —had him stuffed—and he is now in the museum of our University—a venerable image—with an inscription on his pedestal recording our exploit and his fate. Mr Stoddart says—"We once saw what we thought was a great curiosity, passing over our heads while angling on the Earn in Perthshire. This was a white eagle of a large size, and holding a steady flight, as if at a considerable distance from its nest." We expected—at least hoped—that our excellent friend was about to add, that he had captured him with the fly; but we believe a white eagle is as rare almost as a black swan, and as it is only "the more familiar sorts" that are frequently taken with the rod, though the phenomenon rose, it was not at "the Professor." Mr Stoddart, however, "once took a snipe by this means at Meggat Foot, while in the act of throwing our line over a trout which we had just raised. Also, on the Tyne, in East-Lothian, we landed a bat, of which, at the moment, there were five or six playing about our tackle. At another time we got hold of a wild duck, which sprung up at our feet when lashing the Machony, a small stream near Muthill, in Perthshire. The bird somehow proved too strong for us, and carried away our cast of flies in a twinkling. We luckily, however, found left behind a full grown flapper

[1] At Elleray.

whereon to revenge ourselves. A friend of ours brought in, near the Water of Leith, several swallows in succession one windy afternoon, on small midge-flies, which, on passing, they darted at eagerly. On Lochranean, Spittal of Glenshee, Colonel Macdonald of Powderhall happened, while fishing from a boat, to run in among a flock of sea-gulls, and actually captured a score of them with his tackle, notwithstanding their most vigorous resistance."

We have quoted freely from this chapter, because we suspect "the art of angling, as practised in Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart and his friends," is not generally understood by our subscribers in the south. Besides snipes, bats, wild ducks, flappers, swallows, sea-gulls, and "the more familiar sorts" of birds which an accomplished angler would scarcely condescend to capture if he could help it, the author of the *Lunacy* "sometimes chances to hook other creatures of various sorts"—and a brother of the rod, when trying a famous salmon-cast, hooked an ox. "The animal of course took to his heels, dragging after it the astonished fisher, who, in order to save his pirn-line, which was soon run out, forthwith exerted himself to keep pace with the rapid brute, although compelled at last to submit to the necessity of losing his tackle." It is easier to hook an ox than to catch him; yet we have known him led by the nose with a single hair. We have seen the Shepherd in the Tweed very bloody among trees; and we remember having ourselves hooked a haystack which a gentleman from Edinburgh, "who had come out to the shooting," had missed a few moments before with both barrels; but though it did not of "course take to its heels," "we were compelled at last to submit to the necessity" of letting it escape.

The chapter from which we have made these extracts is entitled "Recollections and Advices," and is full of amusement and of instruction. Notwithstanding the somewhat startling stories of the snipe and wild-duck, the author is far from affecting the marvellous, and "to impose silence upon vaunters, and undeceive the credulous, allows it to be known plainly, that no Scottish angler with the fly ever did, *upon an entire average*, manage to capture one trout, upwards of a pound weight, for every hundred falling short." True as to the Tweed—certainly not as to Loch Awe. Thirty pounds weight, he rightly says, is considered "a good day's work

on the Tweed, and few anglers are able to take so much." George Graham Bell, Esq., advocate, achieved, we are told —and we believe it—with the bait (that is, the worm), about fifty pounds in four hours—when the river was flooded and full of "snaw-broo." "The largest yellow trout taken by him on that occasion weighed five pounds." We have ourselves, with the fly, killed half a hundredweight—in the Tweed; but 'twas after a long day's work,—and though many were pounders, not one a giant. As for numbers, there are streams and lochs in the Highlands where a craftsman may kill incredible crowds. "A friend of ours, Mr John Wilson, jun., captured in the space of six or seven hours no less than fourteen score, some odds, from a small loch situated in the Caledonian Forest, near Loch Laggan; and this on a close sultry day without a breath of wind."

The advices Mr Stoddart gives to anglers are so excellent that we shall quote—and hope you will follow them—especially the last.

The best craftsmen in Scotland are, perhaps, to be found among the lower orders, despite of their clumsy rods and rough tackle. We have met with such as were loading their creels at every throw, and yet seemingly without effort or science. In fact, the best proof of a good angler is his ability to conceal his skill. An indifferent-looking fisher often proves better than one who is all method and nicety, and wishes to let you know it. Our custom, when a brother angler heaves alongside, is to act our worst, and so prevent him from spoiling the water out of spite, which he is very apt to do, for the benefit of one he considers more skilful than himself.

And here we would advise, among other things, always to give the precedence to him who seems determined to take it from you, by his rapid advances towards the pools you are engaged on; for, be assured, he is at once vulgar, ignorant, selfish, and upstart, and demands only your silent contempt. Even rustic anglers respect the rights of those before them, and consider it unlucky to pass each other, unless from necessity, or mutual understanding. Never refuse to show another the contents of your creel, should he ask you; but do not blazon them abroad to every one you meet, for vaunters gain no respect by their readiness to chagrin others. If you can help a brother angler in a difficulty, do it, whether by the gift of a few hooks, which cost you almost nothing, or by assisting to mend his rod when broken. Any such small service you will generally find well repaid. Do not grudge a mouthful of what was intended for your own refreshment, to one, although a stranger, who seems to require it as well as yourself. Be more civil to the gamekeeper than the squire, if caught in a trespass, but always put

on a good-humoured face, in order to get easily out of the scrape. When attacked by a watch-dog, give him across the head with the butt of your rod, and send a stone after him to keep him company to his kennel. Should a bull attack you, trust to your heels, or, if too late, stand steady, and jerk yourself out of the way the moment he lowers his horns; he will rush on several yards, as if blindfold, and take a couple of minutes before he repeats his charge; use these to your advantage. Never carry another man's fish, nor part with your own to adorn an empty creel: in the one case you are tempted to bounce, and in the other you act the tempter. When angling, always keep one eye upon Nature, and the other upon your hooks, and ponder while you proceed. Never fall in love with one you meet by the water-side; there are situations when every woman looks an angel.

What follows is in Tom Stoddart's most eloquent vein—and as good in its own way as anything in Izaak Walton.

And, last of all, keep up the fraternity of the craft. Anglers are a more gifted and higher order of men than others, in spite of the sneers of pompous critics, or the trumpery dixit of a paradoxical poet. In their histories, there are glimpses snatched out of heaven—immortal moments dropping from Eternity upon the forehead of Time. As a gift of his calling, poetry mingles in the angler's being; yet he entreats for no memorial of his high imaginings—he compounds not with capricious Fame for her perishing honours—he breaks not the absorbing enchantment by any outcry of his, but is content to remain "a mute, inglorious Milton," secretly perusing the epic fiction of his own heart.

Blame him not that he hoards up the pearls of his fancy—that his forehead is unbared for no honour—that he hath buried his virtues in a lowly place, and shrunk from the gaze and gathering of men—that he courts no patron smile, and covets no state preferment—that he is barely heedful of crowns and their creatures, of party struggles and party declensions—that he wills for no privilege but that of his meditative pastime, and runs not headlong among the meshes of care, in which are so intricately entangled the wealthy, the ambitious, and the powerful. He is happier in the nook of his choice, than the usher of sovereign mandates on the throne of his inheritance.

> "And when he quits his humble heritage
> It is with no wild strain—no violence;
> But, wafted by a comely angel's breath,
> He glides from Time, and on immortal sails
> Weareth the rich dawn of Eternity."

Nothing can be better than the following Angler's description of the Tweed:—

The Tweed, comparing it with the other Scottish rivers, is by no means rapid. The Dee, the Spey, the Lochie, and many parts of the Tay and Clyde, proceed with greater swiftness, and on the whole are

infinitely more broken and interrupted. Of all rivers, this quality belongs solely to it, namely, that it is from head to foot beautifully proportioned and justly meted out. There is an evenness and impartiality about it, which distinguish no other stream; its pools and shallows are harmoniously arranged—

"It murmurs and pauses, and murmurs again."

Here we perceive no rocky shelves, no impertinent cataracts, saying to ascending fish, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; and here shall thy proud fins be stayed." Nothing of the kind. Nor is there, on the other hand, any inert tendency; no long, dead, sleeping levels, in which pike may secure themselves. The whole is planned according to an angler's taste; every inch of water accessible to the wader, without danger or interruption. Its banks also are in keeping with its other advantages—not naked and barren, neither spongy and overgrown with rushes, nor yet crowded with close and impervious wood, but mostly dry and inviting, fringed in many parts with oak, ash, elm, and beech, and in others hung over with the pleasant alder, among the roots of which is often harboured a goodly and well-grown trout, impatient for some dropping fly or incautious worm. Most to our favour, however, is its choice formation of bottom or channel, fertile in food, provided with shelter, and admirably fitted to the purpose of spawning. A medley it is of gravel and sand, interspersed with largeish stones, just capable of being removed by the hand. Now and then, it is true, these latter assume more considerable dimensions; nay, occasionally a point of rock may be discovered, yet so judiciously arranged as not at all to cause prejudice to any one stream. Clay you seldom meet with; it is a barren unprofitable substance, impervious to every species of water animalculæ: we mean not by it, the muddy refuse which is often found even in Tweed, proceeding from vegetable decomposition, and not in the least unfavourable to the support of fish, but that hard yellowish till of which the agriculturist complains, as drawing off no moisture, and harbouring no nourishment.

Another leading feature of the Tweed is, that its whole development is gradual, its extension almost imperceptible. It proceeds not, like the Tay or Lochie, from the womb of a large reservoir, supplied but scantily during its course, but commences in more modest and humble style, emergent from slender and silvery fountains, without show or vaunt, or any symbol of its progressive greatness. Yet anon it maketh considerable gains from surrounding hills, assuming a more dilated and goodly aspect; rivulet after rivulet adds to its breadth, as it widens up gently and unconsciously with the valley through which it flows; nor is each petty feeder without its use—a nursery for the young fry it annually sends forth, shoal on shoal, to disport among roomier waters in the leading stream. As it descends, these resources become larger, often contending for the precedence, and yet in nowise worthy of such distinction. The Tweed itself preserves the superiority in depth and directness, as well as length of course and travel.

But Mr Stoddart gives us likewise an Angler's description of the Tweed in a very sweet and very spirited song.

SONG.

"Let ither anglers choose their ain,
An' ither waters tak the lead,
O' Hielant streams we covet nane,
But gie to us the bonny Tweed!
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn,
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that, at ilka turn,
Sae saftly meet and mingle there.

The lanesome Tala an' the Lyne,
And Manor, wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills;
An' Gala, too, and Teviot bright,
And mony a stream o' playfu' speed,
Their kindred valleys a' unite,
Amang the braes o' bonny Tweed.

There's no a hole aboon the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumly rin, nor faery brook,
That daunders through the flowery heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle trout,
A' gleamin ower wi' starn and bead;
An' mony a saumont sooms about
Below the bields o' bonny Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford
A chancier bit ye canna hae,
So, gin ye tak an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whuns and ower the brae,
An' work awa wi' cunnin hand,
Yer birzy heckles, black and reid;
The saft sugh o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed.

O the Tweed! the bonny Tweed!
O' rivers it's the best—
Anglers here, or anglers there,
Troots are soomin everywhere,
Angle east or west."

We are sorry to find that we have little more than a page allowed us for the rest of our article, which, strictly speaking, has been but begun, and would require at least another sheet. We shall therefore return, in our next number, to the "Art of

Angling, as practised in Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart, Esq." Meanwhile we recommend the volume[1] (price half-a-crown—it is well worth half-a-guinea) to all brethren of the angle as a most amusing and instructive manual—and we advise them to order their copies without delay, if they wish to benefit this season from the wisdom of the experienced sage, for the appearance in Maga of the following two angling songs—among the best ever written—will speedily sell off the edition.

SONG.

"Bring the rod, the line, the reel!
Bring, oh bring the osier creel!
Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
Bring me showers, and clouds, and winds.
All things right and tight,
All things well and proper,
Trailer red and bright,
Dark and wily dropper—
Casts of midges bring,
Made of plover hackle,
With a gaudy wing,
And a cobweb tackle.

Lead me where the river flows,
Show me where the alder grows,
Reeds and rushes, moss and mead,
To them lead me, quickly lead,
Where the roving trout
Watches round an eddy,
With his eager snout,
Pointed up and ready,
Till a careless fly
On the surface wheeling,
Tempts him rising sly
From his safe concealing.

There, as with a pleasant friend,
I the happy hours will spend,
Urging on the subtle hook,
O'er the dark and chancy nook,

[1] *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.* By Thomas Tod Stoddart. Second Edition. With Fishing Map of Scotland, 1853.—This work, which has been greatly enlarged and improved since its first appearance in 1835, may be recommended as the best literary *vade mecum* which the Scottish angler can carry.

With a hand expert,
Every motion swaying,
And on the alert,
When the trout are playing;
Bring me rod and reel,
Flies of every feather,
Bring the osier creel,
Send me glorious weather!"

SONG.—THE TAKING OF THE SALMON.

"A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,
A goodly fish! a thumper!
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And if we land him, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady;
The line darts from the active wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,
Far on the rushing river;
Onward he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
A desperate endeavour!
Hark to the music of the reel!
The fitful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried—now abating.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off!—
No, no, we still have got him;
The wily fish is sullen grown,
And, like a bright imbedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken;
With care we'll guard the magic wheel,
Until its notes rewaken.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up,
Give line, give line and measure;
But now he turns! keep down ahead,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders through the winding wheel,
Returning and victorious.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish is gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
All beautifully blended.
Hark to the music of the reel!
It murmurs and it closes;
Silence is on the conquering wheel,
Its wearied line reposes.

No birr! no whirr! the salmon's ours,
The noble fish—the thumper:
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homewards, we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper!
Hark to the music of the reel!
We listen with devotion;
There's something in that circling wheel
That wakes the heart's emotion!"

ANGLIMANIA.

CAST FOURTH—OUR TWO PANNIERS.

[JUNE 1838.]

Of all climates and countries there are none within any of the zones of Mother Earth that will bear a moment's comparison with those of Scotland. A single proof might suffice —Thomson's *Seasons*; take another—Burns's Poems. But for a moment forget the people—and think only of the region—its Earth and its Heaven. The lovely Lowlands undulating away into the glorious Highlands—the Spirit of Beauty and the Spirit of Sublimity one and the same, as it blends their being in profoundest union to the Imagination and the Heart! Bury us alive in the dungeon's gloom—incommunicable with the light of day as the grave—it could not seal our eyes to the sight of Scotland. We should see it still by rising or by setting suns—whatever blessed scene we chose to call on would become an instant apparition. Nor in that thick-ribbed vault would our ears be deaf to her rivers and her seas. We should say our prayers to their music—and to the voice of the awful thunder along a hundred hills. Our soul now needs not the Senses. They are waxing dim—but it may brighten—long as the Light of Love is allowed to dwell therein—thence proceeding over Nature like a perpetual Morn.

Vain words! and worse than vain! and obliterated be they by these two or three big plashing tears! Not such the strength of our soul. Day after day we feel more and more sadly that we are of the dust, and that we are obeying its doom. This life is felt to be slowly—too swiftly wheeling away with us down a dim acclivity—man knoweth not into what abyss. And as the shows of this world keep receding to our backward gaze, on which gathers now the gloom and now the glimmer, of this world hardly would they seem to be,

did not memories arise that are realities, and some so holy in their sadness that they grow into hopes and give assurance of the skies.

And it is the Month—the merry month of May—and the green earth is glad—and bids us take up our staff, and, sallying out into the sunshine, yet a little while, as best we may, partake of her pleasure and of her pleasantness, along the primrose paths that lead through "the old familiar *places*," to the river of our youth, THE TWEED.

Heaven forefend that we should ever be so wicked as to abuse the month of May. The Seasons are dutiful Children of the Year, and, obedient to Nature's law, no more dream of seriously quarrelling among themselves than of being ungrateful to their Parent. Spring, with the most youthful look of the Four, is the eldest; and, strange to say, Winter is the youngest, though, in a great measure owing to his peculiar taste in dress, he might, especially in his favourite frieze surtout, pass for a carle of fourscore. Of the three children of Spring—pleasing coincidence that the Seasons should have each the same number of progeny, showing that there must be something constitutional—May has met with most admiration, and might have been spoiled by the praise of poets, had she not felt that she was the object likewise of love. No human being can be spoiled by love—and the Months are all human beings, and May the most human of them all. So perfectly human is she felt to be, that she is called the Divine.

But not to be too poetical—you complain, it seems, of the caprice of May—of her changefulness of mood—and her occasional coldness of manner—and prefer June. June cannot fail of feeling greatly flattered by the preference of such a wiseacre in weather, but her coz does not envy her such a conquest, and susurring in our ear "Come dear old Christopher!" we trip away—with our arm round her waist—into the woods—while the cushat continues to croon, fearless of our footsteps, and Morning bids her full choir salute us with her Own Anthem, the leaders being the Linnet on the broom, the Blackbird on the tree, and the Lark in the rosy cloud.

It matters not how we got here—here we are—and as happy as we wish to be; and though to you who, without wishing it, enjoy boundless and unmeasured happiness poured

in upon you by your prime from the East, ours would seem to be but small indeed, nay, to be very wretchedness bordering on misery—yet westering life is not disconsolate, and is supported, as it is sinking, by the hope grown into faith that when the dream ends, the vision will begin, and that not till then is Life—Life.

The Tweed! There it is! Flow on—flow on—and fear not that we are going to describe thee—for of thy beauty thou carest no more than of thy happiness—and heedless of both art thou in thy perpetual prime—even as thou, Grey ruin! on which we have so often gazed, art heedless of thine own decay—or of the motion carrying you away into empty nothing, ye fair floating clouds!

But though we love thee too well to describe thee (we wonder what the world will call what we have now written), this we must say, that of all the rivers in the world thou behavest most kindly to the angler, when the water is low, and the sun bright, and the air calm, and the trouts may be seen *panting*, apparently too languid even to elude the Pike (none here), much less to leap at a Fly. On such days, even at meridian, and literally in the very town of Kelso, have we taken trout a foot—nay, a cubit long—and eke smaller fry of about four to the pound—such as look better in the pan than the pannier; but then it was with a *worn* midge, on invisible gut, that floated into the suction of their jaws along with living animalculæ, inextricable in their tongues as the "gored lion's bite." These were extreme cases, though not rare; but at all times we would rather angle in the Tweed when it is low, than when it is high, or even "though not overflowing full," for below Melrose there is always a free-flowing stream in mid-channel—and many a populous place "in bosoms, nooks, and bays," is then apparent which, when there is much water, is lost in the general current, and we suspect then ceases to be populous; and were the day to be shadowy and breezy too, it would do good to the heart of a misanthrope to see our sport—nor would he not offer of his own accord to carry our pannier, and at eve to accompany us to our Wayside Inn to be rehumanised by a gentle colloquy. To-day the state of the water is not amiss, but the air is scarcely warm enough—nay, it is even cold—yet since yonder Trout, who looks as if he were the Tyrant of the Flood, is so fond of

showing his back, we shall try to get a look at his belly, and he must have a rare head and shoulders, judging by that tail.

In a word let us describe ourself. *Risum teneatis amici* to see us once more in Our Old Sporting Jacket? Behold our back burdened—no, not yet burdened—with Our Two Panniers. We are in a bloody mood, O May! and shall not leave this Pool—without twenty mortal murders on our head. Jump away, Trouts—without any bowels of compassion for the race of flies. Devouring Ephemerals! Can you not suffer the poor insects to sport out their day? They must be insipid eating—but here are some savoury exceedingly—it is needless to mention their name—that carry *sauce piquante* in their tails. Do try the taste of this bobber—but any one of the three you please. There! hold fast Kirby—for that is a Whopper. A Mort! we did not suppose there were any in the river. Why, he springs as if he were a Fish! Go it again, Beauty. We ourselves could jump a bit in our day — nearly four times our own length—but we never could clear our own height, nor within half a foot of it; while you, our Hearty, though not two feet long, certainly do the perpendicular to the tune of four—from tail-fin to water-surface—your snout being six nearer the sky than the foambells you break in your descent into your native element. Cayenne, mustard, and ketchup is our zest, and we shall assuredly eat you at sunset. Do you know the name of the Fool at the other end—according to Dr Johnson? Christopher North. 'Tis an honour to be captured by the Old Knight of the Bloody Hand. You deserve to die such a death—for you keep in the middle of the current like a mort of mettle, and are not one of the skulkers that seek the side, and would fain take to the bush in hopes of prolonging life by foul entanglement. Bravely bored, Gil Morrice. There is as great difference in the moral qualities of the finny tribe as among us humans—and we have known some cowardly wretches escape our clutches by madly floundering in among floating weeds, or diving down among labyrinths of stone at the bottom, in paroxysms of fear that no tackle could withstand, not even Mackenzie's. He has broke his heart. Feeble as the dying gladiator, the arena swims around him, and he around the arena—till sailing with snout shore-ward, at sea in his own pool, he absolutely rolls

in convulsions in between our very feet, and we, unprepared for such a mode of procedure, hastily retreating, discover that our joints are not so supple as of yore, and *play cloit* on our back among the gowans. Tip—our terrier—tooths him by the cerebellum, and carries him up-brae in his mouth like a maukin. About four pounds.

Not a ninny you talk to about angling who does not "fill his pannier." This one on our left side will contain about three stone weight, and that is seldom taken in trout, burn or sea, in the Tweed, even with the minnow. It would require a Grahame Bell or a George Dundas.[1] This on our right side is somewhat smaller, to leave our working arm free. Our rod, the gift of Sandy Ballantyne (would he were here to play a triumphant spring on his bit whussle), is called Sampson, and in Angling as in Articling, we are often designated by the endearing diminutive—Goliath. Now for a calker. The man who drams it dry at his forenoon work in a town is not fit to live—the man who drams it not, wet at his forenoon work in the country, is not fit to die; and we are wet—for we never drop a fly on the water till we have ascertained the temperature by wading in waist-deep—and oh! how restorative the pure water of the Tweed, as it eddies lovingly round our breast!

Our Two Panniers have from time immemorial been known on all the rivers and lochs of Scotland by the names of Gog and Magog. Guess what is in Gog. The entire contents of Clio.[2] Yes, we *toomed*[3] them into his mouth that gaped to receive the treasures, as wide as that of Joe Grimaldi—and not them alone, but others if not so rare as rich—such as a knuckle of veal—a how-towdy—a dozen or so of common beef sandwiches—and a pair of bear's paws—our annual gift from the celebrated Lloyd, now in Norway. For though our appetite is not what it once was, it is about an average appetite still, though lunch destroys it; and therefore during a day like this, we merely take a few suitable mouthfuls to every pounder, which, when sport is tolerable, keeps from our stomach that indescribably unpleasant feeling of emptiness, which, so far from aiding, impedes the performance of a hale and hearty man at a late dinner at St Boswell's.

[1] Distinguished members of the Scottish Bar.

[2] The Editor's jar, in which were stored poetical contributions to Blackwood's Magazine.

[3] *Toomed*—emptied.

Had we killed such a mort[1] as is now in Magog, fifty years ago, we should not have rested a single instant after basketing him, before re-rushing, with a sanguinary aspect, to the work of death. Now carelessly diffused, we lie on our elbow, with our mild cheek on her palm, and keep gazing, but not lackadaisically—for the dear delights are now starring the whole of Tweeddale—on the circumambient woods. Yes! circumambient—for look where we will, they accompany our ken like a peristrephic panorama. If men have been seen walking like trees, why may not trees be seen walking like men—*in battalia*—in armies—but oh! how peaceful the array—and as the slow sylvan swimming away before our eyes subsides and settles, in that steadfast variegation of colouring, what a depth of beauty and grandeur, of joy and peace!

What's this so hard we are sitting upon? A book. *The Fly-Fisher's Entomology*, by Alfred Ronalds. Two years published and not yet reviewed in *Blackwood*. That is a very great shame. Yet how review a volume of which one chief merit consists in admirable likenesses, to the very life, of a great many of the insects, whose imitations are used in Fly-fishing, and of likenesses of those imitations themselves, only equalled, if indeed they be so, in Bainbridge's celebrated Manual? No angler, either literary or scientific, and the best anglers are both, should be without Ronalds.

Having himself, (he says) sorely felt the inadequacy of mere verbal instructions to enable him to imitate the natural fly correctly, or even approximately, and the little utility of graphical illustrations unaccompanied by the principal requisite, viz. colours, he has been induced to paint both the natural and artificial fly from nature, to etch them with his own hand, and to colour, or superintend the colouring, of each particular impression. He therefore presumes to hope, that he has succeeded in giving a useful collection of the leading flies for every month in the season, and that any one who may be led by it to a choice of flies from the stock of the manufacturer, or to the construction of his own, will not have cause to repent of having consulted the Catalogue, chiefly composing the Fourth Chapter.

He will not, indeed; for it is a chapter that reflects the highest credit on Mr Ronalds, as an artist, an entomologist, and an angler. In his endeavours to improve the art of Fly-making, having made many careful observations relative to

[1] *Mort*—a small salmon.

some of the habits of the Trout and Grayling, he introduces very interesting accounts of some of the most curious, which prove him to be a keen and accurate observer. He should not, however, have said, speaking of the Trout, "that the weight of those usually taken with the fly is from half a pound to two pounds and a half, and *sometimes* from four to five pounds."—There are thousands and tens of thousands of trouts below half a pound, for one above it, and they rise at a fly even before they can speak. He has given a coloured plan of a stream, denoting the Trout's favourite haunts in rapid clear-running waters, with a rocky or gravelly bottom—in which are marked by letters the tail of the stream, the end of a little rapid, or swifter portion of the current, the junction of little rapids formed by water passing round an obstruction in the midst of the general current, tracks where a chain of bubbles or little floating objects indicate the course of the principal current, which course, he well says, is chiefly dependent on various reflections of the water, from projecting banks, rocks, scaurs, and shoals, and may be often guessed at, when not sufficiently visible, by attending to the position of the banks, roots of trees, or other places where the froth (called in Staffordshire Beggar's Balm) collects, and little whirlpools and eddies; in all of which places insects follow the course of the bubbles, and are there caught by the fish. In the plan the Trouts are seen single, or in shoals, with their snouts stream-ward, and it is of itself sufficient to show that Mr Ronalds is a true brother of the craft.

Mr Ronalds has been at great pains to obtain accurate knowledge of the habits of the Trout from ocular observation —and we read with interest this account of some of his experiments :—

With a view to obviate this difficulty, a little fishing hut, or observatory, of heath, overhanging a part of the river Blythe, near Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, seemed favourable for the purpose. Its form was octagonal, and it had three windows, which being situated only four feet and a half above the surface of the water, allowed a very close view of it. The middle one commanded a sconce, each of the two others a small whirlpool or eddy. The curtains of the windows were provided with peepholes, so that the fish could not see his observer, and a bank was thrown up, in order to prevent a person approaching the entrance of the hut from alarming the fish. The stream was regularly fished, and nothing else was done to interfere with the natural state of the animal.

The stationary position in which he is enabled to maintain himself in the most rapid stream, poised as it were like a hawk in the air, was the first thing which seemed worth noting at this fishing-hut. Even the tail, which is known to be the principal organ of propulsion, can scarcely be observed to move, and the fins, which are used to balance the fish, seem quite useless, except when he sees an insect; then he will dart with the greatest velocity through the opposing current at his prey, and quickly return. The station which he occupies in this manner is invariably well chosen. Should a favourite haunt, where food is concentrated by the current, be rather crowded by his fellows, he will prefer contending with them for a share of it, to residing long in an unfruitful situation. A trout will chiefly frequent one place during all the summer months. It is well known that he quits the large waters, and ascends the smaller brooks for the purpose of spawning in October and November, when the male assists the female in making a hole in the gravel wherein to deposit the ova. By some it is supposed that they both lie dormant in the mud during the greatest severity of the weather.

SENSE OF HEARING.

In order that we might be enabled to ascertain the truth of a common assertion, viz., that fish can hear voices in conversation on the banks of a stream, my friend, the Rev. Mr Brown of Gratwhick, and myself, selected for close observation a trout poised about six inches deep in the water, whilst a third gentleman, who was situated behind the fishing-house (*i. e.*) diametrically opposite to the side where the fish was, fired off one barrel of his gun. The possibility of the flash being seen by the fish was thus wholly prevented, and the report produced not the slightest apparent effect upon him.

The second barrel was then fired; still he remained immovable; evincing not the slightest symptom of having heard the report. This experiment was afterwards often repeated; and precisely similar results were invariably obtained; neither could I, or other persons, ever awaken symptoms of alarm in the fishes near the hut by shouting to them in the loudest tones, although our distance from them did not sometimes exceed six feet. The experiments were not repeated so often as to habituate them to the sound. It is possible that fishes may be in some manner affected by vibrations communicated to their element either directly or by the intervention of aerial pulsations; although it does not seem to be clearly proved that they possess any organs appropriated exclusively to the purpose of hearing. At all events, it appears that neither the above-mentioned explosions nor the loud voices had power to produce vibrations in the water, which could so affect them.

Mr Ronalds says that he leaves the discussion of this intricate subject to more able and learned speculators, but that it is sufficient to know that the above-mentioned Trout had no

ears to hear either the voice or the gun; and he expresses his firm belief, in which we agree with him, that the zest which friendly chat often imparts to the exercise of the captivating art need never be marred by an apprehension that sport will be impaired thereby. Don't stamp, quoth Kit, like a paving machine along the banks, for the Trout is timorous in earthquake, and don't blow your nose like a bagman, for he is afraid of thunder. We also hold with Mr Ronalds, that in fish sight is perhaps the sense of most importance to them; and that they can perhaps frequently distinguish (with greater or less distinctness) much more of objects which are out of their own element than it is often supposed they can. His experiments on their Taste and Smell are exceedingly curious.

It seemed almost impossible to devise experiments relative to the sense of smell in fishes, which would offer the prospect of satisfactory results, without depriving the animal of sight; the cruelty of which operation deterred me from prosecuting the inquiry. Observations on the taste of fishes are involved in still greater difficulties. I once threw upon the water, from my hut (by blowing them through a tin tube) successively, ten dead house-flies, towards a trout known to me by a white mark upon the nose (occasioned by the wound of a hook), all of which he took. Thirty more, with cayenne pepper and mustard plastered on the least conspicuous parts of them, were then administered in the same manner. These he also seized—twenty of them at the instant they touched the water, and allowing no time for the dressing to be dispersed; but the other ten remained a second or two upon the surface before he swallowed them, and a small portion of the dressing parted and sunk. The next morning several exactly similar doses were taken by the same fish, who was apparently so well contented with the previous day's treatment that he seemed to enjoy them heartily. From these and similar experiments, such as trout taking flies dipped in honey, oil, vinegar, &c., I concluded that if the animal has taste, his palate is not peculiarly sensitive. My experience goes to prove, contrary to the opinion of some who say that the trout will take every insect, that he does not feed upon the hive bee, or wasp, and that he very rarely takes the humble bee. It seemed to be a common practice with those who plied for food near the hut, to lay an embargo upon almost every little object which floated down the stream, taking it into the mouth, sometimes with avidity, sometimes more slowly, or cautiously, as if to ascertain its fitness or unfitness for food, and frequently to reject it instantly. This seems to favour the notion that, if the trout has not a taste similar to our own, he may be endowed with some equivalent species of sensation in the mouth. It may also account for his taking a nondescript artificial fly, but it furnishes no plea to quacks and bunglers, who, inventing or espousing a new theory, whereby to hide their want of skill or spare

their pains, would kill all the fish with one fly, as some doctors would cure all diseases by one pill. If a trout rejects the brown hive-bee at the time that he greedily swallows the March brown fly, it is clear that the imitation should be as exact as possible of the last, and as dissimilar as possible to the first. I have very frequently watched fish in an apparently hesitating attitude when bees and wasps were within their ken. How far either smell or taste may be concerned in this seeming indecision the writer cannot determine.

On one occasion I observed an humble bee, which floated down the stream, visited by a trout, who suffered himself to descend also with the current, just under the bee, his nose almost touching it for about three feet, but he struck away without taking it. At another time I saw a fish swim up to an humble bee which was thrown to him, and examine it very attentively; he then cautiously and leisurely took it in his mouth, and descended with it, but immediately afterwards gave it up; he then seemed to be closely occupied with another humble bee, swimming up to and away from it six times, each time almost touching it with his nose. Ultimately he took this also, but immediately rejected it. Sir H. Davy (*Salmonia*, page 28) says: "The principal use of the nostrils in fishes is to assist in the propulsion of water through the gills for performing the office of respiration; but I think there are some nerves in these organs which give fishes a sense of the qualities of water, or of substances dissolved in or diffused through it similar to our senses of smell, or perhaps rather our sense of taste, for there can be no doubt that fishes are attracted by scented worms, which are sometimes used by anglers that employ ground baits." Also (page 184), he says: "We cannot judge of the senses of animals that breathe water—that separate air from water by their gills; but it seems probable that, as the quality of the water is connected with their life and health, they must be exquisitely sensible to changes in water, and must have similar relations to it that an animal with the most delicate nasal organs has to the air." Surely no reasoning can be more sound than this. Should not our endeavours be directed, rather to the discovery of senses in fish, which we have not, than to attempt at comparisons between our own senses and theirs? Having examined the stomachs of many trouts taken in almost every week throughout the three last entire fishing-seasons, with a view chiefly to assist my choice of flies for the catalogue below, I found that his food consisted, besides flies and caterpillars, of larvæ, squillæ (or fresh-water shrimps), small fish, young crawfish, spiders, millipedes, earwigs, and the water beetle. I never discovered frogs, snails, or mice, but have no doubt that other waters afford other fare, even "*sauces piquantes* of fish-hooks." A convenient method of examining the contents of the stomach is to put the materials into a hair sieve and pump clean water upon them; when parted and sufficiently clean, the whole may be put into a large cup, full of clean water, for examination.

That is pleasant reading—and we wish the author were here—but we must be up and doing, for enter the Sun behind

a cloud. Ha! there are our three young friends—the Neophytes—angling their way from below Old Melrose—and we shall be forgathering with the foremost below Fly-Bridge. They seem, from frequent wadings to and fro the bank (never try to take off a trout in the Tweed) to be landing them "thick and threefold;" so now, Sampson, do thy duty, or we shall be ashamed, and Magog will upbraid his master, empty but for a single Mort. A manly voice from a manly bosom calls —"Father, what sport?" For the élite of the youthful anglers of Scotland consider themselves our sons, and rejoice to do honour to their sire. His companions close in, and in half an hour we threaten to harry the stream, to the wonder of the lasses bleaching claes on the opposite bank, for the simple villagers supposed that few or no trouts were lying so near the houses; but soap-suds soon float away on the surface, and here is a tenant hooked by the tail—whose seven years' lease this day with himself expires. It might be fatal to a man with weak nerves to hook a Tweed Three-pounder like this by the tail. We feel entirely at his mercy—and like lightning or a locomotive he flashes away below the span of the beautiful Bridge, on a visit to Colonel Spottiswoode. Suddenly, as if he had knocked his head against a post, he comes flying frantically back, while it is as much as we can do to keep winding up with sufficient celerity to keep him tight in hand, and the alarm spreads through the village that he is a CLEAN FISH! The Neophytes lay down their rods, and collect at a proper distance behind us—to take a lesson in the most difficult department of the art. We feel that the eyes of all Europe are upon us—for we would back the Three against that Quarter of the Globe—and in nine minutes and a half we land him on the very spot to an inch which we had fixed on at his first rush—a bit of sand between two stones hardly visible when the water, as now, is lowish, just below that part of the shelving bank where an old stunted saugh, always matted with river refuse, tells of the rising and falling of many a drumly flood.

Ground arms!

Empty panniers!

And lo! what a display! Magog is not in the minority, with his mort, his Three Pound burn trout, while each Star has his due accompaniment of satellites. The parties have

been at work but some two or three hours, but there are four of us, and that is equal to a whole day of one. Such conjunct spoil tells to the eye beyond the imagination, and each angler, in the pride of conscious skill, almost believes that he killed them all; and as he gazes on the aggregate, puts his pocket-pistol to his mouth, while one composite gurgle bears testimony to the most perfect unanimity of sentiment, corroborated, after a pause, by one composite *pech*.

Sitting down on a knowe, with the Neophytes at our feet, we call upon Magog to liberate the How-towdy, which is instantly torn into pieces, and each angler has his joint. What-tan eggs! from a pin-point to a pippin. They always go with the back, and the back always goes to us, in virtue of our Presidency of the Backbone Club. Yet, 'tis like eating a fish big with roe. But we are Malthusians, and the biped population, with and without feathers, is, by means like these, kept down to a salutary level, on which it may laugh at the idea of a Poors'-law.

And now, Curly, dip your paw into Gog, and bring forth a pawful of paper, merely taking care that it's paper and nothing more, and we shall have a little Poetry. If a song, sing; if an ode, chant; if an elegy, whine; if an epithalamium, croon it, like "a croodin doo;" and if blank verse, then, whatever may seem to be its subject, crunkle it up into a ball with a chucky-stane in the heart o't, and shy it at yonder lassie tramping claes, till she jump startled out of the tub.

(Curly *sings*.)

ORISONS.

I.

Soft be the sleep and sweet the dreams,
And bright be the awaking
Of Betsy, this mild April morn,
On my pale vigils breaking;
May wakefulness and weariness,
And unrepaid endeavour,
And aching eyes, like mine this day,
Be far from her for ever!

II.

The quiet of the opening dawn,
The freshness of the morning,
Be with her through the busy day,
Till peaceful eve returning

Shall put an end to studious cares
And dutiful employment,
And bring the hours of social mirth
And innocent enjoyment.

III.

And whether in the virgin choir
A joyous sylph she dances,
Or o'er the smiling circle sheds
Her wit's sweet influences,
May he whom favouring Fate assigns
Her partner or companion,
Be one that with a gentle mind
Is fit to hold communion.

IV.

Ah me! the wish is hard to frame;
But should some youth more favour'd
Achieve that happiness which I
Have fruitlessly endeavoured,
God send them love and length of days,
And health and wealth abounding,
And long around their hearth to hear
Their dear ones' voices sounding!

V.

Be still, be still, rebellious heart,
If he have fairly won her,
To bless their union we are bound
In duty and in honour;
But out, alas! 'tis all in vain,
I love her still too dearly,
To pray for blessings which I feel
So hard to give sincerely!

You have a sweet pipe, Curly, and we call these very pretty, and more than very pretty verses — though pretty is a good word, when rightly applied, and so thought Shakespeare. Fling us the MSS. Why, 'tis by the same wild wag[1] that wrote about the Pope and Paddy Maguire in our last Number! What more have you got there? Let us hear them—one and all, if not long—according to our directions—rinse your mouth first with a toothful—mind, no mumbling—imitate our enunciation as closely as you can—as for pronunciation, yours has all the beauty of the Berwick without its burr. *Perge, puer!*

[1] Dr Maginn.

(Curly *recites.*)

NUGÆ HORATIANÆ.

PYRRHA.

'Mid the roses, who caresses
Pyrrha in th' embowered shade?
Say for whom her golden tresses
All so artlessly arrayed,
Spread the toils?—ah, doomed how often
Shipwreck of his hopes to prove,
When the rising storm shall roughen
All these summer seas of love!

Heedless he of tempests coming,
Now his arms are round thee thrown,
Deems thee ever bland and blooming,
Ever his and his alone;
Hapless dupe of inexperience!—
I who've proved the treacherous main,
Vow by all my dripping garments,
I'll never sail those seas again!

HORACE AND LYDIA.

HE.

Lydia, while I yet was loved,
Ere a dearer youth's caresses
Soiled that neck, I lived and moved
Happier than royal Crœsus.

SHE.

Horace! while you loved but one,
Ere for Chloe you betrayed me,
Ilia on her Roman throne
Sat not prouder than you made me.

HE.

Chloe's an accomplished fair,
In her thrall my heart is lying;
Death itself, methinks, I'd dare
To save my dearer life from dying.

SHE.

Calais with a mutual flame
Fires my soul—to die twice over
I'd freely dare, would fate but spare
My gallant young Thurinian lover.

HE.

What if former love, returned,
Severed hearts had reunited?
Chloe from my breast be spurned,
Lydia be again invited?

SHE.

Oh! though bright as starlight he,
Fickler you than April weather,
And surlier than the Adrian sea,
Let's live, sweet heart, and die together!

Ay—ay—boys—we see you winking at one another at the idea of an old codger like us listening to erotics. But we were all the while attending to the translations, and comparing them, without an effort, with the originals; for we once had all Horace by heart, and at capping verses from him, remember once beating Canning to a standstill, though 'tis true George's strength lay in Virgil, and with the Mantuan 'twas between us two a drawn battle.

Now, Nosey, 'tis your turn. You have a fine finger, we know, for you are a Bucher on the flute—so feel for a single leaf.

(NOSEY *spouts.*)

LINES WRITTEN IN THE TYROL.

On the mountains of Tyrol the tempest is free,
And the river, unchained, plunges down to the sea.
On the mountains of Tyrol the people are slaves,
Though their sires were as free as the winds and the waves.

From their high thrones of granite yon mountains look down,
And the scorn of defiance is breathed in their frown;
That frown froze the hearts of invaders with fear,—
For who was more brave than the free mountaineer!

The scream of the eagle, the snort of the roe,
As her light feet skim fleetly the meadows of snow,
The wind in the pines, and the roar of the surge,
As it leaps amid clouds o'er the cliff's dizzy verge;
This is music meant only for souls that are free,
Fall'n son of a freeman, it speaks not to thee!

True! the strangers who rule you, well know that a yoke
Which is easily borne is less easily broke,
And the world is too old for a Despot to dare,
By trampling the valiant to rouse their despair.

You have merciful *masters*, but answer it then,
Ye who own yourselves *slaves* and yet call yourselves men!
Is not *smiling* Oppression more fatal by far,
Than Power that sits pale 'mid the trappings of war?

Yes, your chains will wear lighter, and day after day,
From your hearts all remembrance of freedom decay,
And your sons without shame shall contentedly creep
From the womb to the grave in one passionless sleep,
In that torpor of soul which the *Black Eagle* flings
O'er the nations that crouch 'neath her far-spreading wings.

HYMN OF AURORA.

'Ere tall Orion seeks his watery home,
I leap from forth my cloud-enwoven lair;
My saffron sandals brush the eastern foam,
My purple pinions fan the eastern air,
And the cold glaciers of the Indian peaks
Glow with the blush that mantles on my cheeks.

I touch the lyre of life, and all its fountains
Of slumbering sound begin again to flow;
The eagle hails me on the skyey mountains,
The lark upsoars to meet me from below;
The hum of cities, and the lonely flute
Of early shepherds, my approach salute.

I wake the spirits of the opening flowers,
I turn to diamond all the flow'r-dropt dews,
And o'er the glancing cataract's snowy showers
Weave wide my Iris arch of myriad hues.
All quaint elves shun me, and unlovely ghosts
Slink at my bidding to the Stygian coasts.

No pause, no ling'ring in my fleet career,
From sea to shore, from shore to sea I speed,
Fast on my track Heaven's fiery charioteer
Shakes his hot lash above each panting steed;
But all in vain—more swift than he pursues
I flee before him with the mist and dews.

Thus, all untired, in one eternal chase
Merrily round the orbèd world we run,
And still Aurora in that headlong race
Outstrips the coursers of the amorous sun,
And heralds his bright path, and bids the stars
Vanish from Heaven upon their sapphire cars.

An Oxonian, for a ducat. J. A.[1] has a fine genius—his style shows the scholar—he is classical without being cold—*simplex munditiis*—and that is more than can be said for most modern verses of merit—for they are so ornate, so elaborate, and so intense, that we pity the pains more than we admire the product.

The feed is again on the water—the May-Fly. Good-by, Boys—you will find the Old Man dodging about the holms of Old Melrose—perhaps asleep below a tree. Don't be later than Five—for thence 'tis a stiffish walk by the river-side to St Boswell's—and we shall be loaded like Pedlars. You will find some rich ground above yonder cairn. There they go—God bless them—three as fine lads as ever smoked a cigar. We shall saunter along the walks through these wooded banks, without a throw, for we hate to work among bushes, and half-a-mile down there is free elbow-room on that beautiful bend of the river that goes proudly sweeping the rocks below that "woody theatre of amplest view"—and meanwhile we cannot help moralising on the trials and temptations to which these striplings will be exposed—but our affection deters us from any application of our soliloquy to their individual characters, and we think but of those incident to youth. Why err and sin we, old and young alike, against the convictions of our reason, though they are clear as day? Because the conviction which at the time of absent temptation is clear as day, in the time of present temptation grows weak and ceases. We are not without it—not without its monitory whisper, but without the boundless, lucid sight of the truth. How does this happen? From the intimate relation of knowledge and feeling. There is no clear moral knowledge without the feeling that belongs to it. Let the fine, the good feeling, be strong in the spirit, and all the knowledge which pertains to and consents with that feeling shall crowd into it. Disturb and dispurify the feeling, and the knowledge has vanished. You are in the presence of one holy, and have insight of all holy things. Go from the presence and your own blood rushes up into your heart, and like a storm chases away all the forms of light. Subject yourself to any other bright influences, even those of inanimate things, then go from them—the effect is the same. The change is produced first in the feelings, then in the understanding. It is a

[1] J. Anstice, author of *Selections from Choric Poetry of Greek Dramatic Writers*. 1832.

wonder that the same vessel should be capable alternately of high and low, fair and foul, passions? That is all the question. There is no wonder afterwards that it should be capable of adverse knowledges, for the knowledges wait upon the feelings. But there is no wonder that the mixture of spirit and flesh should feel alternations from the prevalence now of one, now of the other—any more than that the same mind shall be now merry and now sad. Examine what is our knowledge. It is not a total and summing result of universal inspection of things. It is made up of a hundred parcels of knowledge, perchance ill assembled. Let each parcel be homogeneous in itself—yet the several parcels to one another shall be heterogeneous. See how this is possible. The boy reads mighty histories of Roman consuls and warriors. He is in a counting-house, and sees clerks and customers. Are his two worlds one world, or two? Two. He has one knowledge of human nature, one belief of the capacities of man, high, magnanimous, daring for one world, a low, timid, suspicious belief for the other. Both aggregates exist in his mind, but not together, alternately. You wonder that two opposite beliefs can exist together, but they do not exist together. Nothing exists in the mind but what is active in it at the moment. Everything else is then only a dormant possibility, a determination under certain possible circumstances to the arising of certain thoughts. We know not why there should not be at once determinations subsisting for the arising, under different and opposite circumstances, of different and opposite beliefs. Why should the boy bring together the Romans and the present day? He finds one through books and his imagination, the other by his senses. If he is a strong comparer he will struggle to bring them together. If not, he will not. Each is an easy set of ideas in itself. Each in itself is self-consistent. Association tells why the thoughts gathered up *together* will remain together, why the thoughts infused and bound with one feeling will remain together. The law of belief requires that each mass of ideas on which belief is to fix shall be in harmony with itself, self-consistent. Then belief adheres, and applies itself. That is all the law. Therefore we know experimentally that the mind is capable of numberless incompatible beliefs—that it believes, under moods, known fictions. That is a palpable case, well known. The incompatible beliefs which it holds

touching real things is less observed, but more important. It is to an incredible extent. Why not? What ground have we for anticipating that the knowledge shall be well digested, an harmonious whole? That is to suppose wonderful intellectual power of self-examination. You read the well-conducted story which ends in death. You read it again, and in spite of your knowledge, you doubt and hope that it shall not so end. This, then, is our nature. Our mind is not one aggregate, but a thousand half-connected or disconnected aggregates — aggregated good, and aggregated evil—but always thought bound up in its own feeling. Is it any wonder that such a mind shall be one hour all earth, and the *next* all heaven? The younger the mind the more total and separate is the occupation of it, now by one aggregate, now by the opposite. Woe when the opposites become confounded, and climbing impurity stains the empyrean!

Nay, we must try this stream, for 'tis a famous salmon-cast, and we may peradventure happen on a Fish. There! Didn't we tell you so? Fast in a tree. That's lucky—for we cannot be bothered with changing our flies, and now we are presented with a favourable opportunity of getting quit of that set, we shall leave them dangling there for the sand-martins.

Eh? eh? not in Gog—not in Magog—not in our hat—not in our waistcoat—not in our jacket—not in our breeches! By the ghost of Autolychus some pickpocket, while we were moralising, has abstracted our Lascelles![1] With the exception of those three up-by yonder, we know not where to look for a fly! We may as well tie a stone to each of our feet, and sink away from all sense of misery in this Salmon Pool. Oh! that it had been our purse! Who cares for a dozen dirty sovereigns and a score of nasty notes? And what's the use of them to us now, or indeed at any time? And what's the use of this idiotical rod? Hang it, if a little thing would not make us break it! A multiplying reel indeed! The invention of a Fool. But the coach passes the bridge about this hour, and we shall return to Edinburgh. Don't talk to us of flies at Melrose. O Beelzebub! O Satan! was ever man tempted as we are tempted—see—see a Fish—a fine Fish—an enormous Fish—leaping to insult us—had we a gun we could shoot him—but we have no gun—only this

[1] Fishing-book,—so called after a celebrated angler of that name.

great clumsy rod. There—let it lie there for the first person that passes—for we swear never to angle more. As for the Tweed we are tired of it, and wonder what infatuation brought us here—we shall be made to pay for this yet—whew! there was a twinge—that big toe of ours we'll warrant it is as red as fire, and we bitterly confess that we deserve the gout. Och! och! och!

But hark! whoop and hollo, and is that too the music of the hunter's horn? Reverberating among the woods a well-known voice salutes our ear; and there! bounds our bold Bluebeard over the rocks like a chamois taking his pastime. Holding up our LASCELLES! He drops it with a few affectionate and respectful words into GOG—hoping we had not missed it—and is off—leaving us to our own reflections and our flies. Nor do those amount to remorse—nor these to more than a few dozens. Sampson's strength having been restored—we speak of our rod, mind ye, not of ourselves—we lift up our downcast eyes, and stealing somewhat ashamed a furtive glance at the trees and stones that must have overheard and overseen all our behaviour,

"Through Eden take our solitary way."

We leave those who have been in anything like the same predicament to confess—not publicly—there is no occasion for that—nor on their knees—but to their own consciences, if they have any, their grief and their joy, their guilt, and we hope, their gratitude. Transported though they were beyond all bounds, we forgive them; for even those great masters of wisdom, the Stoics, were not infallible, nor were they always able to sustain, at their utmost strength, in practice the principles of their philosophy—neither always are we, nor, as you shall hear, Tomkins.

One of the most notable Trials and Triumphs of Temper on record is that which occurred to our literary and political associate a good many years ago, before his celebrity at the Hen and Chickens. "Shall I take down your breeches, sir, and give them a brush?" said Boots to the Bagman, lifting them, as he spoke, from a chair by the side of the bed in which the brazier reposed. "Do"—and Boots and breeches disappeared—and shall it be for ever? So, in process of time, began Isaac to suspect; for to that continuous alarum-bell of

his, chambermaid after chambermaid withdrew his curtains at the light of day, but could give no authentic intelligence of his nether garments. Pair after pair—"alike, but oh! how different!"—were brought, with a clinical lecture, to the Bagman, whom it required no ordinary courage to approach. In desperation, pantaloons were exhibited, though a voice continued to cry to all the house "breeches—knee-breeches—shorts." "Are you sure, sir," said one soft voice, "that you had them on last night on descending from the Evening Star?" "Will you have the goodness, sir," said another, "to feel if you have not got them on now?" Job's own stock of patience would have been exhausted by such queries; and Isaac—no lean and slippered pantaloon—stood like a Highlander in a linen kilt on the floor. That floor was literally strewed with breeches "thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa," but they might just as well have been petticoats—for not into one single pair of the many there could Tomkins, though in the last extremity, get his extremities to go;—so after a few minutes in "maiden meditation fancy free," he descended in his drawers and his dressing-gown into the Travellers' Room. Sternly eyeing a stout gentleman at muffins in a box, he ordered him to stand up—an order at once obeyed—for 'tis a fact worth knowing that not one man in a million will, on the spur of the moment, have presence of mind to sit still, if in an authoritative voice you command him instantly to rise. "How dare you, sir, to wear our breeches?" cried Tomkins, like Jupiter Tonans. "Your breeches!" replied, like Zephyr, the traveller in the soft line. "Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell," replicated the traveller in the hard line—"Yes! Our breeches! we could swear to that velveteen at Japan." "It may have been off the same piece, Mr Tomkins," calmly retorted the man of muffins—"but—no tricks upon travellers—our breeches are our own—(and he clapped his hand firmly on his thigh as he spoke)—and we would scorn to wear any man's—were he the king himself—and what is more, Mr Tomkins, we made our breeches with our own hands—the mistress having taken our measure—and let us tell you, sir, it was forgetful in your Mrs Tomkins not to exchange lower garments with her husband before he left home—for, gentlemen, the grey mare is the better horse."

After a stormy discussion, and a torrid house-warming, it was finally discovered, that Boots had borne away the Bagman's breeches in the Morning Star. How was this? With the trunk-hose over his arm, he had been watching the start; and though that was out of his line, assisting to remove the horse-cloths from the four furies; when purpled coachee, in a fit of apoplexy, fell off the box—and though that was out of his line too, Boots, obeying the impulse of his own great heart, gathering up the reins, nor flinging down the breeches, in a jiffy was on the vacant throne. There,

"Attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,"

he handled the ribbons in a style that would have excited the admiration and envy of Fowell Buxton. Once off, mortal man might not hope to stop, till they themselves chose to pull up—that is, at the end of the stage—those Greys. Soon as the extraordinary occurrence had transpired, Tomkins, in what is called a state nearly amounting to frenzy, ordered out a Po-Shay and Four—not simply, for their own sake, to overtake his flying Velveteens, but for her own sake, too, the Morning Star. For in her had he been booked—so he swore, and none dared to contradict him—inside to Manchester. The Star had ten minutes' start—and the long odds were offered—and safe enough—taken "again' the Po-Shay." Strange that all his accidents on the road occur to Tomkins at milestones. The Po-Shay was hanging on the skirts of the Morning Star, when whew! off flew one of the wheels, and though the other endeavoured to do its duty for some hundred yards, the postilion, trusting to the liberality of Tomkins, thought it prudent to pull up, while the Morning Star was seen lessening to the eye, far away on the horizon, indifferent to the disasters of this lower world.

It was inaccurately stated at the time that Tomkins "was taken out of the vehicle much bruised"—for the vehicle had gone to pieces, and our excellent friend was lying on the path, with his head, as usual, resting on a milestone—"From Birmingham nine miles." The swoon was stated at the time to have been perhaps the longest into which he had ever been flung. The postilion had some difficulty in explaining to the surgeon of a neighbouring village who was soon on the

spot—and anxiously inquiring "what had become of the Lady?" that the unfortunate gentleman had not been carrying off an heiress, but was in pursuit of his breeches—proved to be outside passengers on the Morning Star. Tomkins is of a sanguine temperament, and bleeds easily; and to his idiosyncrasy must be attributed his many miraculous escapes—for we doubt if there has been any species of vehicle in vogue within these thirty years out of which he has not been thrown—not to mention his innumerable falls from horseback. In less than half an hour he awoke from his swoon—and will you believe it—prepare yourselves for a wonder, but a truth—*with his Breeches on!* Yes! with his breeches on as indisputably as ours are on at this moment—or yours—pardon, if a Lady, the soft impeachment. Boots, in a return shay, had espied the President of the Free and Easy in the above condition, and not only restored the lamented Bagman's breeches, but, no easy task, assisted the surgeon in putting them on the limbs of one who it was thought had gone, or was just a-going, to settle his accounts in that place from whose bourne no Traveller returns.

The astonishment of Tomkins——But hooly and fairly—hooly and fairly—now for A Fish. With these blessed eyes we saw him—himself and his shadow—and though we do not foresee what we can do with him—should he take down the river—for 'tis twenty feet deep at yonder circumbendibus—and we harried a hawk's nest on the face of that rock—yet let us trust to our genius, which, like Wellington's, is not only fertile, but prompt in expedients in the hour of danger, and should the day seem to be going against us, and the aspect of affairs desperate, why then, we shall charge across the river, and show the heaviest salmon in the Tweed that swimming is a game that two can play at. Let us put on a bigger and a brighter Professor. Gog and Magog—lie you there—and Tip be quiet. Would that Sir Charles Bell were here, who excels in all he tries—artist, anatomist, angler of the first water—in science a discoverer, yet, like almost all the men of genius whom we have known, simple in his manners as if he were an amiable obscure—moreover, a delightful companion—the associate of Sir Humphry, and the beloved of Babington—that we might yield to him due precedence, and see a Fish taken to perfection. "Catch your fish before

you gut them," is almost the only old adage we despise. Its spirit is scornful, and seems to indicate that skill is inferior to fortune. We eat them first—gut them shortly after—and catch them when we can. Strike, Kit! He's harpooned—and now, gentlemen, for the next half-hour—silence.

What may have been going on for the last half-hour in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, we neither know nor care; but THERE HE LIES!

> "And we could wish to die lest aught less great
> Might stamp us Mortal."

Let the sun shine on him—for 'twould be a shame to set his glory in the shade.

There is to us no other such deep and undisturbed delight—when we are happy—as Silence. Sound from inanimate or sentient nature there may be—perhaps, even when we are not conscious of hearing it, it is nevertheless necessary to prevent the profound from being painful, by its upholding by some mysterious power over the memory the felt union between our spiritual and our bodily being—so that even "when we are laid asleep in body and become a living soul," we still are accompanied with a sense of our "word dividing" life. In the sacred silence of the Living Temple! Think of these words—and then of the parting—jabbering—spouting—prosing—argufying and dinning-in-your-ears that are so continually assailing one's soul in what is called society—and who would not desire to be an inmate in some Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb! How few are they, privileged by nature to open their mouth and speak! not one in a hundred—and the hundred take good care that the one who has the privilege shall seldom have either the power or the opportunity, and bray him out of the wish to exercise his right. Nay, at the gabble of a single goose—not on a common, where it is very pleasant, even poetical—but in a dining-room—the genius of eloquence, and the eloquence of genius, sit tongue-tied. And, oh! dear the day! when there is a whole flock of them, rising on their splay feet, with their clumsy bottoms some inches removed above the level of the sea, necks erected, bills protruded, and flappers fluttering as if they were essaying to mount into the Empyrean—at such a crisis, a deep sense of religion may save you from praying to be allowed to die, but

nature, poor weak nature, cannot help yielding to the thought, how happy it would have been never to have been born! We have seen Coleridge himself thus geese-environed—and had he sunk, mute had been the dying swan. Coleridge! often, listening to him, and at the same time looking on his forehead, have we thought of the noble words—not of Byron, but of Waller, "The Palace of the Soul." Like St Peter's or Pandemonium, it was ablaze with light. Such, and so sudden was the splendour. But not with the "false lustre" bedazzling the eyes of superstition—nor with the "permissive glory" allowed to illuminate the hall of the Fallen Angels. Holy the light—as the music was holy, that "rose like a steam of rich distilled perfume," and love, and wonder, and awe, were inspired by the radiance, the incense, and the Anthem. We have somewhere read, or been told of an extraordinary power possessed by pigeon-fanciers in some part of Hindostan over the flights of those beautiful birds, which seems at this moment to picture to the eye of our imagination the power possessed by Coleridge over the fair ideas that came and went at his command. The Hindoo lets loose into the air a multitude of pigeons of every colour incident to the tribe, and for a while they wheel in bright but harmonious confusion, as if they enjoyed the sight of their own loveliness when disporting in the element. But on the motions of their master below they are all keeping an observant eye, and they soon seem to be separating themselves into groups, each of which insensibly assumes one prevailing colour, till poised in the sky, appear many distinct constellations, white, and yellow, and orange, and blue and pink, and purple, and crimson—and thus wondrously self-arrayed, each beauteous phalanx wheels its own way through the realms of light, all intricately intervolved in their glittering gyrations, but with perfect regularity and without confusion; and descending near the earth, and over the head of the magician, they all pass before him thus, as if at once in review and in homage, till with a waive of his hand he breaks asunder the invisible chains that have bound them,

"Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show."

What art Thou, O Beauty! and what meaneth thy Bard, Wordsworth the Divine, in saying, "Thou pitchest thy Tents before him?"

But instead of being poetical let us be philosophical, or both, and sitting on this mossy stump, soft as velvet, and with "withered boughs grotesque," like an arm-chair, imagine ourselves for a moment a rural Dean lecturing to a fixed-eyed audience of the youth of both sexes, showing us what we would discourse on in their faces and in their eyes.

Let us take, our dear audience, in the first place, as examples of Beauty, some of the simplest kind, and which are universally felt—those which are found in the great appearances of Nature — and of these what may be called most elementary, and because strongly affecting the senses, what seem least to require any cultivation of mind or aid of thought to make them felt. Such is the beauty of a blue and radiant sky—a sunset rich in the gorgeous hues of a thousand painted clouds—the splendour of the nocturnal heavens, green valleys, with their clear bright waters, and the luxuriance of summer woods—snows shining in the sunlight—the still calm glittering ocean. In these and similar instances which may be distinguished for the elementary nature of some of the principal feelings involved in them, as well as for the earliness and the universality with which they are felt, there is to be remarked, in the first place, a very vivid affection of the sense of sight, such as there is reason to believe, from the earliest observation we are able to make, is a primary pleasure, independent of all association, either by the vivid impression of the organ itself, or by the vivid excitation immediately and necessarily carried into the spirit itself, which is called up into a state of animated sensibility—the pleasure of light in all its various modifications. And in all such cases, this first vivid sensuous delight is united, it is to be observed, with very expansive conceptions of the soul. That primary pleasure of the mere sensitive being in light and brightness, and beautiful colour, has been, from the beginning, continually nourished and heightened by their union with the great objects and appearances of Nature, with the whole activity of the living spirit. Light is to us life, and darkness the extinction of life. Nor can there be a doubt that this deep feeling of our animation, not in the sentient body alone, but in the spirit, connected at every moment with the presence and the power of light, and with all the vital influences that flow with it upon the earth, has become so blended with it in our conception, that it has,

on this account, a strong power over the emotion, and even the affection of our souls. Do we not lament even death as a parting from the light of day? This simple, primary, and inevitable influence, to which every living spirit is subject, enters essentially into the feelings we are now considering, and makes the presence of light in itself, and in all its shows of colour, beautiful to our eyes. This, then, is an elementary conception and feeling of beauty, which seems prepared for us by the hand, and in the midst of the primary blessings of Nature, in a manner independent of any cultivation of our minds, and carried as it were irresistibly into the very heart of our sentient being. Further, it is observable that these emotions, thus deep-laid in our very living sensibility, have in such instances as those which we have now selected as examples of visible beauty, an immediate and deeply blended connection with some important feelings which may be called of a spiritual kind.

For these shows of light and colour are spread over the infinitude of Nature, over Earth and Sky; and are disclosed to us from orbs which are the most remote and wonderful objects on which we can look. This most expansive feeling of our soul, that of boundless space, mixed with wonder at the mystery of power in these beings, and in the whole frame of nature, concurs with the vivid affection of delighted sense; and thus our whole being, that which is most deep and spiritual, and that which is sentient in the living frame, is united in the feeling of such beauty in these great appearances. These are elements of an emotion entirely different from those pleasures which are derived by association from a direct and conscious reference to the past: for though the past has been necessary indeed, to form the spirit to its present capacity of such feelings, there is no reference in the mind whatever to the past, or to any thoughts personal to itself. These great and beautiful appearances, at once, as soon as they are beheld, invade the Soul with a sudden emotion of delight, in which they seem to carry all their power of beauty in their immediate presence: there is no knowledge of time gone by to which these feelings have reference, or from which they may have their derivation; but in the more glorious appearances of this kind that are revealed to us, the soul is swallowed up, entranced, and lost in the consciousness of its mere beholding.

By the various Cultivation of the Mind in other kinds of Beauty, advancing in high and refined Intellectual Perception, exercising itself in the pure delight of moral contemplation, and conversant with all the forms of beauty which the happiest spirits of men have snatched from decay, and preserved in the works of their inspired and delightful Arts,—by all this various Cultivation, the Mind seems to have opened up in itself new Capacities of admiration and love:—and when it returns to contemplate that Nature, on which it once looked in simple and untutored joy, it now finds a world spread out in infinite adaptation for its passionate feeling, and for its earnest, solemn Meditation. In the mighty forms that tower up from the surface of the Earth, guarding and enclosing the regions of human habitation, in the rivers that embrace and divide the land, in seas that flow around it, in all the variations and adornings of the Earth, vale, and champaign, and wide-skirting woods, and in the overhanging Sky,—he now sees a world over which a spirit may range in the might of its joy, gathering heavenly thought from terrestrial scenes, and drawing in, from all appearances and voices around, the breath of adoration. Delight and love now come to him no longer unmingled with intelligence. He sees in all the forms of things characters that speak to him of Wisdom, Goodness, and Power. It is not that in every moment of delight breathed from the beauty of nature there is a conscious reference to the design of its benign Creator,—But this conviction is habitual and pervading: and the mysterious principle of life in all things around us is not more universally present to the human mind than the delighted gratitude with which it is recognised. When Milton describes the sorrow of our first Parents at the thought of leaving Paradise, he makes the lamentation of Adam sublime, by the regret that he must no more inhabit scenes hallowed by the immediate presence of God.

> "This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
> As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
> His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
> With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
> Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
> On this mount he appeared, under this tree
> Stood visible—among these pines his voice
> I heard—here with him at this fountain talked;

So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?"

But in this nether world these bright appearances are to be traced now, as they were in the happy youth of the Earth: And if the beauty of the material world is then most beautiful when such footsteps are seen by the human soul, the Earth now, with all the fierce agencies that have been let loose to trample over it, is a Paradise still, to those whose spirit knows how to enjoy it.

Whose spirit knows how to enjoy it! Who are they? and how must they live? Hear Archæus.[1] You will not think of counting the couplets.

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

Swim through the waves of Time and ne'er despair,
But lift thy head and breathe eternal air.

The only hopes for ever doom'd to know
A false event are those that aim too low.

Who has not known some moments rich as years,
May watch an hour-glass, not behold the spheres.

No holier truth has reached us from above
Than this,—Love errs not but by want of Love.

Who knows how various Thoughts one Will express,
Blames no man's faith except for faithlessness.

Material Time but numbers grains of wheat,
While Heavenly Time feels Nature's pulses beat.

The dreamer's world of vain inactive bliss
Were hell to him whom Duty sways in this.

How many joys that crowds insatiate quaff,
Are shows as empty as an actor's laugh.

Thou canst not do the thing thou wouldst, no doubt:
Could we do all we would life's task were out.

[1] John Sterling, Esq.

For strength and not for fear, O! Man, is given
The upward sense that lifts thy soul to Heaven.

O! Gods of Greece, beheld no more on high,
Though ye are set your light still paints the sky.

The much we try proclaims our future hope,
The little we perform, our present scope.

How sad if stars adorned our dwelling's dome,
Not showed beyond its roof a boundless home.

As blows the wind we needs must trim the sail:
But still 'tis ours to tack against the gale.

Had Judas been a fiend all scorn and hate,
He had not died in woe but lived elate.

No face all ugly e'er was seen on earth;
No heart all evil e'er from Eve had birth.

The steersman Will pursues the course it ought,
Consulting still the compass-card of Thought.

Sweet stream! thou hastenest on in youthful pride,
Nor heed'st thy hastening tow'rd the salt-sea tide.

High task, to make at once and read the story
That paints itself in Life's fair allegory!

Some hour will needs in every face disclose
The Best and Worst that any ever shows.

The torch by burning must no doubt expire,
But dying need not set the house on fire.

Ah! Woman, ill those hands thy worth repay,
That seek with plumes of Men to make thee gay.

The subtlest gallant e'er in mask concealed
Is Love—by most disguises best revealed.

Full oft in wrinkled forehead Saturnine,
All Jove and Venus dwell with glow divine.

Fair Time of Youth! your blossom's dearest praise
Is from the hope fulfilled in Autumn's days.

How much had Man's whole aim and life been less,
Would Luther but have changed his No! to Yes!

Who nothing Great behind the small divines,
Thinks Great events are hung on smallest lines.

Some seeing God in Jesus crucified,
Think Faith dares own his love in nought beside.

Drear thought that all the work Man's life can have
Is but to bear his coffin tow'rd his grave.

"Is but to bear his coffin towards his grave!" Yonder come the three bright boys bounding in their glee — they will assist us in hanging on our back OUR TWO PANNIERS —for none can bear our burthen for us—and we shall pass a cheerful evening in our lodgings in Lessudden.

END OF VOL. VI.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 621 978 6
UNIVERSITY OF CA., RIVERSIDE LIBRARY
3 1210 01222 9322

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 621 978 6
UNIVERSITY OF CA., RIVERSIDE LIBRARY
3 1210 01222 9322